





ANTHEA

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ANTHEA

POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS

THE LATTER CHIEFLY FROM THE GERMAN
POET HEINE, WITH SKETCH OF HIS LIFE

BY

WILLIAM STIGAND

AUTHOR OF "ATHENÆIS; OR, THE FIRST CRUSADE," "LIFE AND
WORK OF HEINRICH HEINE," ETC.

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TO
THE MEMORY OF
THE GREATEST ENGLISH ORATOR
AND MOST BLAMELESS STATESMAN OF HIS AGE,
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN BRIGHT,
WHO NOURISHED THE PURITY OF HIS LANGUAGE AND THE
NOBLENES OF HIS THOUGHT BY A LIFE-LONG AND
LOVING STUDY OF ENGLISH POETRY, THIS
VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY AND
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

W. S.

“Canta o caminante ledo
No caminho trabalhoso,
Por entre o espesso arvoredó :
E de noite o temeroso
Cantando refreia o medo. .
Canta o preso docemente,
Os duros grilhóes tocando ;
Canta o segador contente,
E o trabalhador contando
O trabalho menos sente.”

LUIS DE CAMOENS.

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"I must say a return to your volumes sustained and strengthened whatever favourable impressions I had received.

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

NARRATIVE
AND
DESCRIPTIVE

KING ERIC AND ADELAÏDE

AN EPISODE FROM "ATHENÄIS ; OR, THE FIRST CRUSADE "

I

OF Olaf, was King Eric only child,
Of Olaf, Dane sea-king, whose dragon prow,
Like some red meteor, carried panic wild
Where'er it sprung to light. He took a vow
All idol fanes in ruin down to throw
Throughout the North, and utterly to quell
All Odin worship. But the heathen foe,
In one great sea-fight met him, and he fell,
And his land was the prey of Northern infidel.

II

Clear-fac'd with youth's bright morn, brown-lock'd, blue-eyed,
Eric liv'd then in courtly blandishment,
With cheek by joy and health vermilion-dyed ;
Him to the Kaiser's court his sire had sent
To breathe the ages' high and pure intent,
The spirit, glow and grace of chivalry,
Mid noble knights and ladies ; there he spent
The golden dawn of manhood, there was he
When his sire died in arms upon the Baltic Sea.

III

Benumb'd at first by this relentless blow
Of destiny, his soul grew strong and grave,
And he swore inwardly his garb of woe
Never to lay aside unless he drave
The heathen from his land. With comrades brave,
The noblest knights of Denmark and Almayne,
He won full many a fight by land and wave
Ere he had gain'd his kingdom back again,
Where then he thought in peace with her he lov'd to reign.

IV

For ah, that power which ever noblest seems
 To noblest natures, did not fail to sing
 Its fairy music to his youth's fond dreams,—
 That soft desire which, with eternal wing,
 Doth bear existence high above the sting
 Of Earth's dark passions to a purer air,
 Had like the soft breath of a Southern spring,
 Thrilling two harpstrings in a concord fair,
 Made two most equal hearts in one like yearning share.

V

'Twas the old tale which is for ever young.
 When he was page, there was a dark-hair'd maid
 Named Adelaïde, who was rear'd among
 The high-born ladies who were aye array'd
 Around the empress' throne ; in hall or glade
 Where hounds gave tongue or falcon flutter'd free,
 He met her often, lov'd her, and he paid
 Her homage, as became her high degree,—
 A daughter of the dukes of wide-spread Burgundy.

VI

Theirs was the love frank, free, sincere and strong
 Of noble souls who answer each to each,
 As well-tim'd cadence to heroic song,
 Or clearest echo unto noble speech ;
 Love such as scheming hearts can never reach ;
 Of virtue, beauty, fair unconscious birth,
 As pure as adamant from flaw or breach,
 Which knows no fear, distrust, or wanton mirth,—
 Bas'd on strong manly truth and woman's noblest worth.

VII

Thus when young Eric went, the heathen foe
 To combat, and to win his crown again,
 She shed no tear, she could not love him so,—
 Lov'd she not Christ still more ? nor did she strain
 Love's oaths and protests to exalt the pain
 Of separation. Silently she pray'd
 For grace to Heav'n its own cause to sustain.
 And while a sad smile round her pale mouth play'd
 With tender grace, her lips upon his hand she laid.

VIII

"This hand which bears two lives within its hold,
It can do nought but prosper now, I trow.
Yet if, dear life, thou wouldst be over-hold,
Within the heat of battle, think—ah, no ;
Where honour calls, there, there I bid thee go.
Would it were mine, the dear felicity,
With my own heart to ward each hostile blow."
"My love, my life ! Farewell, farewell," said he,
"Thy love will hold me safe, and give me victory."

IX

Two years pass'd by : and every hostelry
At Worms, primæval city of the Rhine,
Was fill'd from base to roof with festal glee ;
The streets were hung with many a crimson line
Of gold-wrought tapestry, while mirth and wine
Within all hearts made one glad holiday :
The very sun, more goldenly to shine,
Seem'd on the town's-folk, as in bright array
To the cathedral towers they stream'd in constant way.

X

The great new belfry shower'd forth peal on peal,
And shook each cloister'd convent's far repose,
The blue sky seem'd to palpitate and reel,
And throb with gladness. The cathedral close
Was cramm'd with faces ; and on tiptoe rose
The far-off gazer, who a glimpse would see
Of bride or bridegroom o'er the serried rows,—
For Eric, who had swept his kingdom free
From heathen wolves, would wed the child of Burgundy.

XI

The chancel was ablaze with gold and gems,
With plume and mitre, crown and coronet,
With red and azure robes, whose ermin'd hems
Made folds of velvet, or light sarcenet,
Encinctur'd round the shoulders with rich fret
Of collars golden, and than all more bright
Shone Beauty's cheek : for on that day were met
Each noblest lady, baron, count, and knight
From all the empire, to make fair king Eric's marriage rite.

XII

And now from out the throng'd bright multitude
 All eyes hung centr'd on the bridal pair,
 Who at the altar in meek triumph stood.
 And there was silence deep,—the very air
 Was still with expectation,—but no prayer
 Of priest was heard, nor choral voices sang.
 As all began within their hearts to bear
 A sense of wonder, from the pulpit sprang
 A voice, which in all ears with fervid accents rang.—

XIII

“Is this a time to wed and to be wed,
 To bind the soul more close to earth's dull clod,
 When Christ's blood has anew been freely shed
 In that far land which His dear footsteps trod ;
 Where gore of martyrs clamours from the sod
 For vengeance, and their children wail and groan
 For help against the enemies of God ;
 Say, is Christ's honour less priz'd than your own ;
 O warriors, are ye slow to war for Christ alone ?”

XIV

The speaker, who with wild impassion'd air
 Thus thunder'd unforeseen, in robe was drest
 Of coarsest serge—his crown was shaven bare,
 Eyes gleam'd o'er sunken cheeks, upon his chest
 A red cross shone sewn on his white cowl'd vest ;
 And still with pauseless vehemence his speech
 Rous'd quenchless zeal within each list'ner's breast,
 And his swift rolling periods each by each
 Swept o'er all souls like waves upon some Northern beach.

XV

And when he ended, all the crowd as one
 Arose and smote the hands and cried aloud :
 “*Ah ! Dieu lo veut !*” “God's blessèd will be done !”
 And then their lives unto the Cross they vow'd,
 While the recluse in threading through the crowd
 Gave crosses right and left ; upon his bride,
 King Eric look'd beseeching ; she endow'd
 With more than mortal passion smil'd in pride,
 And to that holy man both lovers forward hied.

XVI

And kneeling down by Eric's side she spake :—
 " O Holy Sir, refuse not thou to me
The cross, ah ! do not, for sweet Jesu's sake.
 Spotless we swear our plighted troth shall be
 Until Christ's ensign wave triumphantly
On Zion's hill. Ah ! let me hear a part
 In Eric's vow, and undivided we
Shall surely serve Christ better than apart
When absence shall have rent the strength of each lone
 heart."

XVII

And more in swift impassion'd speech she said,
 And touch'd with ruth that hermit's zealous breast,
Who to the bridal pair the cross of red
 Reach'd forth with equal hands ; and all the rest
 To take the sacred ensign forwards press'd.
And then anew, he pray'd unto the throne
 Of Grace, that their high calling might be blest,
That for their sins they truly might atone,
And back with purer hearts return unto their own.

XVIII

And then the hermit to their eager ears
 Gave tidings of Nicæa's ramparts won,
And told of Godfrey, Tancred, and their peers,
 Such deeds each fear'd that nought were left undone :
 That day came rest. But with the morning sun
Went Eric homeward. There arriv'd, he chose
 Four thousand of his chiefest ; braver none ;
A humbler crowd with axes, bills, and bows,
And wives and maids perforce would share his sacred vows.

XIX

Through Almayn to the Danube Eric led
 His legion. By his side, with aspect bright,
Rode Adelaïde, as they ever sped
 By glen or forest, bourg or castled height ;
 Till down the Hæmus, winding with delight,
They saw at length the azure-gleaming tide
 Of the smooth Bosphorus bath'd in glowing light ;
And then these children of the North Sea cried
Mould with joy, and rush'd unto the ocean side.

XX

Soon, bright as some cloud city of the morn,
 They saw Byzant's proud structures roof'd with gold
 In queenly glory round the Golden Horn.
 Soon in the city many a tale was told
 Of the Crusading Host who onwards roll'd
 In one victorious march. At each great deed
 King Eric felt his spirit, eagle-soul'd,
 Straining its wings to share the victor's meed,—
 His thirst for fame became an unreposing need.

XXI

And Adelaïde, in her noble heart,
 Bore in his zeal an ever equal share,
 And with her ladies ever for the start
 Stood ready day by day ; and when their fare
 Was coarse or scant, and when the noon-day glare
 Struck blinding from the plain or in the chill
 Of gusty morn or eve, mid foul and fair,
 Mid ways of peril, toil, and horror, still
 Bore up with constant trust and uncomplaining will.

XXII

Through Anatolia and the torrid wild
 Of Phrygia, through the gorges dark and steep
 Of the Cilician pass, by flanks up-pil'd
 Of mountain crags, they reach'd at length the sweep
 Of the fam'd Gulf of Issus, where the deep
 Ran purple with the blood of Persia's best,
 While o'er the slaughter'd myriads, heap on heap,
 Young Alexander on to empire prest,
 And Asia suppliant knew the Genius of the West.

XXIII

Six hours' march onwards, not long past noon-day,
 The scourers in wild haste came flying back
 With news of Moslem squadrons in array ;
 For they had seen afar the standards black,
 Barbaric ensigns gleaming in far track,
 Horse cohorts trick'd in Asiatic pride.
 That eve, they said, the Paynim might attack
 The Danish armament. "Halt," Eric cried,
 "Halt all, encamp ; we will the conflict here abide."

XXIV

He gave command, as swiftly as they might
 'T' entrench the line of battle ; the left wing
He join'd unto the hills, while on the right
 He leant upon the sea. Himself the king
 Would hold the centre and defend the spring
At the slope's foot which rose up at his back ;
 And to the rear he order'd all to bring
The waggons, sumpter beasts, and baggage pack,
About a Roman tow'r, a ruin'd lonely wrack.

XXV

There, too, they plac'd the women ; and that night
 All lay in arms ; then with the dawn's first glow
A cry came from the outposts ; in swift flight
 They rush'd in shouting, " Arm, it is the foe ! "
 Scarce could the Danes themselves in order throw,
When from the dusk a wild barbarian roar
 Came hurtling ; and in swift impetuous flow
The Toorkman horse upon the trenches bore,
Like clouds storm-driven round the breast of mountain hoar.

XXVI

With firmest front and long portending spear,
 Unmov'd upon his vantage ground, the Dane
Receiv'd the onset. In their hot career
 Brought up, the foremost riders turn the rein ;
 But from behind th' innumerable strain
Of horsemen all the front in ruin drove ;
 Into the tangled troops, with his small train
Of Danish knights, King Eric spur'd and clove
A path of terror as the mass in one disorder strove.

XXVII

Smit by the steel axe of the Danish king,
 The Toorkman warriors fell at every stroke ;
Nor steel-cap, hauberk, nor the woven ring
 Of chain-mail the descending impulse broke
 Of his keen edge ; but as the knotted oak
Is riven by the lightning, flesh and bone
 Were sunder'd, and no chariot's dizzy spoke
Plies swifter than his arm ; the dead were strown
Beneath the hoofs, like pines by avalanche o'erthrown.

XXVIII

And still they fled e'en when the Dane withdrew
From fierce pursuit ; but when at length they staid,
Deep shame possess'd them, seeing then how few
The Christian foemen were. Once more array'd,
They shot afar with arrows and remade
Assault ; but with like issue ; all that day
They urg'd a thriftless battle : when the shade
Of eve fell down, they made again assay
To storm the rampart, but retir'd in shame once more away.

XXIX

Three days pass'd by, and still unmov'd, the Dane
Show'd firm unconquer'd front, though worn and sore,
And thinn'd with missile warfare ; to sustain
The warriors at their posts, the women bore
Their food in baskets from the rearward store,
And from the spring, beneath the noonday heat,
They brought fair draughts of water evermore,
Speaking such words of exhortation sweet
As made each fainting pulse with new-born vigour beat.

XXX

But on the fourth day, with a strange surprise,
The Danes beheld the Paynims all at rest ;
And early in the morn Cilician spies
Of Christian faith unto the Chieftain prest
With news that to the left, across the crest
Of mountain range, ten thousand Moslems went
Swift marching, and would soon invest
The Danish rear. Then Eric knew th' intent
Of Heav'n, that here his life should gloriously be spent.

XXXI

He rode along the ranks and cried, " Who will,
Let him depart ; perchance upon our rear
In Christian towns ye may find refuge still."
Then to the Roman tow'r he gallop'd, where
The women and the sick with looks of fear
Talk'd of the tidings—they he told to take
All horses and depart, if they held dear
Their lives ; but for himself he could not break
His vow—no odds at all to shun for Christ's dear sake.

XXXII

And some were wrought on by their fears to fly :
 (Yet 'twas a flight which led to death less fair
Than came to those resign'd for Christ to die ;)
 And Eric gave command, as soon as e'er
 The foes appear'd behind, all should repair
About that ruin'd fort, round that to cling
 Unto the death. Then turn'd he to prepare
That shatter'd wreck for conflict, and to bring
The baggage-wains around for bulwarks in a ring.

XXXIII

The Dane, when all he saw in order set,
 Ascended up a broken stair of stone
Which wound within unto the parapet ;
 There Adelaïde sat in watch alone :
 Across her knee a signal scarf was thrown,
By which, when first the foemen's march should lower,
 To call the front. The sunny morning shone,
Reflected in the hues of each wild flower,
Which peace and time had twin'd about that ruin'd tower.

XXXIV

And Eric felt almost as though in trance,
 Such dreamy stillness hover'd o'er the place ;
And Adelaïde, hearing his advance,
 Turn'd round to meet his look with tender trace
 Of smile on lip and eye. The Dane king's pace
Quickened towards her, and her hand he took,
 And sat beside her on a level space
Upon the wall, and then with silent look
They gaz'd, while Eric's lips with speechless quiv'ring shook.

XXXV

Thrice he essay'd to speak, and thrice in vain ;
 Then falteringly his purpose to her ear
He utter'd : " Would indeed I could make plain
 My thought, my Adelaïde, but a fear
 Withholds me yet ; ah, hear, I pray thee, hear.
When at the holy altar thou didst lay
 Thy hand in mine with no forebodings drear,
I took thee as companion of my way,
Such great hopes in my heart held unimpeded sway.

XXXVI

"So high a cause I deem'd must always win,
 Or if I thought of danger 'twas not this ;
 But now it seems to me most selfish sin
 Thus to have drawn thee to life's dark abyss,
 Through my default to cause the world to miss
 Those virtues which might prove a saviour light,
 To make the heathen turn and kneeling kiss
 Christ's saintly feet ; still time is for thy flight,—
 Still mayst thou ride and gain the nearest town ere night.

XXXVII

"And for our love, be sure that time will give
 A solemn grace unto its cruel end ;
 I for my manhood could not dare to live,
 But thou——" "Ah, cease," she said, "my soul to rend ;
 We women are not used our minds to bend
 To reason in the clamour of the heart,
 Nor to seek death nor fly it ; but to blend
 Her fortunes with her love is woman's part—
 In this lies all her aim, her triumph, and her art.

XXXVIII

"Oh, as the rind unto the sapling tree
 So thy dear love into my being grew,
 Its nurture, shield and sole support to be ;
 Bereft of that my worth will perish too.
 To self, to Heav'n, to all I were untrue,
 To leave thee in dishonourable flight.
 But ah ! no more ! no more ! the moments few
 We have, let us so use them in the sight
 Of Heav'n that all its hosts may take in us delight."

XXXIX

She paus'd, and Eric look'd on her and saw
 Her face with white angelic lustre beam,
 And on both sides immeasurable awe
 Descended ; and as men when drowning seem
 Beneath the waves to see as in a dream
 Their whole past flash'd up in one swift expanse,
 As landscapes start forth in the lightning's gleam,
 So they, rapt deep in soft inwoven trance,
 Their lives' whole beauty saw in one absorbing glance.

XL

For in that moment's rapt communion all
The buried hours their ravish'd sweetness brought,
The honey'd hours of woodland, town and hall,
When from the bloom of intertwining thought,
The wing'd instants sweetest fragrance caught,
Like humming bees to hive them in the soul ;
But in them yet a sense diviner wrought—
A faith sublime in that supreme control
Which wafts the thunder-cloud to its appointed goal.

XLI

Immers'd in fond infinitude, they kist
As brother and as sister ; soft and light
Their pure embrace ; not such as in the mist
Of fiery passion yields a fierce delight,
For weak is thrill of lip and arm the might
Of such beatitude to symbolise.
But westward now the hostile spears grew bright.
And each reads joy within the other's eyes,
The dawn of that great Day which broods o'er Paradise.

XLII

Then at due signal the front rank releas'd
Came to the tow'r, and in still earnestness
All made due preparation. A young priest
With low calm voice besought all to confess
Upon their knees, and passing through the press,
On all bestow'd the blessed Sacrament ;
With thrilling words he pray'd that Christ would bless
Their martyr-end ; and each in order went
Unto his post with heart exalted and content.

XLIII

That eve, when all the west ensanguin'd shone,
Upon the Danes who liv'd the battle roll'd
In ceaseless conflict, and they one by one
Fell, but in falling never loos'd the hold
Of sword or spear, their aspect fierce and bold
Glar'd from their features after life had fled ;
And round about their mangled limbs the mould
Was trampled deep and plash'd to miry red,
And high before the wains were pil'd the Moslem dead.

XLIV

Death stay'd not once to thin the Danish ranks ;
And Eric saw the end was close at hand.
Deep wounded was he, smitten in both flanks,
Yet still with look and word his little band
He rous'd ; and now the Paynim craft had plann'd
To burn the bulwark, and one laden wain
Blaz'd up in fire thrown on with blazing brand.
Then Eric turn'd him from the reeking plain,
And went one last farewell from her he lov'd to gain.

XLV

For Adelaïde and the priest had led
Within the walls the wounded as they fell.
While Eric enter'd she upheld the head
Of one sore wounded ; when she saw full well
That he was dead, she rose. The ruin'd shell
Of that huge tow'r was lit in every nook
By light of burning wains ; like fiends from hell
The Moslems shouted. Adelaïde took
Her lover's hand with an unutterable look.

XLVI

He knew that look which claim'd his promise given,
That he would with his own hand strike the blow,
If need were, which should ope the gates of Heaven,
So that her sweet fair body nought might know
Of heathen profanation. Now the glow
And roar of carnage fierce and fiercer grew.
In Eric's brain the madness to and fro
Flutter'd in lightning flashes as he drew
His dagger, and aloft the gleaming weapon threw.

XLVII

In act to strike with lifted arm his mien
Is as a priest of earth's most awful days
In sacrificial rite. Unto the sheen
Of his rais'd steel the deep unearthly gaze
Of Adelaïde clings, her whole form weighs,
All stark convuls'd, upon his arm, stone still,
Expectant of the death. Once he essays
In vain, and stoops, and o'er her forehead chill
Presses his burning lips, with a half broken will.

XLVIII

But she mov'd not at his caress, but hung
 Stone still expectant, murr'ring clear and slow,
 "Have courage !" Then his arm aloft he swung,
 And sheath'd his steel blade in her breast of snow.
 Her limbs relax'd, her head, declining low,
 Fell on her shoulder like a flow'r o'erblown.
 With lips all glist'ning with her life-blood's flow,
 She sobb'd, "I felt no pain," in gentlest tone,
 And for her lover's hand grop'd blindly with her own.

XLIX

He clasp'd her palm, and felt a soft caress
 From her soft fingers as her eyelids fell,
 And the soul soar'd beyond the world's distress.
 Then suddenly a fury 'gan to swell
 In Eric's blood, such as North Sagas tell
 Rag'd in the great Berserkers' veins of yore.
 His lips foam'd white, and lightnings terrible
 Flash'd from his eyeballs as he outward bore
 The body on to where the red flames leap and roar.

L

The form upon the blazing pyre he cast
 Of one great waggon, then seiz'd from his side
 His mighty battle axe ; though bleeding fast
 He grasp'd it as a feather ; wrath supplied
 His ebbing life, as he with giant stride
 Rush'd on the Moslem, who fled diverse ways,
 Like sheep who, grazing on some lone hillside,
 Fly from the steps of man, then stand at gaze,—
 So after flight they stood and eyed him with amaze.

LI

Yet many laggards smote he to the dust ;
 Nine slew he ere the foemen press'd again
 Around him wave on wave, at length one thrust
 A lance into his temple ; his own train
 Had gain'd him then. Battling with might and main,
 They seiz'd the corpse, and bore it to the pyre,
 Where the bride's body was. To save the slain
 From Paynim insult, threw it on the fire,
 Fulfilling thus the need of Love's untold desire.

SAMSON AND DALILAH

"Having been a constant reader of Milton's 'Samson Agonistes' from early youth with increasing admiration, I never thought to be able to read another poem on the same subject—but I am reading yours with much pleasure. Your rich Oriental treatment has given the story new interest.

"JOHN BRIGHT."

"Only in one point has the modern surpassed the ancient, and that is in the strong wealth of the East, and in the richness of Oriental decoration in which the action is enveloped.

"JOHN STUART BLACKIE."

ἔρωτες ὑπὲρ μὲν ἄγαν ἐλθόντες οὐκ ἐνδοξίαν
οὐδ' ἀρετὰν παρέδωκαν
ἀνδράσιν· ἐὶ δ' ἄλλως ἔλθοι
κύπρις, οὐκ ἄλλα θεὸς εὐχαρις οὔτω.
μή ποτ', ὦ δῖε σποιν', ἐπ' ἐμοὶ χροσέων τάξων ἐφείης
ἰμέρω χρίσαις' ἀφνέκτων οἰστών.
στέργοι ἔμε σωφροσύνα, ἑώρημα κάλλιστον θεῶν.

EURIPIDES, *Medea*, 628.

SAMSON AND DALILAH

ἀπρὸσίκτων δ' ἐρώτων ὀξύτεραι μαρία.

PINDAR.

FAIREST of all the vales of Palestine
Was Sorek, where the fair Philistine dwelt
With Samson, strongest of the sons of men,
Nowhere the vines so thick festoon'd the hills,
Which ran up sloping to the cypress cones,
Which here and there becrown'd the wavy lines,
And stood dark sentinels against the blue ;
Nowhere th' acacia and the sycamore
Gather'd such dews abundant from the stars ;
Nowhere the palms drooped with such feather'd grace ;
Nowhere more thick the lowly cyclamen,
The red anemone, and asphodel
Bestarr'd the wayside bank or sloping lawn ;
Nowhere the rose so largely deck'd the brake ;
Nowhere so sweet the nightingale in choir
Fill'd the voluptuous air at close of day.

'Twas midnight, and the perfumes from night flowers
Ascended up like prayers on every side ;
Their gentle breath came through the lattice-bars
Of Dalilah's luxurious summer-house,
Unto a chamber where the soft pale light
Thrown from a silver cresset showed the form
Of Dalilah before the gleaming steel ;
Whose mirror-surface hung beside the couch
Where Samson lay. From the black lustrous knot
Of silken cable, twisted in thick coil,
She loosed adown upon her snowy vest,
With broad blue girdle plaited at the waist,
Her queenly mantle of black rippling hair.
The jetty veil, as it swung down below
Her fair round ankles, bound with flashing gold,
Wav'd undulations within Samson's breast ;

Who on his elbow rais'd with lion stare,
Couch'd like a lion, every move devour'd
From out the caverns of his huge black eyes ;
Like dew it fell upon his burning heart,
Or rain on fainting flower. He stretched his arm
And grasped a handful of the ebon skein,
And press'd it on his burning lips and brow.
Dalilah laughed, and casting one more glance
Upon her mirror'd face, put by the comb ;
And sitting down, with half-averted face
And sidelong glances through the silken rays
Of lashes, curving from her downcast lids,
As veiling up two orb'd heavens of love
In her gazelle-eyes' wild and lustrous depths,
She pass'd her hands through Samson's flowing hair ;
Then bending down she kiss'd his ample brow,
And leant her forehead on his cheek a while ;
And then about his nervous, bony bust
She twin'd her soft fair arms, and leant her face
Upon his manly neck, beneath the curl'd
And thick luxuriance of his raven locks ;
Then holding back her head a little space,
Flashing her teeth in one white dazzling smile,
She joined the passion of her lips to his,
And, with out-shudder'd sounds and serpent writhe,
Drain'd all his senses in one breathless draught.
His dry brain turn'd, and in his hollow ears
Rang murmurs—and his soul gasp'd, as at noon
The tentless pilgrim in the blazing sun
Gasps on the boundless disk of flickering sand.
Speechless a while with passion Samson lay,
Stretched on the pard skin dangling from the couch ;
He shaded up his eyesight with one hand,
While with the other still his fingers held
Passive the soft small palm of Dalilah,
Which at the last with closèd eyes he placed
Upon his forehead, and thus spake—" Ah me !
Ah ! take this cruel fire from off my brain ;
Ah ! would that I could plunge my fever'd soul
Down cubits deep beneath the mantling snow
Of silver-crested Hermon. All my blood
Foams in my veins, as though with it were mixed
Some dragon's poison : 'tis like molten brass,
Whose central furnace bursts within my heart,
And sends its fury to my utmost nerve.
Ah ! he who burns for Moloch burns not more ;

Such torment do I pay for matchless strength,
And for the wild fierce love I bear to thee.
Heaven spare thee, Dalilah, the pains I feel ! ”
Then with a laugh, “ Fine words,” cried Dalilah,
“ Fine words, upon my life ! ” and speaking thus
She rose, and at the mirror once more stood,
Within the endless radiance of whose steel
She wound her odorous curls of silken hair
Into an anadem about her head ;
Then took two pins, each dagger-like, with heads
Of monstrous pearl o’er-filigree’d with gold,
And spearing through her up-tress’d locks with one,
The other held she in her ivory teeth,
And spoke again. “ Ye men !—who knows but one—”
Then taking that steel shank from out her lips—
“ Who knows but one, she knows you all ; the same,
The very same singsong and weary tune
Ye chant to all poor women, whose sad fate
It is to listen to your loving groans ;
To me the midnight cat, who on the roof
Howls out his amorous plainings to his mate
Makes just as lively music, livelier far,
And, by the Baalim, less monotonous.
Hark ! ha ! ha ! by Ashtaroth, I believe
Yon sea you tell such dismal tales about—
The Dead Sea, if the soil is charred and black,
It is with calcined bones of murdered men—
Men slain to death by woman’s wicked eye :
Bones brought from every quarter of the earth,
To testify your sex’s martyrdom.
I ne’er heard aught from men but *oh !* and *ah !*
And *what we suffer*. *Mercy, mercy on us !*
Your bright looks kill us. All which plainly means,
As plain as aleph’s aleph, beth is beth,
We men we are so mighty, yet so weak ;
More wondrous natures and profounder far
Than you poor women, in whose placid veins
Runs cows’ milk, ewes’ milk, doves’ milk, ha ! perhaps !
How like behemoths see ! we roll before ye !
Yet, ah ! so sensitive, your eyelash can
Goad us to madness. We are like the sea
Lashing ourselves to frenzy for the moon,
Who walks her path serene above all storm—
A piece of silver mechanism, only made
To give the glorious sea some ebb and flow ;
A plaything for the world, and nothing more.

Well, well ! we must endure our passive fate ;
 What passes in the inmost heart of hearts
 Of woman 'tis her glory to conceal ;
 Full oft perhaps her martyrdom, her love
 Is not lip-vaunted : like a sacred fire
 She keeps it close in holy secrecy,
 And feeds with many a hidden sacrifice.
 Yet is its presence palpable enough
 To those who are true votaries of the fane,
 Who have due sense to know the perfume born
 From costly sandal-wood, spice, frankincense,
 Thrown on all silently behind the veil.
 A man who can divine us, show me one.
 How should ye ? ah ! of any sacrifice
 What know ye ? Yes, to bind us to your will,
 To soothe your selfish fantasies a while,
 Ye'll bid high, doubtless ; then if you succeed,
 You play the tyrant till the whim is o'er,
 When swift without a word your martyr race
 Fly as they list ; and then would sooner see
 A spectre than the idol whom they loved
 With such volcanic, agonizing throes."
 Here, as she ended, Samson rose, and came
 And placed his arm about her waist, and looked
 Down tenderly upon her. With a smile
 Upon her glittering lips, she leant herself
 From Samson's arm away, and drooped her head ;
 Then swayed herself, and threw her soft bare arm—
 Her round and queenly alabaster arm—
 Round Samson's neck, and hid her face upon
 His shoulder, and there hung, and spoke no word ;
 Only her ample shoulders' whiteness pulsed
 As though with hid emotion. Samson said,
 " Four moons, fair Dalilah, have barely run,
 Since first I saw thee at the halting-place
 Where the three roads meet, at the rocky way
 Of Etam. I had passed you with your train,
 A little ere the great square hostel gate :
 I strode along—look'd not to right, to left,
 For I was hast'ning to my mid-day rest ;
 But all your troop shrunk from me as I passed,
 And push'd across the road. I heard the news
 With fearful whisper go from mouth to mouth,
Room, room for Samson ! keep well from his path !
 All looked askant and palely as I passed.
 Th' arcaded caravanserail I reached,

And took a pitcher from a maiden's hand
Who stood there at the well, and drank full deep,
For I had walk'd that day from early dawn.
My crust and olives then into the shade
I took and ate, and threw me on the ground,
And in a moment was quite sound asleep ;
For I fear'd God, and had no other fear,
Knowing He would protect me as I slept.
When I awoke the sun was shining slant,
Three hours past mid-day, 'twas the time to stir,
And I arose. Before me were thy train
Leading again their camels, horses, mules,
Whose bells rang jingling gaily for the start.
Then first I notic'd thee as thou didst rise
From off thy cushion'd carpet where the noon
Thou hadst repos'd ; and when I saw thee look
I felt asham'd, beholding all the sheen
And wealthy brilliance which beset thee round."
" It makes me laugh," said Dalilah, " e'en now
To think of thee in thy brown unbleach'd shirt,
Girt with a twisted belt of camel's hair ;
A mantle of brown camel's hair hung round
One shoulder ; bare thy knees, and on thy feet
Were untann'd sandals of bull's hide. Thy hand
Leant on a knotted spear. E'en now I see
Thy hair all bursting from thy crimson cap,
Stream o'er thy shoulders down in matted locks,
Uncomb'd, uncar'd for, since the morning bath.
Well now ! thou art more human, say, art not ?"
Then Samson : " Peace. But thou there as thou stoodst,
O what fair star, what flower, what excellence,
Or earthly or divine can typify
Thy glorious apparition to my sense ?
Thy camel knelt before thee, for thou wert
In act to mount ; one hand loop'd up thy skirt
Of stainless white with border fringe of blue,
And showed the fairness of high-instepp'd feet
Encas'd in yellow sandals stitch'd with gold,
O'er which the tinkling anklets jewell'd flashed ;
A frontlet, too, of gold was on thy brow,
And fastened there a veil of gauzy green
All starr'd with golden bees, whose folds and waves
Clung to the noble lines of thy tall form,
And floated low adown and left to see,
The outline of thy zon'd deep-chested waist
And the pearl lustre of thy hand and arm,

With bracelets girt of Indian emerald :
A strange perfume, too, from thy beauty came,
And made the air more lovely round thee glow.
Then when my eyes from wandering o'er and o'er
Centred at last upon thy faultless face,
The violet lightnings of those dove-like eyes,
Dark with intense of light, drank up my soul,
And in a darksome maze all sense was lost,
While through my vitals crept devouring flame.
Ah ! from that day I burn. Oh, then and there
On thy unwarlike train I could have fall'n
And torn thee from them ; but my passion then
I half restrain'd. Thou knowest how again
I met thee, follow'd thee, and how at last
Thou saidst that thou, too, on the hero chief
Hadst looked with wondering eyes. Well, well, no more !
Here live we now together. Have I not
Made sacrifice of all for thy sweet sake ?
For thee am I the scandal of my race,
Who was to be their leader and their judge ;
Who was by God Himself raised up express
To loose their servile yoke and smite the hand
Of their oppressor. All the solemn end,
For which my strength and very being was,
Made frustrate by a false voluptuous life ;
For now no longer do I vex our foes,
Bound as I lie within thy silken thralls,
But all inglorious let the time slip by
Which should bring high redemption to our race,
With vengeance on the enemies of God.
And oftentimes such deadly awe and fear
Come o'er me that my strength seems gone away,
And horrid shades encompass me about ;
For our Lord God He is a jealous God,
And I, who was to make His glorious name
A spell at which the heathen gods should sink
Into the darkness whence they had their birth—
His trust—the awful trust of the Most High—
I have abandon'd for a woman's arms—
A woman, too, of those who mock at Him :
Moreover, every rite and ordinance
Enjoin'd by Him for my especial use
I make vain sport of, living with thee here
In idle dalliance and vain luxury ;
Wearing soft raiment, using soft perfumes,
Making my heaven-born strength ridiculous,

Eating and drinking all forbidden things,
Following thy wilful way in each least-wise ;
Myself, my tribe, my nation, and my God
I give up thus to thee, and night and day
Thy love is torture. From me what wouldst more ? ”
“ Alas, poor Hebrew ! ” Dalilah broke in,
“ How like thy race thou dost insist upon
The heavy costs thy love extracts from thee !
Well ! since thou wilt—and I, too, am I not
The scorn of all Philistia, known to be
The paramour of a detested Jew—
Of one of that abhorrèd, wand’ring race,
The cast-off leprous scum of Egypt’s slaves ?
Possessing nought but your poor flocks and herds ;
Rude, ignorant of all the arts of peace,
Hated among the nations whom ye seek
To hew in pieces one by one, that ye
May hold their spoils and have the land alone :
And for your God, whose high commands ye urge,
He is but impious pretext for your greed ;
Who, who has seen Him ? Is He greater than
Baal or Chemosh, Dagon, Ashtaroth
Thammuz, Osiris, Isis, Phtha, or Pasht ? ”
“ Hold, hold ! ” cried Samson, “ I will hear no more.”
“ Nay, nay,” said Dalilah, “ should we not know
Something of Him whose mandate is your plea
To root us from the earth ? Ye talk of Him
As though ye served one God ; yet through the world
Men shudder as they speak of horrid rites,
Of shrieks of Israelitish children burnt
By hundreds on your altars, to the names
Of Moloch, Chemosh, Babylonian Bel,
And all the gods of Asshur and Chaldee.”
Then Samson, wrathful : “ Evil-starr’d the day,
O woman, when I saw thee first !—thus e’er
Dost thou throw wicked taunts upon our faith.”
“ Well, let that pass,” said Dalilah, “ since thou
Hast nought to say, I only would infer
That on my side there must some fondness be,
To overcome the horrid mystery
Which girds thee round ; and for thy wondrous love
I just believe so much : thou find’st me fair.
Is that a merit ? Since I was a child,
And sat beside my father, Hur the scribe,
When he wrote letters in the market-place
With his papyrus-tablets on his knees,

And one reed-pen aye stuck behind his ear,
 I ne'er heard aught but, *Most fair Dalilah !*
O beauteous Dalilah ! Surpassing Dalilah !
 Is not my beauty famed in Sidon, Tyre ?
 In Ekron, Ashdod, Gaza, Ascalon ?
 Why, I count scores who prize me more than thou.
 Why, would not Zavan, merchant prince of Tyre,
 Who has full fifty vessels out at sea,
 At Tarshish, Gades, and the utmost earth ;
 Who has a ship with crimson-broider'd sails,
 Just like a Pharaoh ; who keeps armies whole
 Of rowers, caulkers, pilots ; he who has
 Fact'ries of finest tissues ; he who sends
 Full often noble gifts of rich gold-cloths,
 Of sapphires, rubies, spices, peacocks, apes,
 Of ivory work and inlaid ebony ;—
 Would he not give thy very weight in gold
 To be as thou art ?—thou, poor Hebrew clown !
 Thou, who hast nought !” Then Samson’s jealous wrath
 Cried loud, “ Peace, peace !” But Dalilah went on :
 “ Nay, nay, I *will* speak. If the whim should come
 To-night, to-morrow, couldst thou not go off
 And leave me to my shame ? Hast thou not mock’d
 And flouted me, whene’er I asked thee that
 Would bind thee to me, so that I should feel
 I could repose in peace upon thy heart,
 Trusting and trusted—two lives clench’d in one ?
 No, no ! Thou’lt hold thee safe, and yet thou didst
 From her of Timna hold no secret back ;
 And she, false wretch !—Ah ! simple, simple men,
 When will ye know the true love from the feign’d ?”
 A little laugh gave Samson. “ Ah ! no doubt
 Thou wouldst, sweet life, be truer far than she
 If—if I told thee aught.” Then Dalilah,
 Who with the nervous workings of her hands
 Had unconfin’d her hair from out the plaits,
 Turn’d round her face defiant, and her locks
 Fell down again around her, and at once
 The tigress glared within her lustrous eyes,
 And in the quivering muscles of her jaw.
 But still she spoke not—only her press’d lips
 Twitch’d most convulsive. Samson, pleas’d at first,
 Took for a jealous anger that which was
 Pride outrag’d mainly, and he plac’d his hand
 Upon her shoulder to appease her wrath.
 Then as the thundercloud, distent and charged

At one small spark sends all its fury forth,
So Dalilah, electric, dashed her fist
On Samson's mouth, and blood came on the blow.
Then Samson, past endurance, seized her hands,
And said : " Well now 'tis better that we part ;
Between us twain no union can be,
Nought but suspicion and wild jealousy,
Heart-burning secrets and tempestuous wrath :
And listen, for the time is opportune.
This morn, Manoah, my white-bearded sire,
I saw. A two days' journey had he come
On foot, from where he dwells near Eshtaol,
And very sorrowful he said, ' My son,
My days are number'd. Ah ! before I go
There is one comfort only I desire,
For which I pray the Lord both night and day ;
Let not that crafty woman, Dalilah,
Enchain thee longer in her harlot hair.
Fair is the serpent, let her not entwine
About thy noble life, and drop for aye
Her poison'd honey in thy simple ears.
Knowest thou not that which well all Israel knows,
How she is wealthy through Philistia's chiefs,
Who hope to take thee in voluptuous snare
And lead thee on unto a shameful end ?
Come from our foes unto thy kin, my son,
And gird again the sword of Gideon,
And smite for Israel's glory and the Lord's ;
So shall I die and still praise God for thee.'
I do not credit all—yet this is true,
Secrets there are on both sides, Dalilah ;
We cannot trust each other, so, farewell !"
He let her hands fall down and turn'd to go :
Then she with scream, like that the falcon makes
When one would take the prey from out his claws,
Dash'd out a dagger from her belt, and rushed
At Samson ; but her shadow on the wall
Forewarn'd him, and he quickly stepped aside
And caught her by the dagger arm, while she
Fell down in senseless swoon upon the floor,
With all her hair about her like a vine
By some wild tempest strewn along the ground.
Then pity seiz'd on Samson, and remorse,
And love rush'd quickly back and loos'd the hands
Of stern resolve about his swelling breast,
So that he raised her gently from the floor

And bore her to the couch, and water cast
Upon her temples, and blew softly on them.

Gelid her cheek, and pale as that of death.

At length convulsive tremors one by one
Ran through her frame, and show'd she was not dead.
Her teeth unclench'd with a soft-breathed sigh,
Less deathly pallid was her bloodless cheek :
All languidly she raised her lids, and then,
As though the light was pain, clos'd them again,
But stretch'd her arm, and wound it round the neck
Of Samson. Thus she lay as though asleep,
Breathing as gently as a little child ;
And Samson so lay long, though ill at ease.
At last he sought to rise, and leant across
And kiss'd her lips still cold. She op'd her eyes—
Her wild, large, shining, terror-strained eyes—
And raised her head, and looked as though then first
The darkness of the swoon had fallen off,
And brought that dreadful scene again to mind.
Pressing her palms together o'er her sight,
She fell back writhing out convulsively,
" Kill me or leave me ! Let there be an end."
Convulsively sometimes her fingers grasp'd
The coverlet ; sometimes she threw her arms
About, and called for water in her thirst.
And Samson felt deep pity, and he said,
" I cannot surely leave her until dawn : "
And thus for him the slow hours paced along.
Without, a nightingale, i' the sycamore
Hard by the window, sang beneath the stars,
And tinkling bells rang singly from afar
Of camels browsing in the dewy dnsk.
The lamp within the cresset faint'd out,
The nightingale was mute before cock crow,
When through the lattice bars the bluish light
Of dawn came streaming, and the sparrows chirp'd.
And Samson then arose and would be gone,
But still he linger'd ever and went not :
And kneeling on his knees down by her side
He look'd upon her face ; but quick she turned
Her eyes away from him and said, " Go, go ! "
Then he arose, and now had reach'd the door,
When she sat up, and holding from her eyes
Her streaming hair, cried out, " Me hast thou wronged

Most vilely ! Parting thus we part as foes.
Yet will I grant thee this day to repent,
This eve, no later. Wilt thou make amends ?
Thou canst,—by that one only way thou know'st,—
Undo thy wrong to me by telling all ;
We can be friends again no otherwise ;
Do it this eve, or never see me more,
This eve ! no later ! that is fixed as fate !”

Some three hours later, still within her couch
Lay Dalilah asleep, when to her came
A priest of Dagon. Shaking with rough hand,
He said, “ Well, well ! What news hast thou of *him* ? ”
Then Dalilah cried, starting from her sleep,
“ O mercy ! mercy ! I can tell thee nought ;
Thou knowest well how he is on his guard.
I live in constant fear.” Then said the priest,
“ Fear us, not him. Ah, woman ! fear'st thou not
The fate of her of Timna, whom alive
We burn'd with fire because she served us ill ?
Such fate shall soon be thine, be sure of that.”
Then she, “ To-morrow I may somewhat know.”
“ Be sure thou dost, or thou 'scap'st not the fire.”
Then went the priest of Dagon, and she shed
Some tears, though few, and turned to sleep again,
And murmur'd in her sleep “ Necessity ! ”

O Strength ! what art thou without continence,
Wisdom, and chastity, and temperance ?
A mighty column on a ruined base ;
Aye tottering to the fall—a house on sand,
A noble ship ill caulk'd and with loose bolts,
Ready to fall asunder on the deep.
Thus Samson's very strength his weakness grew ;
His blood, with unpermitted luxury fired,
Boiled like hot lava in his bursting veins.
That day he found no rest : whene'er he stopp'd
His thoughts like swallows, when they skim the grass
This way and that, upon approach of rain,
Kept no one path, but darted to and fro.
Now would he go at once unto his tribe
And never see the fatal tempter more ;
Now, all contrition, he would rush straight back
And sigh and groan for pardon at her feet—
So constant battle was within his mind.
Sometimes he thought upon his happy youth,

And mourn'd his peaceful days and sleepful nights,
When his calm blood most temperately pulsed,
And Innocence kept peace within his soul.
But quick the memories of insensate throbs,
Delicious torments, and devouring bliss
Flew o'er his senses with the speed of light ;
And all his thoughts like burning grains of sand
Spun, whirl'd around in Passion's hot simoom.
And as the Libyan lion, in whose side
The Æthiop hunter with unerring aim
Has lodged the venom'd barb from horned bow,
Dies not at once, but rages far and wide
Beneath the brazen furnace of the sky,
And spurns the earth, and drags his stinging side
Along the sand, and roars fit roars to break
The sleep of Thothmes in his pyramid,
And finds no easement till in kingly state
He lays his lifeless head upon the sand—
So 'twas with Samson ; for his temples burned,
His eyeballs seemed like flame beneath his lids,
His cheek and lips and breast were flaming hot,
And in his liver burnt hot coals of fire.
On, ever on, he strode in pauseless haste
O'er hill, down dale, and o'er the sandy plain ;
The hot, fierce sunbeams smote into his brain,
And made his frenzy more. He sought the wastes,
The untill'd solitudes where beasts of prey
Lurk'd in their mid-day lair, and to a stream
He came, beneath whose bank through tangled brake
The shining water gleam'd like burnish'd steel.
The willows steep'd their tresses in the stream ;
The feathery tamarisk, oleanders wound
Their gnarl'd black roots to hem the river's flow,
And house the slimy earth-worm and the newt.
Here from the sedge the storks rose at his step ;
The water-rat dropp'd plump into the stream ;
And as he went, from out his bushy lair
A wild boar dash'd, and o'er him as he fled
The waving cane brake and the crackling branch
Told of his track, which Samson quick pursued ;
Him, in few bounds, he caught up by one heel,
And beat to death against a rock close by ;
And as he pitched the battered beast to earth,
A wrathful roar announced a lordlier foe.
For, bounding through the brake, with outstretch'd tail
A lion fac'd him. Quick as light he stooped,

And seized a stone immense, with easy grasp,
And on the spring he caught the monstrous brute,
Who with crushed brain and jaw soon breathed his last.
Then Samson drew a dagger from his waist,
Flay'd off the skin and threw it o'er his back,
And went away, exulting ; for the blood
Had stayed a while the deadly rage within.
He left the brake and strode across a plain—
A parched-up desert plain, which showed around
No moving thing beneath the blazing sun :
Black fell his shadow on the withered grass :
And as he went he rais'd his mantle fold
To cleanse his beaded brow. The robe's perfume
Darted like poisoned arrows through his brain,
And drew his thoughts again to Dalilah,
And all the ancient madness came once more.
He took the lion's skin from off his back,
Rent it in twain as one might tear a leaf,
And spurning down the halves upon the ground,
He shook his hands aloft in agony,
And turned sharp round upon his heel, and went
In haste the self-same way, and never paused
On hill, in dale, or on the sandy plain.

He reached ere eve the vineyard o'er the house
Where dwelt the fair Philistine ; there adown
He sat amid the vines, on which the kids
Were browsing, and he pluck'd the ringlets sour
To quench his burning thirst ; and as he sat
He heard the noise of revellers, sounds of pipes,
And conch hoarse blown, and timbrels for the dance,
In honour of date harvest, then begun.
And Samson felt so lone he well-nigh wept :
And from the melting mood a thought flashed forth,
That yet there was one way by which he might
Serve God, and not abandon Dalilah ;
And as he thought, he wondered how this plan
Occurr'd so late, but yet not all too late :
It was so simple, he was quite resolved.
And as he sat there, eve came on apace ;
Faint and more faint grew the cicala's song,
More faint the murmurs of the yellow bees,
Beating with filmy wing round latest flowers.
All crimson glowed the naked purple hills,
Which border'd on the lake of tawny sand,
From the broad desert push'd nigh to the vale.

Sweet was the dewy eve and very still,
And shrinkingly the stars peeped one by one
Through the blue sky, as though each fear'd the day
Would see it, and grew bolder as it saw
Its sister bolder shine ; the fire-flies flash'd,
And danced like little winged stars below.

Then Samson felt the mild reproof of eve,
And would have wept, but that he quick uprose
And went down through the vines unto the road,
Eager to put his purpose to the proof.
It was so still that the thick puffs of dust
Which 'neath the camels' feet going city-ward
Sprang in the air, moved not to right nor left,
But rose and slowly fell. How still the palms
Hung there, within that happy vale of Sorek,
Their feather'd heads, as though they dream'd of heaven !
He paused where two in silent blissfulness
Leaned down, as doating on the crystal race
Of the cool wave which leap'd o'er a red rock,
And foam'd, and gurgled out its evening song
Within its rocky fount. The dancingymph
He dashed upon his brow ; while city girls
Came singing, with their pitchers on their heads,
To get their evening draught of that pure stream.
He hurried up, and reached the well-known house,
Which glimmered whitely in the purple shade,
And entered at the gate, and felt at rest,
Not knowing that he pass'd the gates of Hell.

He crossed the court-yard, in whose central space
A silver fountain tumbled night and day,
And on one side, upon a long stone bench,
The Nubian slave of Dalilah lay stretch'd,
Who rose and led, as was his daily wont,
Samson unto a marble bath, prepar'd
Of tepid water mingled with perfume.
There, too, lay change of raiment. Duly then
He washed the sweat and dust of that mad day
From off his frame, and precious unguents used,
At which the fever of his body cooled,
And he felt eas'd ; the while the Nubian slave
Comb'd down his rolling locks and made them bright
With spikenard and with jasmine odours sweet.
And Samson then endued a tunic white
Of fine Egyptian woof, and threw a robe

Of Tyrian purple round his shoulders vast ;
And that slave plac'd a chaplet on his brow
Of woven vine leaves ; and led forth straightway
Unto the hall of Dalilah, where oft
They pass'd the hours in deep carouse away.
An azure hanging lifted up, display'd
Fair Dalilah in full voluptuous length,
Upon a violet couch, placed in the midst,
Studded with golden nails, with golden feet ;
And all the rich saloon preparèd was
As for a banquet. By her side there smoked
A slender tripod of perfuming fire—
Aloes and sandal-wood and cinnamon.
And she, as Samson entered, spread out wide
The milky wonder of her full round arms,
And cried, " Ha ! ha ! I knew it would be so ;
Come, my beloved, we are friends for ay !
Ha ! Is't not so ? " And when he came, she wound
Her arms about his neck, and grew to him,
As grows the ivy to the stately plane,
And they embrac'd until the twain seemed one.
She made a place beside her on the couch
For Samson, and the two reclin'd at length,
Like gods together, by a noble board
Of wines and viands sumptuously set ;
And while the menials made the feast complete,
She took her harp, a seventeen-stringèd harp,
Of finest labour of Nilotic Thebes—
The frame was sandal-wood inlaid, the base
A gold Egyptian sphinx divinely carved—
And threw her fingers o'er the thrilling wires
And softly sang to Samson, holding ay
On him the magic of her dove-like eyes.
The sweet low tones descended down like oil
On the tempestuous tossings of his brain,
And eased the fever-throbs along his nerves ;
And then he felt as in a wondrous dream,
And could not half believe that scene was true.
The menials came and went with sliding step,
Like ghosts, to place the viands on the board.
His eyes roved wandering o'er the colour'd walls,
With azure and vermilion painted fair :
From the mosaic floor red columns rose,
About whose head the monstrous lotus leaves
Upbore the ceiling's gilded cedar beams,
From which hung silver naphtha-cressets down,

And shed soft radiance on Memnonian forms—
 Patience with Strength, embodied fair in bronze,
 Who bore the lofty lintel of the door.
 And when he looked on Dalilah it seemed
 From some new fount of beauty she had drunk,
 So fresh a splendour glowed from all her form.
 Ne'er was Astarte to the pale-eyed priest,
 Who in the terrac'd height of Babel's towers
 Prayed year by year to see her glory once,
 So fair a visitation—for her face
 Had a faint violet pallor, painted there
 By the emotion of the bygone night,
 But which became her rarely : her fring'd lids
 And brows kohl-tinctured made still more intense
 The brilliance of her lustre : round her hair,
 Back rolled from off her temples, ran a wreath,
 White roses and blue lilies interwin'd :
 From the white ear-lobes 'neath her jet hair crown
 Hung two gold pendants, half a shekel weight.
 Circling her neck adown her pearly chest
 Sloped a broad carcanet of sparkling gems ;
 A sapphire brooch on one round shoulder held
 A flowing lawnny tunic, whose four-folds
 Floated in wavy lines about the curved
 And goddess-like proportions of her bust,
 And half concealed and half made more divine
 The soft inflexions of her breast and waist,
 As on the pillow back she lay reclin'd.
 Her arms entire from shoulder down were bare,
 With serpent-bracelets clasped of purest gold :
 In oblique curve about her waist was swathed
 A purple shawl o'erwrought with golden flowers,
 Which reached unto her feet, whose violet veins
 Branch'd o'er her snowy instep : from her toes
 Her golden slippers hung all idly down.
 That eve she felt that she was fair—more fair
 Than was Zuleika, faned throughout the East,
 Fairest of women, whom yet Yusef fled.
 And as she lay in grand simplicity,
 A fulminating light of triumph glowed
 All round about her, sure confiding in
 Th' omnipotence of beauty, proud to be
 As perfect beauty matched with perfect strength.

Then Samson, when the viands on the board—
 The smoking kid, the leveret, and the quail—

Were duly placed by ministering hands,
After the day's long fast ate heartily.
From time to time a female slave bore round
A basket of fine wheaten bread, and poured,
From a tall golden ewer quaintly chased,
Into his open amethystine bowl
Snow-draughts of spic'd wine and pomegranate juice ;
And Samson deeply quaffed, while Dalilah
Pour'd for him, with her own imperial arm,
Choice wines of Persian vintage of great price,
Into a myrrhine cup, and made him drink ;
Then with her fingers fair she feasted him
With tamarinds, pulp of melon, honey-sweet,
And laughed to see the ruddy juice run down
Her sparkling rings, and creep along her arm,
Which she held up to Samson's lips to kiss.
At length the maidens, from two pitchers fair,
Poured out perfum'd water on their hands,
And dried them in fine linen fringed cloths.
And when they were alone, one snowy arm
Threw Dalilah round Samson, and she laid
Her brow upon his cheek, and then looked up
Expectantly, in silence eloquent,
To draw him on to speak. Still on the board
Stood ewers with the ruddy vintage charg'd,
And flagons huge of gold. One Samson took
And fill'd it, till like purple agate glow'd
The cup from rim to rim, and gave it first
To Dalilah to sip, then toss'd it off,
And spoke : " Well, I will tell thee all my soul,
For as it is our league no more can last ;
For day by day thy love more deeply twines
Its roots about my heart. I cannot rest,
For ay the thought of the Eternal Dread
Who dwells at Shiloh on the mercy seat
Between the golden-wing'd Cherubim
Pierces my guilty conscience like a sword ;
And thee I cannot love, neglecting Him.
And now through deepest anguish of the soul
I have beheld the one way which is left
For thee and me. Ah ! listen while I speak ;
For what is wealth, and what is luxury,
The soft appliances of wanton ease,
Weighed with a conscience pure and noble life ?
If all feel thus, how much more then must I,
Entrusted as I am by Heaven with gifts

Excelling far of aught the patriarchs tell,
Or is writ down in sculptured brass or stone ?
Oh, indolence is torment ! and my strength
Is but my curse, unless exerted right.
O Dalilah ! I am resolved to go
In the one path by God's own finger trac'd ;
O thou who art my life ! O, thou canst make
The path of duty full of joy to me,
For in it still is room for thy fair feet ;
If thou wilt share my glory and my name,
And all the good God promises our race,
By fleeing hence with me unto my kin,
Making my people thine, my God thy God.
Ah ! well I know much trust thou needst must have---
Poor are my people, poor and much despised,
Hated, yet fear'd by all the nations round.
But know that we a monument uprear,
Grander than all the pyramids and towers
Of Egypt and Assyria, and more fix'd
Than is great Ararat upon its base,
The worship of the true Jehovah-God.
For this He as the apple of His eye
Keeps us, and as the eagle o'er her young,
So waits His glory o'er us night and day ;
For this He spread us manna on the sand,
And water gave us from the flinty rock ;
For this, surrounded with ten thousand saints,
He gave us laws with His own finger writ,
From out the darkness while the heavens dropp'd down
And Sinai trembled like an aspen-tree ;
For this He brandishes His sword aloft,
And nations flee like chaff at our approach ;
For this we never with the heathen round
Can be at peace—but root them from the land.
Fear not, O Dalilah ! to come, for all
The tribes will do thee honour, if thou bringst
Me back to Shiloh ; and all Judah's maids
With timbrel and with song will greet thee well ;
And I will make thy name to be revered
Among the famous women of the world
Unto the end of time. For in my soul
I dwell much on the deeds of Israel's chiefs,
On slaughtered Amalek, the bloody rout
Of Sihon, king of Heshbon, and of Og,
Who reigned in Bashan ; whence came all the land
To Israel—from Mount Hermon on the north

To Jabbok, and the half of Arnon's banks ;
On Joshua, peerless captain ! who made walk
His chiefs upon the necks of prostrate kings—
Who drave the Anakim from out the hills
And smote the heathen round on every side ;
For whom alone of men the sun and moon
O'er Gideon and the vale of Ajalon
Stayed in their courses till the fight was done,
The victor he o'er one-and-thirty kings ;
On Kishon, ancient river, whose red wave
Whirl'd down the chariot-rout of Sisera ;
On Gideon, who with thrice one hundred men
O'erthrew the Midianite, with whom were joined
The sons of Ishmael in thick locust swarms ;
Who took the heads of Oreb and of Zeeb ;
Who Zeba and Zalmunnah slew likewise,
That kingly pair, upon whose camels' necks
Were chains of purest gold : of gold that day
The spoil was nigh two thousand shekels weight,
Besides the robes and jewels in the tents.
Surely the grace of God has fallen on us
Like dew on Hermon's branching cedar-trees,
So constant have we waxed in spreading growth ;
Only our recreant race from time to time
Forget their God and follow idols vain,
Of Ammon, Moab, and Phœnician Tyre.
Then are they smitten with the judgment-sword,
With famine, havoc, pestilence, and fire
Until they turn. Yet some few godly men
He ever pure as chosen vessels keeps
To be the champions of His glorious name.
Me had He chosen—me !—ah, not for show,
Not for my vain delight this strength of limb,
These sinewy arms, and this unconquer'd frame—
And yet, save some few single deeds of might,
I have done nought to rival Israel's chiefs,
Less favour'd far. Ah ! yet 'tis not too late !
Yet will I live in legendary tale,
Of our Sophetim not unfit compeer.
Soul of my soul ! Oh, at to-morrow's dawn
Straight let us flee away—my own true wife !
Together we will praise the name of Jah—
The One ! the True ! the Infinite ! the High !
Our joys, our griefs, our triumphs shall be one ;
And our two lives in one pure sacrifice,
Like mingled altar-flames, shall rise on high

And plead remission for the wrongful past.
Ah ! such assurance from thy perfect lips
Will sweeter be than all the honey-bliss
I ever tasted there : thou canst not doubt."
Then Dalilah, who all the while had hung
Her looks upon his features as he spoke,
Drinking with greedy ear his every word,
Flung herself on him, and her face she hid
Within the bosom-foldings of his robe,
So close, as though she would into his heart
Have flown at once, and nestled there for aye.
And then she raised her head and turned on him
The melting fondness of love-languid eyes,
Whose large dark orbs had such a tender gaze
As bends upon her fawn the antelope :
For Samson too had beauty—his spare beard
Had an Herculean crisp. His cheek's rich glow
Was like the cleft pomegranate. Strength was throned
With manly candour on his broad fair brow.
"And answer thus," said Dalilah, "I make—"
Kissing his eyes, his brow, she smooth'd his hair
From off his temples. "Oh, by heaven and earth !
I will go with thee, love, where'er thou wilt—
Alone with thee, amid that fearful race—
Alone with thee !—will that not prove my love ?
And yet, thou hast not told me—yet 'tis naught—
I will not know more than thou fain wouldst tell ;
Well, tell me how thy birth was first foretold ?"
And Samson said : "A sun-bright angel came,
Of those who wait before the throne of God,
And told my parents as they sacrificed ;
'And see,' he cried, 'that he be vowed to God,
Aye from the birth a perfect Nazarite ;
For if his hair be shorn his strength will die.'
No other secret is there, dearest."

"Now

Is this as true as all thy former tales,
Which I aye knew for false ?"

"Ah, no !" said he,

"By this, and this, and this, 'tis truth itself."

She, looking on him, saw that he spake true,
And took his rolling hyacinthine locks
Within her hand, and combed them through and through
With her fair fingers, kissing them full oft.
Then filling out a goblet full of wine
She placed the draught at Samson's parch'd lips,

Who, with resolve that draught should be his last,
Gulp'd it at once. In one supreme caress,
'Mid broken sobs and unaccomplished sighs,
Life, world, and time were whirl'd up in their souls. .
And then a darkness came o'er Samson's brain,
And he felt very weary, and his head
Upon the lap of Dalilah he laid,
And she sang softly a sweet song to sleep—
A lullaby which Syrian mothers used
To stay the cries of infants—and the while
She watched his breathing with an anxious look ;
For in that latest cup she mixed a charm,
A sleeping philtre bought from a weird hag,
Who dwelt within a cave upon Mount Ziph.
And soon she knew, by his recurrent breath,
That slumber deep possess'd him, and she clink'd
Two goblets on the board together thrice,
And at the call the Nubian slave appeared ;
And then the two together whispered low,
As though a word too loud were certain death.
And very soon the Hebrew champion lay
Shorn of the glory of his raven locks,
Bound with stout hempen cords round wrists and feet
Like some poor sheep truss'd ready for the knife.

What fate met Samson, how with eyes put out
He ground in brazen fetters at a mill
In Gaza, while Philistines mock'd and jeer'd ;
And how at last his matchless strength return'd ;
And how he died, and made to die with him
Within the house of Dagon in one crash
Three thousand of Philistia's chiefest men—
All this will in eternal memory live.

But Dalilah that night receiv'd the gold,
The price agreed on for her treachery,
And fled away, not resting till she reach'd
The house of Zavan, merchant prince of Tyre.
With him she liv'd in such imperial state
As scarce Semiramis with all the wealth
Of Asshur could maintain ; till at the last
Zavan was brought to utter penury.
And Dalilah then found a wealthier mate ;
Till one day wending through the market-place,
Borne on the shoulders of six Ethiop slaves,
A beggar drew nigh asking alms. And she

Had one hand drooping down, in which she held
A fan of peacock's plumes. She felt a touch ;
She looked, and in an instant white as death,
She saw it was a leper, and she shriek'd.
'Twas Zavan, once the merchant prince of Tyre !
Soon all her beauty turned to loathsomeness ;
She grew quite white, and wither'd as a crone ;
And liv'd in utter want in dark rock-caves
Upon the hillside ; till at last she died,
In open air, rag-festering in the sun,
And dogs and vultures tore her wrinkled flesh.

ATHENÄIS AND ZOHRAB

AN EPISODE FROM "ATHENÄIS ; OR, THE FIRST CRUSADE "

ATHENÆIS AND ZOHRAB

I

" In Athens was I born, and still in dreams
I love to live my infant days again,
Where the Cephissus, sweetly murm'ring, streams
Beneath the olive, ilex, and the plane ;
For o'er the mountains, o'er the Ægean main,
A glory seem'd the radiant air to fill,
To gild each grove and every marble fane,
As though the smile of Venus liv'd there still,
And all Harmonia's Nine but slept beside the rill.

II

" Within the city, Adrian, my sire,
Rul'd in the shadow of th' Imperial name ;
Born almost in the purple, his desire
Ne'er felt ambition's heart-consuming flame.
Though he was valiant, and his glorious fame
In battle's onset was a charm to quell
The foeman's courage, yet Alexis' claim
He favour'd when his uncle Michael fell
From empire, and exchange'd his throne for convent cell.

III

" My sire soon after did in manhood's prime
The youngest sister of Alexis wed,
My mother Zoë. As the marriage chime
Throughout Byzantium with the tidings fled,
Old men grew gay and tears of rapture shed.
' For now Love's feet,' they cried, ' have bruise'd for aye
The head of faction, and no more shall spread
Barbarians to our walls with pale dismay,
Since Ducas and Comnenus friends are made to-day.'

IV

"Then did Alexis to my father grant
 To rule o'er Athens in imperial pride,
 And I grew up like some exotic plant,
 Screen'd from the blasts which mortal life betide ;
 And as the bees in Mount Hymettus' side
 The sweetest honey of the world upstore,
 So do my thoughts within my memory hide
 The rapture of those days ; O evermore
 My spirit lingers round each temple, grot and shore.

V

"And now when fourteen springs had come and gone,
 And all my rip'ning girlhood had enwove
 Endearing memories around each stone
 Of old Athenæ, and each olive grove
 And streamlet had a separate tale of love
 For my young fancy,—Greece shriek'd, panic-tost,
 Since Solimân with many a countless drove
 Of Turkish horsemen o'er th' Euphrates crost,
 And all Armenia's realm seem'd then for ever lost.

VI

"My sire straightway the post of danger sought
 Upon the frontier east, for chief command
 Design'd at once in every patriot's thought ;
 And when we left that dear delightful land,
 And from the ship I saw the pleasant strand
 Fade from my eyes, I first felt life's dark gloom
 In funeral pall o'er Childhood's heav'n expand.
 Northwards we sail'd till from the Euxine loom
 The towers of Trebizond ; thence pass'd we to Erzroum.

VII

"My father left us for the tented plain,
 And his victorious skill in many a fray
 Restor'd the conduct of the lost campaign ;
 And then Byzant had triumph'd 'neath his sway,
 Had not a traitor chief one ill-starr'd day
 Let through a Toorkman squadron to our rear,
 Drawing his phalanx scathelessly away.
 Scarce from the havoc of the Moslem's spear
 My sire escaped to us, his foemen following near.

VIII

"Beleaguer'd then we lay within Erzroum
Month after month,—while Soliman Ghazee
O'erran the realms which Moslem call of Roun,
From Rome, who held the subject world in fee ;
My sire was urg'd by dire extremity
To yield the town, with its long famine spent,
Unto the Moslem, who a passage free
To him and all his train most willing lent :
With feeble escort forth to Trebizond we went.

IX

"A long and painful march before us lay
Across Armenia's rugged mountain chain ;
The iron feet of steeds and mules gave way,
Worn to the quick the limping beasts sustain
No more their burden. Then with trembling pain
On tender feet fair women toil'd along ;
Joyful one eve we hail'd a water'd plain
Where bosky dells and woodlands rang with song
Of tuneful birds, which sooth'd our gall'd and weary throng.

X

"All rush'd in rapture to a river side,
There on a lawny space beside the stream
We lay our fainting limbs, and in the tide
Some lav'd their feet, some slept, and in their dream
Already saw their home,—when rose a scream
From maids who heard behind the trampling feet
Of horses in the wood, and saw the gleam
Of lances ; and in onset fierce and fleet
Dash'd forth a furious troop on our unarm'd retreat ;

XI

"And at their head was he, that traitor black
Who had betray'd my sire in open fight ;
And now, sweet friends, I must awhile turn back :
This, this was he who like some demon sprite
Pursues my life and haunts me day and night ;
This, this was he from whose dread power to-day
Ye freed me, through whose fix'd and murd'rous spite
I mourn both sire and mother. Ah, I pray,
Bear with these tears which still the tale calls forth alway.

XII

"Amid the maidens rich with beauty's dower,
Who knelt in prayer 'neath St. Sophia's dome,
Fair was Irene as a passion-flower.
One day the damsel left her humble home
To lead her grandsire to the Hippodrome ;
When all the streets were jostling with the tide
Of curious sight-seers rushing like the foam
Of mountain cataracts, she vainly tried
A wilful aged man from danger's path to guide.

XIII

"And while Irene struggled in the whirl
Of unregarded crowds, there was a cry,
'Room for th' Imperial Chariot': from the swirl
As the thick press on either side drew by
In her distraction wild she sought to fly,
With nervous haste her grandsire in the street
Stumbled and fell ; in half-blind agony
Irene saw the white steeds' trampling feet
Upon her grandsire's form, her pulses ceased to beat.

XIV

"And when she woke from out her death-like trance,
She found herself within the chariot laid,
And on her eyes was bent a gentle glance ;
This was my mother Zoë, who allay'd
The shudd'ring anguish of the wond'ring maid,
While she assur'd her grandsire's hurt would be
Of little import, since the reins had stay'd
The chariot's wheels ; and deeply mov'd was she
With young Irene's grace and sweet simplicity.

XV

"And from that day within my mother's love
Irene found a shelter, and she took
Unto our home this torn and guileless dove
When life her aged grandsire's frame forsook ;
And like some elder sister would she look
On the light joyaunce of my infant days,
Or read from Attic or Homeric book,
Or lead my steps along the flowery ways
By grove of Academe or Salaminian bays.

XVI

“ And as she grew in womanhood the grace
Of spotless purity and heavenly truth
Smooth'd her white brow, and beamed from out her face,
And all who gazed on her would feel in sooth
Their hearts dissolve with such surpassing ruth
As those do feel who gaze upon the round
And argent moon, and passion's restless tooth
Ceas'd then to gnaw, as though some charmed sound
The serpents of the soul had in enchantment bound.

XVII

“ Thus at Erzroum her heavenly beauty beam'd
Within the dark recesses of a heart
To hers almost unlike, but still it seem'd
That Love had touched at once with random dart
Two hearts more diverse than the raven swart
Is from the white plum'd dove ; yet that dark brow,
Which seems but fit to play the tyrant's part,
Can gentlest minds with tender thoughts endow,
And thus it fared, it seem'd, with sweet Irene now.

XVIII

“ And he who thus had cross'd her guileless life,
Was an Armenian prince, who at Erzroum
Liv'd with his brother, and strange tales were rife
Of their wild orgies ; scarce their father's tomb
Had clos'd, men whisper'd, when their banquet room
Rang to the midnight riot, and 'twas said
They drank in triumph to the coming doom
Of Moslem conquest, since with equal dread
Or equal scorn they look'd on Christ and Mohammed.

XIX

“ Yet Zohrab, such the maiden's lover's name,
Was not all evil then ; had fate been kind
Perchance Irene's love, with its pure flame,
Had charmed the rebel passions of his mind ;
And he had beauty, but of that strange kind
Which once was Lucifer's. His bloodless cheek,
His quiv'ring lip, show'd not the will resign'd,
But that imperious nature which would seek
Revenge on all the world for wrong or fortune's freak.

XX

" For he had suffer'd wrong,—his vast estate
By law or fraud had been half reft away,
And he was anger'd e'en against the fate
Which made him scion of this latter day,
When all around seem'd crumbling to decay ;
And desperation drove his passions mad,
Which like wild horses knew nor curb nor sway,
For Hope nor Faith within his soul he had
Amid the world's despair, an age corrupt and bad.

XXI

" Yet a new spirit seem'd in him transfus'd
With sweet Irene's love, a sham'd sense
Of genius wrong'd, and noble gifts abus'd ;
Now would he talk with magic eloquence,
Vow Spartan virtues were the sole defence
Against the empire's e'er increasing foes ;
And good men joy'd to see the zeal intense
With which his sleeping ardour now arose,
For all had fear'd the strength which did in him repose.

XXII

" And oft he vow'd upon Irene's hand
That she had won him to the patriot's part ;
And she, perchance, to God and Fatherland
Devoted then herself with guileless art ;
Half wishing and half fearing, her pure heart
Drank in a fair illusion, when he vow'd
Troth not rejected as he would depart
For combat where amid the warrior crowd
A tower of strength he was, with courage fierce and proud.

XXIII

" But Oh ! the fiend himself is not more strong
Than ill-repute to pull the convert back,
And forge suspicion out of ancient wrong ;
This Zohrab felt, for aye an envious pack
At each small fault painted in hues more black
His ancient life, till one unlucky day
When some reverse had barr'd our ownward track,
Men drown'd with cries of treason their dismay,
And call'd for Zohrab's head, since he had lost the fray.

XXIV

“ And giddy Rumour, who the tale retold
With lifted brows to every anxious ear,
Added new crimes to each suspicion old ;
Men turn'd away whenever he drew near,
And looked askance with mingled hate and fear.
Back to Erzroum he came one fatal day,
And found Irene, whom the tidings drear
Had smit with mingled sorrow and dismay,
Within a convent's walls had fled from him away.

XXV

“ The slumb'ring monsters of the nether deep
Of his dark nature now rise up again,
And through his mind impetuously sweep ;
Again he gathered round him the old train,
Comrades abandon'd, reckless and profane ;
His brother joy'd the convert back to see,
For there had discord been betwixt the twain ;
Thus goaded was he unto treachery,
And of our overthrow th' occasion foul to be.

XXVI

“ For as I said of that disastrous flight,
Which brought the foe in triumph to our gate,
He was the traitor cause, and day and night,
Around the town in siege, his restless hate
To work us mischief ever laid in wait ;
And when my sire at length was fain to yield,
Full wroth was Zohrab at our easy fate,
By which my sire, his guards and household train
Were free to go, and he not one could there retain.

XXVII

“ So then Irene forth with us we took ;
But when two days had pass'd upon our flight,
Zohrab, who ill the maiden's loss could brook,
A robber troop had gather'd in the night
Without the town, and, in equipment light,
Swift riding on our weary steps they came,
And us they reach'd e'en as the sweet delight
Of rest was stealing through each toil-worn frame,
And all the guards lay down, distress'd, footsore, and lame.

XXVIII

“My sire his gilded cuirass from his breast
 Had loosen'd, when he heard the outcry drear,
 Within his tent on pard skins stretch'd at rest ;
 He rush'd without, bareheaded, seiz'd his spear,
 Untether'd his black war-steed who stood near,
 Replac'd the bit within his teeth, and swang
 Upon his back, then, turning to the rear,
 Called to his guards, who rose up at the clang,
 And swift upon the foe in furious onset sprang.

XXIX

“O Pity ! in what region wert thou then,
 That thou didst suffer my young maiden eyes
 To see the evils wrought by demon men !
 O Sun ! and stood'st thou steadfast in the skies !
 O mother Earth ! and did'st thou not arise
 And gulf the miscreants down ! Ah ! no, no, no !
 All, all immovable, in ancient wise
 Wore smiling face. While I—I felt the blow
 Crush brain and heart and soul, and freeze my pulse's flow.

XXX

“My mother with me and Irene, near
 The tent-door stood, we saw my father fall,
 Thrust through the body by a Koordish spear,
 And that dear head sword-smitten, like a ball
 Roll'd on the sward ; one on his spear-shaft tall
 Lifted the face ador'd ;—ah, ah, no more,
 No more I saw, for then oblivion's pall
 Clos'd round my senses ;—when my swoon was o'er,
 I found that I had lost all that I lov'd of yore.

XXXI

“Our foes had gone, and all about were spread
 The rifled packs with clammy gore besprent,
 And wailing mourners cower'd o'er the dead.
 Two maidens of my mother o'er me bent
 Their sorrowing looks. In ghastly wonderment
 I felt I knew that from the world for aye
 Faces below'd were gone ;—within the tent
 Those maidens tended me that night and day,
 * For all were buried there ere yet we went our way.

XXXII

" Later I heard how my dear mother's life
Ebb'd forth beneath some wild barbarian sword :
Vainly she threw, to stay their reckless strife,
Her gems and gold amid the robber horde.
Nor did Irene to the arms abhorr'd
Of Zohrab come ; her kneeling down he found
Beside my mother's form stretch'd on the sward,
She tried to stanch the red stream as it wound
From her cut brow o'er cheek and shoulder to the ground.

XXXIII

" And when she saw that all her gentle art
Was vain, she laid her mistress gently down,
And Zohrab call'd ' Irene ' ;—with a start
She leapt unto her feet,—from head to crown
All trembling as some linnet whom the clown
Clutches in harden'd palm, she shriek'd i' th' air,
Then fled—he following clutch'd her flowing gown,
She fell upon bent knees, her visage fair
Leaning upon her hands stone-still in silent prayer.

XXXIV

" Then Zohrab closer drew and plac'd his hand
Upon her shoulder, but she sway'd aside,
And pluck'd a dagger 'neath her white robe's band,
And struck it deep into her maiden side ;
And as death's numbness 'gan to creep and glide
O'er all her sense, upon one arm she leant,
Then fell, one cheek to earth, and mutely died,
Leaving one hand behind her languid bent,
As on some martyr maid's well carved monument.

XXXV

" All this I gather'd from the maidens twain
Who led me to Byzantium, and in dream,
(So oft I made them tell that tale again,)
All present to my sense the scene would seem,
And sleep fled shatter'd at my own wild scream ;
But as the days pass'd by my sorrow waned :
Hallow'd by time became the piteous theme,
While in the Golden City I remain'd,
For me the Empress there within her care retain'd.

XXXVI

"Yet in th' Imperial Court my spirit fail'd
At the gilt rottenness, the mask'd decay,
The scented breath of ruin I inhal'd,
Corruption's bane which ate the State away,
And vice and servitude in link'd array :
For at Athenæ with the mighty dead
I held high converse, and the glorious ray
Of Antique Freedom had my spirit fed
As round those glorious shrines my maiden steps were led.

XXXVII

"Some while I bore the deep disgust I felt,
Till leave I won to quit th' Imperial Court ;
And ever since in Cyprus have I dwelt,
Where my sire built a palace for resort,
Beside Arsinoë's rock-embosom'd port ;
And there my days pass'd onwards free from blame,
In pensive earnest or in gentle sport,
Amid my chosen friends, till lately came
A message from Byzant my presence there to claim.

XXXVIII

"At the Imperial Court I then remain'd,
For so Alexis will'd it for awhile,
But soon again my supplications gain'd
Leave to return to my fair Cypriote isle :
We left the Golden Horn, and many a mile
Beyond the Hellespont our swift bark flew
On snowy wing, when northwards from the Nile,
Winds on our course a Moslem pirate threw,
Who brought me captive here with all our Cypriote crew."

DE RUDEL AND THE COUNTESS OF TRIPOLI

A STORY OF PROVENCE

Plas mi cavalier Francez ¹
Et la donna Catalana,
Et l'onrar del Ginoes
Et la court de Castellana
Lou cantar Provençalez,
Et la danza Trevisana
Et lou corps Aragones
Et la perla Juliana
La main e kara d' Angles
Et lou donzel de Toscana.

Lines by FREDERICK I., *called Barbarossa.* 1152-1190.

¹ Plas mi = me plait.

DU LUENCH

IRAT et dolent m'en partray
S'ieu non vey cet amour de luench (loin),
Et non say qu'oura la veray
Car sont trop noutras terras luench,
Dieu que fez sont quant vau e vay
Et forma aquest amor luench,
My don poder alcor car hay
Esper vezer l'amour de luench,
Segnour tenes my pour veray
L'amour qu'ay vers ella de luench,
Car pour un ben qui m'en esbay
Hay mille mals tant soy de luench ;
Ja d'autre amour non jauzirai
S'ieu non jau dest'amour de luench,
Qu'una plus bella non en say
En luez que sia ny prez ny luench.

JAUFFRED DE RUDEL.

DE RUDEL AND THE COUNTESS OF TRIPOLI

Gianfrè Rudel ch' usò le vela e 'l remo
A cercar la sua morte.—PETRARCA.

I

LET happy loves be garlanded with lays,
And the hymenical chants of old romance
Be joys for ever ! Let the sacred bays
Wind round the temples of the bard who chants
The praises of a tender pair whose days,
Scaping the gloomy storms of circumstance,
Have flowed into each other like two rills
Which meet at last among the Sundering hills.

II

Yet ! chiefest lords of truth, the bards divine,
With hopeless pangs have all their lives long yearn'd ;
From draughts in earliest youth of love's hot wine
Their pale thin cheeks with hectic passion burn'd ;
Yet not in vain did they so sadly pine—
The uncrown'd brows of their pure love has earn'd
Immortal plaudits : and their long distress
Is now pure spring of noblest tenderness.

III

So let for them be wove the choicest strains,
Who felt such glow as sinless spirits feel,
Pure aspirations free of earthly chains,
One ceaseless yearning for the soul's ideal ;
A saintly creed, contemning loss or gain,
A quenchless thirst for more than mortal weal,
A flower which seedless here was rapt above,
And blooms eternal in Eternal Love.

IV

For love too has its martyrs, who have shown
 Pure passion is redemption to the soul,
 To give it back its wings and be a zone
 Like that of Cypris, to call back the whole
 Of its lost glory, a pure ray outthrown
 Into the caves of earth, where, like a mole,
 Sense blindly feels the way ; a rift of light
 In prison cell which shows the outer Infinite.

V

Yet as the silver lane across the deep
 Is but dim reflex of the brighter moon,
 So too the glories which from beauty sweep
 O'er all creation, till the senses swoon,
 Are but the shadow-dreams of life's dim sleep ¹
 False phantom-exhalations, which must soon
 Die fruitlessly, unless the soul can grasp
 The inner essence which earth's beauties clasp.

VI

O use not beauty as Circæan wine,
 To make the soul more earthly than before ;
 Earth's beauty is the prelude to divine
 If from its heights we teach the heart to soar,
 And seek our lost home in the Hyaline ;
 Then temperance will lead us to the door
 Of th' inner shrine, where from the chainless soul
 The mystery of earth shall break and roll.

VII

What time upon the bluely-streaming Rhône,
 The stately castles of Provençal knights,
 With keep and battlement reflected, shone
 From vine-clad hills and myrtle-tufted heights,
 The Troubadour's soft lute, with trembling tone,
 Charm'd mail-clad breasts to tenderest delights,
 And love-lorn ditties fill'd each evening breeze
 From snowy Alp to purple Pyrenees.

¹ 'Επάμεροι • τί δέ τις ; τί δ' οὐτως ;
 σκιᾷς ὄναρ ἀνθρώπου.—PINDAR.

VIII

Ah, Elegy ! still when the last red hues
 Of eve flash through the black'ning cypress row,
 And thou amid thy moonlit tombs dost muse
 On murders dark and antique crime and woe,
 Sweep'st thou thy lyre, with wasted hand to loose
 Its tragic strings in melancholy flow
 For that brave, joyous race whom priestly ire
 Scourg'd from Provençal plains with steel and fire.

IX

No knight was there who could not weave sweet rhymes,
 And teach the tuneful cithern's silver string
 To hymn his lady's name with praiseful chimes :
 But all confess'd de Rudel's songs did fling
 Such soul-entrancing spells, that oftentimes
 An angel's praises he would seem to sing ;
 Each knight sat pensive at the festive board,
 And half forgot the lady he ador'd.

X

Ah ! none that gentle lady's name could tell,
 Whose image was, as in some stainless fane,
 Veil'd in the young knight's fancy's inmost cell :
 Provençal maids with lustrous eyes in vain
 Essay'd to hold him with their glittering spell ;
 Yet thought they not his heedlessness disdain,
 He was so gentle : in distracted wise
 He seemed to dote on unseen seraph eyes.

XI

His infancy had drawn a nurturing bliss
 From gentle sounds and sights, and poesy
 Had planted on his youthful brows a kiss,
 And marked him out her darling child to be.
 No wood-dove hated more a serpent's hiss
 Than he the bruit of ruffian rout and glee,
 He revell'd in the calm of moonlit bowers,
 Breathing the quiet breath of citron flowers.

XII

All nature was his book, and there did pass
 From sky, and star, and murmuring stream, and wind,
 And rocks, and plains, and woods, and feather'd grass,
 An awful harmony into his mind,
 And this opaquest world became as glass,
 Through which he saw the pure laws disentwin'd
 Of all the weary mystery of ill,
 A warring chaos to a less pure will.

XIII

An orphan, he from youth to manhood grew,
 The sweetest impulses of earth and air
 Feeding his budding thoughts with holy dew ;
 Yet in the tilt-yard did no joustier bear
 And break his ashen staves with dint more true,
 And in the tourney fray the shivering blare
 Of trumpets rang within his blood, while he
 Unhors'd the prowtest knights of chivalry.

XIV

With such a quiet hand he rul'd the bit,
 The horse seem'd conscious of the master's thought,
 For he no knightly pastime might omit,
 And in all feudal use was full well taught
 His perfect limbs with manly grace to fit :
 Heroic will in weakly frame was naught
 In days of shocks and perilous emprise,
 And so no healthy sport de Rudel would despise.

XV

But now was sheath'd at length the Paynim sword,
 And every pilgrim safely held his way
 Unto the sepulchre of our dear Lord ;
 And so his wing'd thoughts could freely stray
 Unto the pleasant realms they most ador'd :
 With such ecstatic rapture many a lay
 He fill'd, that it was borne o'er land and sea,
 And stirr'd most sluggish hearts to sympathy.

XVI

And Love, the unseen moon, to which the tide
 Of human being at due hour doth rise,
 Was ne'er in such pure strain so deified ;
 And yet his grey-hair'd seneschal, whose eyes
 His young lord's waning look most closely spied,
 Could on no earthly passion throw surmise.
 His cheek wax'd thinner, and his eyes burn'd bright
 In sunken orbits with wild flashing light.

XVII

Alone he loved to see the pale moonshine
 Make lanes of silver in the castle moat ;
 Alone beneath dark roofs of branching vine
 To see festoons o'er starry splendours float ;
 Alone to pluck the violet and woodbine
 While copse-leaves shivered to the wood-bird's throat ;
 Alone to pace his hall while wood-logs threw
 Athwart the oaken floor their crimson hue.

XVIII

" Bewitch'd my dear young lord he sure must be,"
 Murmur'd full oft his aged servitor,
 " To sigh his ruddy cheek so fruitlessly
 Into the desert air. Some fairy, sure,
 Has lured his fancy. Oh, I would that he
 Would, like his father, lead within the door
 Some ripe-lipped, black-haired wife from Gascony ;
 So might I hope before I die to see
 This ancient house alive with infant glee."

XIX

One day the old man's heart was blithe and gay,
 For clattering hoofs 'neath the portcullis grim
 Announced a tide of guests in rich array.
 The Gothic hall was set in order trim,
 Of his lord's saint to grace the festal day ;
 The red wine brimmed up to the golden rim
 Of chalice and of flagon ; salvers, piled
 With dainties rare, on blanchèd linen smiled.

XX

A feast it was fit for a painter's eye :
 Melons of craggy gold, grapes, pomegranates,
 On mighty platters heap'd tumultuously ;
 The purple fig, and plum, and sugared dates,
 And spices sweet from happy Araby,
 Creams, white and rose, clear syrups, crusted cates ;
 Pheasant, venison, boar, and woodcock lay between,
 Which spoke of deep delight and steps in forest green.

XXI

The busy serving-men rushed to and fro,
 The wine-cup filled, the empty platter took ;
 The surliest knave did hospitably glow,
 And waited round each guest with heedful look ;
 And that bright company a merry show,
 Like quaint illumined page in ancient book,
 Or rows of tulips in deep flaunting dyes,
 Discours'd around the board in gay and gentle wise.

XXII

But oft de Rudel sat in absent thought :
 None of that rosy wealth of maiden bloom,
 No sylph-like form in silk and gold brede wrought
 By Indian, Chinese, or Thibetian loom ;
 No blue-black tresses in pearl meshes caught,
 Tiara, coronet, or jewelled plume,
 Could win his gaze, but with regardless stare
 He looked on damask cheek, and marked no beauty there.

XXIII

Ah ! little reck'd he when the busy hum
 Died on the merry minstrel's rising swell
 Of harp and rebeck, tabour, flute, and drum,
 Of bass old chant or treble ritornel—
 But hark ! the warders' horns declare there come
 Some unexpected guests ; one hastes to tell
 De Rudel how some pilgrims, on their way
 From Palestine, do crave this night with him to stay.

XXIV

They enter in, that serge-clad dusty crew,
 With staves, and cockle-hat, and sandal shoon :
 De Rudel rose, and gave the welcome due
 To holy farers ; at the board full soon
 Their weary hearts grew blithesome, and there grew
 Much talk of Joppa, Bethlehem ; then anon
 The feast went on, each sang in order round,
 And thus in thrilling wise de Rudel's voice did sound :

I

" Fresh from God's look come they beaming,
 Form, and face, and mien divine,
 Rays immortal ever streaming
 So from saintly presence shine.

2

" Ah ! when I see those eyes whose light
 Makes dark the moon's white fire,
 My soul is free ! earth fades from sight,
 And dies out like a trembling wire.

3

" Ah ! then my spirit sees below
 The star-bespangled skies,
 And hears symphonic raptures flow
 From harps of Paradise.

4

" She is a silver star before me,
 To lead me to the fount of good,
 To pierce the clouds of sense closed o'er me,
 And stay the tempest of the blood.

5

" Her look no ruffian passion stirs,
 Nor word nor thought unmeet ;
 My soul would be the shade of hers
 And move in rapture at her feet.

6

" On clouds of glory in the night,
 With head begirt with starry fire,
 She comes—my sense is merged in light—
 I pant, I tremble, and expire."

XXV

The tender notes died lingeringly away,
 And while the hearers mused all silently
 Upon the accents strange, a palmer grey,
 A scarred and tanned crusader, cried, "Perdi,
 What lady fair is worthy such a lay?
 None but St. Agnes, or of Tripoli
 The Countess Gertrude—she whose earthly grace
 Without a death seems fit for heavenly place.

XXVI

"'Twas from a fever couch I saw her first
 In her own castle : if I dreamt or woke
 I knew not. After days of heat and thirst
 And sandy toil, I sank 'neath a sun-stroke ;
 Just as of Tripoli the minarets burst
 Upon the sight, my aching senses broke
 In mad diffusion, and a fire accurst
 Seethed in my veins ; I wildly seemed to swim
 Upon a fiery sea, and my red eyes burnt dim.

XXVII

"They cleared at length. Oh ! never pale moonbeam,
 Dew-laden, brought unto the parched dronth
 Of flowers more rapture than the angel gleam
 Of her face to my brain ; my sense in sooth
 Was freed at once from hot delirious dream,
 My brain still throbb'd, my tongue to clammy mouth
 Clove hotly, but the flood of fiery pains
 At her look cooled within my raging veins.

XXVIII

"As I grew slowly well, that lady's face
 Beamed o'er me daily ; many sick around
 Were thriving, too, upon the healing grace
 Of her sweet presence ; they like me were found,
 And brought for her to heal ; no passion base
 Might look on her and live : a tiger's bound
 That pure white look would stay. Ah ! by the rood,
 Those white limbs must be nursed on angels' food !"

XXIX

The palmer ended : on de Rudel's cheek
 There flushed a warm and carmine-tinted glow,
 Like the sun's parting gleam on Alpine peak,
 And his heart swelled with fixed resolve to go
 Beyond the seas that wonder fair to seek.
 The lady's name had stirred his pulses so
 His spirit with the crowd was ill at ease,
 So he went forth beneath his orange-trees.

XXX

And there he cast his arms upon the air,
 And murmur'd, "Oh ! the weary breadth of sea,
 Ne'er may I live to reach that lady fair !"
 Then through his brain a thousand mem'ries flee
 Of how this fancy, strange beyond compare,
 Had grown intensest purpose, and how he
 Had felt the yearning rise beyond control,
 The beacon of his hope, the loadstar of his soul.

XXXI

For in the dreamland of his guileless youth,
 Upon the magic glades of phantasy,
 Seeking divinest forms of love and truth,
 One visionary shape with ecstasy
 Had filled his yearning heart, its eyes of ruth
 Had looked into his soul, he could not free
 His fancy from them, and had sought in vain
 Th' incarnate idol of his spirit's fane.

XXXII

So when there came a tale across the sea
 Of that fair countess and her saintly days,
 And not a pilgrim passed from Tripoli
 But did her virtue laud with deep amaze,
 Ah ! then that dream of love and mystery
 Grew clear once more upon De Rudel's gaze,
 His spirit, faint with wonder and sweet pain,
 Felt drawn to meet it with magnetic strain.

XXXIII

And on the altar of her spotless fame
 He laid full many a winged aspiration,
 And deathless hope and thought of silver flame ;
 Her image had become the incarnation
 Of all a poet's ardent soul could frame,
 Nursed on the faith of knightly inspiration,
 Of antique verse and generous romance,
 And golden chronicles of sword and lance.

XXXIV

By night and day, in storm and whispering rains,
 Or clear sunshine, this image ever hung
 Above him, both in valleys and in plains,
 And in the rocky ways the mountain heights among ;
 He kneeling saw it in the blazon'd panes,
 When th' anthem swelled and chained censers swung,
 And when the moon shone through his window-bars,
 It seemed to come between him and the stars.

XXXV

And as the plant beneath the sunny showers
 Of May-beams opens forth its petals bright,
 So his soul blossom'd forth with tenderest flowers
 Of love, and fancy, and supreme delight ;
 And as the summer bird, in dawning hours,
 His spirit sang forth bathed in rapturous light :
 But his hue faded, like the violets fade
 When angry sunbeams burn the sheltering shade.

XXXVI

As when a feverous maiden, near her doom,
 Gets slowly well, so fair his face did grow,
 And faint as blushes on the white rose bloom,
 Flushes athwart his cheek would come and go ;
 And all would sigh, and think upon his tomb,
 Who watched his pallid features' fitful glow,
 And did mark how his curled and chesnut hair
 Streamed o'er his brow so silken, soft, and rare.

XXXVII

And thus he linger'd slowly day by day,
 Yearning with wild desire beyond the sea
 To seek that lady ; but a drear dismay
 That of such grace he must unworthy be
 Had checked his purpose. Now that palmer grey
 Has made him swear his spirit's queen to see :
 Next day he sought the nearest harbour mouth,
 And swelled his canvas for the balmy South.

XXXVIII

Ah, long ! ah, long ! with many a drear delay,
 The voyage was ; a fair breeze, soft and low,
 Along the Apennines, day after day,
 Wafted the vessel sleepily and slow ;
 And then for long, long days becalm'd they lay
 Within sight of the Eden isles, which glow
 Like purple clouds at sunset in the bay
 Of bright Parthenope ; but when they came
 Where Etna's crown of snow is pierc'd with flame,

XXXIX

A fierce sirocco lash'd with whit'ning blast
 The ocean waves to frenzy, and they flew
 With shredded sail ; the mariners, aghast,
 To Syracuse the vessel hardly drew,
 To wait until the storm was overpast.
 Ah ! sadly, sadly did de Rudel rue
 This weary, weary waste of priceless hours,
 This long, slow torture of his fainting powers.

XL

To feel death growing on us stride by stride,
 Just as our dearest purpose sees its goal,
 Is misery indeed ! So, when the tide
 Grew peaceful at the breeze's soft control,
 And, leaning once more o'er the vessel's side,
 De Rudel watch'd the flowing surges roll,
 His soul all jubilant, on plumes of song
 Careering flew the enchanted waves along.

XLI

Meek grew the seamen rude who heard him sing,
 The dolphins toss'd their backs above the surge,
 The white sea-birds upon expanded wing,
 Floated around the mast ; the swan-like dirge,
 Pour'd forth from lips so pale and quivering,
 The genii of the breeze seem'd aye to urge
 To gentle concourse, and the bulging sails
 Within their constant bosoms caught the gales.

XLII

Soon on his waxen cheek a vital glow
 Spread, like faint hues upon an evening cloud,
 And all his mien translucent was as though
 The soul was shining through its body's shroud :
 More blue the veins upon his hands of snow
 And temples grew : Death over him seem'd bow'd
 To take his breath, when loom'd from out the lea
 The white walls and the palms of Tripoli.

XLIII

Ah, gentlest Pity ! ne'er such mild blue eyes
 Hast thou made tremble with divinest tear,
 Never such pencill'd eyebrows—soft surprise !—
 Hast thou uprais'd, as when unto the ear
 Of that sweet countess was, with piteous sighs,
 The story told of how, as on a bier,
 A guest within her castle walls was borne
 Whom none did deem could see another morn.

XLIV

And when she heard it was that gentle knight,
 The wingèd fancies of whose songs had flown
 O'er this dark life, like trailing stars of night,
 And in whose strains—the echoes of her own
 Sweet thoughts—she found imperishing delight,
 All mute she stood, and pale. O'er her blue zone
 Her white-robed bosom showed her beating heart,
 And her suspended breath was held in lips apart.

XLV

A thousand thoughts behind her brow of snow,
 Dizzy and dim—like wings of humming bees
 About the blossoming thyme—flit to and fro ;
 Then, like a ring-dove fray'd, forthwith she flees.
 Her golden tresses far behind her flow
 Along the corridors, and in the breeze
 Of her swift haste, come Love and Charity,
 Of their excelling child the angel ruth to see.

XLVI

She found de Rudel on the cushion'd floor,
 Within an oriel of her pillar'd hall ;
 Eve's slanting beams a thousand lights strew'd o'er
 His wasted form, and through the casement tall
 Did ruby, chrysolite, and emerald pour ;
 And though around the air was radiant all,
 Intenser lustre her bright presence threw
 On blazon'd splendour and prismatic hue.

XLVII

And as the cloud before the moon doth glow
 With interfused light, so through his soul
 The sinking knight felt awful rapture flow
 At her regard. "Thou," cried he, "art the goal
 Of all my love and life." She knelt down low
 Beside him, while a saintly glory stole
 About her head, and did her hair illumine,
 Like rolling curls of golden incense fume.

XLVIII

Then through two azure heavens of endless love
 She threw a look ineffable and bright,
 Was it some white-stol'd seraph from above,
 Who held the silver cross before his sight,
 And took his slender hand ? Like some white dove
 Above her hover'd an unresting light ;
 Her voice upon the imparadisèd air
 Was as to infant ears maternal prayer.

XLIX

The veil which parts the living and the dead
 Seem'd then withdrawn before their mortal eyes ;
 That moment to eternity was spread ;
 Their dreaming clay fell down in ghostly wise
 From disemprison'd souls. De Rudel said,
 "I dream no more. The world's verge fades and dies.
 Adieu. Sweet sister sprite, I cannot stay ;
 Thine eyes have lit me to eternal day."

L

His body lay like some deserted fane,
 Untenanted and dark. Her lips she press'd
 Upon his clammy brow ; she did retain
 His hand a while in hers ; then on her breast
 She cross'd her tender palms ; and when again
 Were rais'd her prayerful lids, she said, "The best,
 The truest, purest love that earth can know
 Was in that moment's deep immortal glow.

LI

"I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast granted me
 So pure an earnest of the joys above,
 I thank thee, Heaven, that now I ne'er can be
 Sway'd by the impulse of a meaner love ;
 That from all sensual discordance free,
 I can adore in peace thy mystic dove,
 That thy bright haven now I ne'er can miss,
 Submerg'd by torrents of an earthly bliss.

LII

"Henceforth I will be bride of none but Heaven,
 For love should be the golden stair to God
 Through self-oblivion, the ethereal leaven
 To free the soul from stain of earthly clod."
 The rest of all that lady's days were given
 To alms and orisons. With sandals shod,
 In white religious vest, she daily went
 To tell her beads before de Rudel's monument.

RAOUL DE COUCY

A STORY OF CHAMPAGNE

Roi je ne suis,
Prince ni comte aussi ;
Je suis le Sire de Coucy.

DESPEDIDA.

OIM amors si dure departie
Me convendra faire de la moillor,
Qui oncques fust amée, ne servie :
Dex me ramoint à lui por sa douçor,
Si voirement que j'en part à dolor,
Dex ! qu'ai-je dit, je ne m'en part je mie :
Si le cors va servir notre seignor
Tout li miens cuers remaint en sa baillie.¹
Por li m'en vois sopirant en Surie,
Que nul ne doit faillir son Creator.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Que la doit on faire chétive vie,
Là si conquiert paradis et honor
Et pers et los et l'amor de sa mie.

RAOUL DE COUCY.

* If my body goes to serve our Lord, yet my heart remains in her power.

RAOUL DE COUCY

Amor condusse noi ad una morte
Caina attende chi in vita ci spense.—DANTE.

I

No nobler race in old chivàlic France
Lived than the Coucys, and full many a tale
Of valorous deeds, of peerless sword and lance,
Is told in orchard close and vine-clad dale
Of broad Champagne—and still the pilgrim's glance
Is won unto the headland o'er the vale,
Where stands their donjon, which, though earthquake-
rent,
Still rears its haughty head in majesty unbent.

II

Time, storm, and fire, and man's devouring will,
On those vast walls their fiercest wrath have wrought,
Yet tow'rs and bastions unremoved still
To days antique bring back the reverent thought,
And of the legends which old folios fill,
Since Saint Rémi the Holy *ampoule* brought,
In tragic circumstance none may compare
With that of brave Raoul de Coucy the Trouvère.

III

Ah ! who would wish a gentle fawn to pen
Within some tiger's cage, for hooked claws
To strew its slender frame about the den,
And have its life crushed out by monstrous jaws ?
Yet to the arms of tiger-hearted men
Have loving parents for some pelfish cause
Giv'n up a darling child, whose bridal wreath
Was but the victim's mandate unto death.

IV

The Lady Yolande, she had wept and pray'd,
And gone before her sire on bended knee.
"Dear father, let me rather die a maid,
And spend my virgin life in tending thee.
Or let me rather in cold cloistral shade
Be vowed for e'er to holy chastity ;
In serge and sackcloth clothe my tender limbs,
And rise at night to chant the sacred hymns.

V

"There is no servile lot which I would rue,
More than to wed that man so huge and grim ;
Those wolfish eyes no gentle look e'er knew.
Oh ! he might strike me in some savage whim
With mailed hand, and slay me as he slew
Before mine eyes his steed which swerv'd from him
And did his rais'd foot of the stirrup balk :
I should be less to him than hound or hawk.

VI

"And all my days would be so lone and drear
And hopeless ! Spare, O spare me the sad sin
Of swearing love where I must always fear."
But her sire said, "Cease, girl, thy silly din !
Dost thou know men ? Go, try thy bridal gear ;
To-morrow shalt thou wed ; then after win
Earl Hubert to thy will with those sweet wiles,
And all thy baby-wealth of tears and smiles.

VII

"Ah ! by St. Denis, this is not a match
To lose for any girlish fantasies,
So in aught else, sweet chit ! with all despatch
Command me. Oh, come, come ! give up those sighs :
God's teeth ! Earl Hubert who'll bring such a batch
Of bows and bills and lances when we rise,
To claim once more that forfeited escheat,
I wis no royal ban shall dare our strength to meet."

VIII

So on the morrow the sad mockery
 Of marriage rites was ended about noon ;
 The sun fell dazzling as the pageantry
 Streamed through the church door to the pealing tune
 Of organs, while the abbey bells set free
 Sent from bronze throats into the air of June
 A clash of sound, which fill'd the far champaign
 Round old St. Medard by the deep green Aisne.

IX

And now the bride stepp'd through the darksome door
 Sunk in the deep ribb'd portal of the west :
 With beaded busts of kings and queens arch'd o'er,
 And saints who clasp'd the missal to the breast.
 She shrunk back where the deep shade on the floor
 Met the bright sunlight, as though sore distressed
 To feel the day, which like some fiery rain
 Seemed to fall through to her distracted brain.

X

She stood with wild and fixed regardless stare,
 The horrid vows still ringing in her ears,
 And all her senses numb'd, as unaware
 Of that gay gorgeous crowd. Too vast for tears
 Was her great sorrow : 'twas such dead despair
 As drain'd her young life of all hopes and fears.
 The very whiteness of her bridal veil
 Darken'd beside her cheek so deathly pale.

XI

The young bride-maidens who around her stood
 Look'd at each other with surprise and shame,
 And pity for her sad and nerveless mood.
 One bolder spake endearingly her name,
 And whisper'd courage : then like one pursued
 She looked around her : and her slender frame
 Shook shuddering, while a small cold hand she laid
 Upon Earl Hubert's arm, who close beside her stayed.

XII

Slow, slow are words to tell the agony
Of a short moment. In that brief delay,
An unobservant eye could scarcely see
A bashful hesitation pass'd away.
Some in a passing spasm more agony
Do know than others in their sluggish clay
Feel in a lifetime, but a fine soul's woe
Outweighs all joys the clownish sense can know.

XIII

The plum'd train moved on beneath the trees,
The long boled elms, whose branch'd nave of green
Led to the church door. In the summer breeze
Bright flecks of sunlight waver'd down between
The leafy arches. From the village leas
Children in white trick'd off with spangled sheen
Of blue and silver, rang'd in cherub row
Beneath the bride's small feet did freshest roses throw.

XIV

Envyng the speedy fate of those soft flowers
As her light footstep fell, with downcast eyes
She mov'd along, dreaming of future hours
But daily fears and nightly sobs and sighs :
And so she marks not how a blue plume towers
Above the crowd, and straight against it hies
Towards her, till at length the wearer came
And seiz'd her by the hand and gently spoke her name.

XV

Electric sudden life did then illumine
Those pallid features, 'twas such strange amaze,
As if some sculptur'd Sorrow on a tomb
Should its bent head and marble eyelids raise ;
And doubt and joy and anguish did assume
By turns the empire of her frenzied gaze.
" Is this the Sire de Coucy, or from hell,
The cruel fiction of demonic spell ? "

XVI

But no ! it is no lying phantom sent
 To mock her woe : that tender voice's tone,
 Those hazel eyes and frank brow's clear intent
 Into her bosom's frozen core hath gone
 With uncongealing thrill, and has unpent
 Within her brain such memories. With low moan
 She shudder'd forth, " Dear Raoul, death was sweet
 When I did think thee in thy winding-sheet.

XVII

" In life I never thought to see thee more ;
 Long, long I pray'd the Virgin to unbar
 My soul from this dark house, that it might soar
 To find thee up beyond the highest star.
 I thought to go, for, as I knelt before
 Her star-crowned image in gold-wrought cymar
 Claspng the Saviour child, I saw her smile
 Light the dim twilight of the darkening aisle.

XVIII

" And yesternight, in raiment white as snow,
 She came soft down upon my fever'd sleep.
 And as I looked upon her features' glow
 Her eyes up through the boundless ether-deep
 Seem'd to exalt me ; as she look'd below
 She drew me soaring on in ceaseless sweep.
 We rose, till leaning from the firmament
 With arms outstretch'd I saw thee downwards bent.

XIX

" But oh ! our Lady's grace some other way
 Will in her mercy make my vision plain,
 She is the maiden's help in worst dismay ;
 We heard that thou wert found amid the slain
 Beneath the walls of Ascalon. From that day
 There was no news of thee. 'Tis two years' pain
 Since I have lent my eyes to haggard Sorrow,
 To weep the dawn of each unwelcome morrow."

XX

The while with curious eyes and angry brow
The bridal guests throng'd round. Earl Hubert thrust
Between them saying, "Blood of Christ ! how now ?
And who art thou who com'st, vile hound accurst !
To hold my bride in parley ? 'Sdeath, I vow
The hangman's whip shall mark thee if thou durst
Delay here longer." With a flash out flew
De Coucy's sword, one step he backwards drew.

XXI

With nostrils quiv'ring, and the crimson stain
Of high resolve upon his white young cheek,
He look'd as beautiful in high disdain
As young Apollo just about to wreak
Upon the Pythian monster its last pain ;
And each inspir'd lineament did speak
Such love and courage, that of all who saw
The hearts were holden by a sacred awe.

XXII

And with eyes full of noble scorn he said,
" Earl Hubert, well unknightly words and base
The felon heart become who could a maid
Enforce to come unto thy loath'd embrace."
He turned and saw the crowd around array'd,
But found no friend there. Ah ! the piteous case
Of two betray'd hearts, might move to ruth,
All who had felt what love was and what youth.

XXIII

Within the court of Baldwin, the good earl,
He and the lady were as children plac'd ;
The guileless fondness of the boy and girl
Grew with their frames, until so deep embrac'd
Were all their thoughts and sympathies, no curl
Of Lady Yolande was more close enlac'd
Than were their loves ; alas ! till base pretence
Was found to kill love, youth, and innocence.

XXIV

Alas ! that she was fair and he was poor !
 Alas ! that any should weigh land and gold
 Against two hearts of Heaven's best sanction sure.
 De Coucy's sire 'twas known much land had sold
 To join the last Crusade. A tempting lure
 Was held before the son again t'unfold
 The banner of his house, and thus some fief
 Should be the guerdon of the victor chief.

XXV

And so might be redeem'd his house and name
 From hated poverty—a specious lie.
 Earl Hubert, hot with his unwelcome flame,
 Had watched their love with madly-jealous eye.
 Absence and slander, they had hoped, would tame
 The lady's will—the tale of infamy
 Was heard afar. De Coucy came that day
 To mar their plots and bear the bride away.

XXVI

"Am I too late ?" he cried. "Vain is the vow
 Which thou hast wrung from this deceived maid ;
 There is no tie which this good sword, I trow,
 Cannot undo." Aloft he shook his blade,
 And looking backwards, cried, "Ho ! lances, ho !"
 Full many a guest, I wis, looked sore dismay'd.
 From twoscore throats in sheltering covert nigh
 Rang out the Sire de Coucy's battle cry.

XXVII

Then lance and corselet flash'd ; with thund'ring sound
 The firm earth trembled, while with iron heel
 The snorting chargers spurn'd along the ground :
 The troop dividing in two walls of steel
 Dispers'd themselves the bridal train around.
 Small task it were, I ween, to their stern zeal
 To hold that silken unarm'd crowd at bay,
 While young De Coucy bore the bride away.

XXVIII

Full many a hand was laid upon the hilt,
 No bloodless triumph shall De Coucy win :
 Earl Hubert with bare blade began to tilt
 Against the young lord's breast. " Ye men of sin,"
 A voice was heard to cry, " what damnèd guilt
 Is this ye purpose ? Must the hellish din
 Of slaughter vex the quiet of God's place ?
 Ne'er slacks the blood-thirst of your ruthless race.

XXIX

" With death and ravage do ye fill the land,
 And call it peace. But here upon God's soil
 Sheathe, sheathe the steel, and stay red Murder's hand.
 The curse of Christ, which nothing may assoil,
 Fall on ye if ye do not here disband
 And go in peace. If not, your impious broil
 Will crown again with thorns the Crucified,
 And thrust again the lance into His side."

XXX

The priest's rebuke, the Church's dreaded ban,
 Have stayed each hand, for in those days of blood
 The Church's malison might stay the van
 Of iron armies in victorious mood :
 With downcast eyes all heard the mitred man,
 Who speaking thus within the portal stood.
 " O Domine refugium "—the white crowd
 Of monks around their abbot sang aloud.

XXXI

Then to De Coucy drew Earl Hubert nigh,
 And said, " I would, God wot, for no boon sue :
 If while these shavelings bawl their psalmody
 Thou wilt the bloody business here pursue
 And earn a name of darkest infamy
 I gainsay not. But still, methinks, we two
 Alone might void our quarrel. In the dell
 Within the forest there 's a babbling well.

XXXII

"'Tis called St. Martin's ; wilt thou there meet me
 Within an hour from hence ? I will not fail.
 Bring but thy squire, and he shall witness be
 How fairly I with this sharp-edgèd flail
 Will from its husk thy braggart spirit free,
 And beat it down to hell to gnash and wail.
 Minion ! I'll shear thy head from thy soft neck,
 And set it on a perch for kites to peck."

XXXIII

De Coucy answer'd, " Me no words affright,
 Although they be as foul as is thy guile :
 I will be there : Christ aid me in my right."
 The Lady Yolande, who had watched the while
 Their unheard converse—like some Vestal white
 Scanning her yawning grave—with calm, sad smile,
 And forced composure saw De Coucy go,
 And then the crowd around seemed but a dreamy show.

XXXIV

O, sad Melpomene ! my art is weak
 To shape this tragic story into rhyme:
 Breathe to the finer ear of one who'll speak
 Thy airy whispers in melodious chime ;
 O, sweetest Melancholy ! fit poet seek
 To tell the dark tale of an iron time,
 And pardon if I idly love to dream
 In halting verse upon the piteous theme.

XXXV

The foemen came unto that forest dell,
 It was a quiet nook, all day i' th' shade,
 The cooing wood-dove and the babbling well
 Sweet music for the ear of silence made ;
 The bee, hid rifler of the sward's bluebell,
 Fled but the deer's light amble o'er the glade ;
 Peace loved to dream there : on that summer noon
 Each tree was still and silent as the moon.

XXXVI

The down upon the thistle steadfast stood
 The birch and e'en the aspen leaf were still ;
 Mute was each whispering spirit of the wood.
 Ah, sylvan calm ! thou censor of all ill—
 Of Hate's fierce breath, and Anger's hot-brow'd mood,
 Of man's base lust and sanguinary will,
 I cannot name thee and believe the tale
 Of what was done within that quiet vale.

XXXVII

That which from worm-eat Chronicles we glean
 Upon a fair surmise is based alone ;
 De Coucy and his squire no more were seen
 Alone, and other witness was there none :
 Both corpses pierced with many a thrust had been,
 But to De Concy's, ah ! such horrors done
 No tiger gifted with a human wit
 Upon such exquisite revenge had hit.

XXXVIII

That eve Earl Hubert's high-arch'd hall within
 The cymbals clashed, the brazen clarions rang,
 A thousand harpstrings swelled the madd'ning din,
 A hundred throats the bridal welcome sang
 To Lady Yolande as she entered in :
 She all amont her head aside did hang,
 Like some tall flower whose dew-charged diadem
 The slightest breath may sever from its stem.

XXXIX

Up to the dais, to the seat of pride !
 Earl Hubert led her through the bending crowd :
 " Now let us revel ! " turning then he cried,
 " And make the dead monk curse within his shroud !
 I charge ye, guests, do honour to my bride !
 Of this mad night let Champagne aye be proud,
 And in her annals write our revelries,
 And count what butts were toss'd off to the lees.

XL

"Let dance and song and wassail fill the night,
 And ring defiance to the sober morn ;
 O, ladies ! in these fair wars test aright
 Your gallants. For who holds in gloomy scorn
 Dance, song, and joyaunce is no proper knight.
 Masquers, I greet ye ! Now let joy new born
 Taste of the cup and swell to giant measure,
 And whirl all sense up in one breathless pleasure."

XLI

And then he bent his head some words to speak
 To her beside him. "I've a soft surprise,
 Dear life, for thee. I'll paint that pallid cheek
 With vermeil tint again. These woful eyes
 Shall flush with rapture. Sweetest dove, I'd seek
 Hell's hottest nook for aught that thou wouldst prize.
 Fond heart, thy diet shall be choice and light
 As thy sweet thoughts. Come, love, thou'lt smile to-night."

XLII

Within his tone there was a mocking jeer,
 Which fell all harmless on her frozen heart ;
 She was so drunk with sorrow and cold fear
 That hate itself could find no way to smart
 Her tender bosom. In her heedless ear
 The hall's loud uproar did less sense impart
 Than unto one, inland, from desert shore,
 The far-off breakers' melancholy roar.

XLIII

She sat alone. Earl Hubert down had gone
 To join the dance. None proffered the deceit
 Of unfelt pity, save an aged crone,
 Who came and went, all chatter and conceit.
 And so the lady on her inward moan
 Could feed at leisure, while the burning seat
 Of frenzy sent forth hot delirious dreams,
 Flashing across the brain like meteor gleams.

XLIV

Within a boat she drove from crest to crest
Of tempest-tossed waves ; the winds did float
Her loose and streaming hair ; upon her breast
The wet cold spray with constant fury smote ;
The cliff-like billows hung their roaring yeast
O'erarch'd above her, now e'en in the throat
Of some abyss of ocean did she swing,
As though her bark were borne along by unseen wing.

XLV

And yet she felt no fear : her boat sped soon
Out of the battling chaos of the surge,
Across the sleepy green of a lagoon,
From whence a lawny isle she saw emerge,
Right underneath a dazzling silver moon :
Unto her ears was borne a faint sweet dirge,
Upon her eyes there came a purple mist,
Serene and pure like liquid amethyst.

XLVI

The air felt heavy with the odorous balm
Of myrrh and cassia—the prow reach'd the shore ;
From out a clump of dark green spectral palm
A shape advanced. “ Ah ! never ! never more
Shall we divided be ! Ethereal calm
Be ours for ever ! See ! how the foul fiend tore
My bleeding side. Sweet love, I show 't to thee
That for the horrid sight thou mayst prepared be.

XLVII

By the pale moon beneath his cloak she spies
A thing so horrible she shriek'd aloud,
And when she oped her blue slow-moving eyes,
She saw around Earl Hubert o'er her bow'd,
And guests exchanging looks of mute surprise.
Earl Hubert said, “ Dear love, a famish'd crowd
We wait for supper. Come, I pray, and see
The bridal banquet I have set for thee.”

XLVIII

The lady pale so deep a sigh outsent,
 As would have found a heart within the bars
 Of Death's own hollow breast. Then forth she went,
 She knew not how or where. Confused jars,
 Unwelcome glare and din together blent,
 She felt around her. "Now, by all the stars,"
 Lord Hubert cried, "no longer let this be !
 Come drink, my bride, a bridal draught with me.

XLIX

"Look at this goblet starr'd with jewelled light,
 Is 't not a royal flagon ? From the ship
 Of a red Norman sea-king slain in fight,
 My grandsire bore the prize. Come, dearest, sip !
 To do thee honour on this peerless night
 I've mixed a pearl here for thy dainty lip,
 Such as no Queen of Egypt ever quaff'd,
 Ah ! shudderest thou ! mislik'st my well-spiced draught ?"

L

Alas ! it must be that sometimes there is
 A weird clairvoyance in despair and woe.
 Her brain within her seemed to reel and whiz,
 Like ice her blood into her heart to flow ;
 Barely she could the ruddy vintage kiss.
 With both hands trembling to her bosom's snow
 She clasp'd the draught—but quick Earl Hubert took
 The flagon from her with exulting look.

LI

"Well ! let me drink." One breath has drain'd the cup.
 Then from the upturn'd goblet on the board
 He threw a gory thing. "Thou'st had a sup
 Of what thou most, my dainty bird, ador'd—
 Thy minion's heart ! Knaves ! draw that cere-cloth up,
 There's thy young gallant. Ah ! my trusty sword
 Has shear'd your tender hope. O princely treat !
 Ah, draught surpassing ! Vengeance ! thou art sweet."

LII

Cold horror slipt into the veins of all
 Who saw that ghastly sight. From scalp to sole
 Their bodies crept as with a snake's cold crawl.
 The bride alone did not that gory hole
 And Promethean ghastliness appal,
 She looked the joy of one whose martyr soul
 Hears angel plaudits, while hot pincers tear
 The seething fibres and the heart lay bare.

LIII

So she serene and strong, with saintly glow
 Of roseate fervour through the dazzling white
 Of her cheek's marble, spake out soft and slow :
 " I cannot hate thee for this horrid sight,
 For now thy murderous hand doth plainly show
 The way to me from this detested light ;
 Nor shall I tread alone the path above,
 But hand in hand with my immortal love.

LIV

" I pity thee and thy dark savage thought,
 And thy low brutish wit. Did'st think that I
 Would ever stain my hallowed lip with aught
 After so dear a draught ? O friends, good-bye ;
 This night has been to you with pleasure fraught,
 Envy not now my bliss." Then drawing nigh,
 She lay down by her lover, his dear head
 She took unto her breast, and fell back dead.

LV

Then pity came too late for that sweet pair,
 And many an eye was wet. Earl Hubert feels
 The awful silence stiffen in his hair,
 And freeze his life-blood. From the hall he steals ;
 Next day he fled away in lone despair,
 Self-exiled from the hate each look reveals.
 One grave received De Coucy and the bride,
 Two effigies upon it side by side.

DESCRIPTIVE PASSAGES FROM
"ATHENÄIS; OR, THE FIRST CRUSADE."

Extract from a letter of the Right Hon. John Bright to the author of "Athendis," vide Note 1.

"I do not complain of the subject of poem, for it needs but to enter somewhat into the spirit of the Crusader, as you have evidently done, and as I can do to a considerable extent in reading what you have written, to enable one to comprehend and to appreciate the wonderful story which you have put into verse. Since I first read 'Childe Harold' I think I have not before received so much pleasure from the reading of any other poem.

* * * * *

"I thank you for your book and for the great pleasure you have afforded me from the reading of your poem ; the spirit and the language are in many parts very noble.

"JOHN BRIGHT."

PRESENT STATE OF JERUSALEM¹

I

YET ne'er can dark-brain'd Asiatic horde—
Who Might, as symbol of the True, revere,
Whose doctrine is the Koran and the sword—
Believe that Christians hold a faith sincere,
While Moslems o'er the Cross the Crescent rear
Within the city where the living God
Smote from the glory-cloud all hearts with fear ;
Where saints and martyrs hallow every clod,
And where on Calvary's steep Christ's fainting footsteps trod.

II

For if wherever heroes liv'd and died,
Some sacred genius on the spot doth dwell,
Where'er pin'd victims of tyrannic pride,
A gentler reverence haunts the prison cell ;
If where the blood of saintly martyrs fell,
A perfume still doth pray'r-like heav'nward climb,
And Earth's dumb stones do, like the ocean shell,
Keep murmurs of the surges of past time,
Echoes of thought and deed which make life more sublime :

III

What memories, O Solyma ! are thine,
Amid the ashes of thy voiceless woe ?
Couch'd as thou liest on arid rocks supine,
While down thy channel'd cheeks the hot tears flow,
Or as thou tak'st thy wandering steps and slow
Round the void tombs of Prophet, Saint, and King,
Or through Jehoshaphat dost moaning go,
Or at thy Temple's ruin'd wall dost wring
Thy wither'd hands, and to its stones with wailing cling.

¹ Note 1.

IV

With thee the Spouse of Christ oft veils her face
When on her form she Pilgrim garb hath set,
And through the Street of Sorrow seeks the trace
Of His last footsteps, where the stones were wet
With His dear agony and bloody sweat,
Where'er He stay'd His Cross, she weeps and prays :
Then, loathing shade of mosque and minaret,
Without the gates she hies by rugged ways,
To shield her aching eyes from day's distracting blaze.

V

Beneath Gethsemane's tear-fed olive trees,
Within that sacred grot she maketh moan,
Where rocks seem still with clammy awe to freeze,
As though they witness'd aye the anguish lone
Of Christ when He withdrew e'en from His own
To pray : " Let, Father, this cup pass from me,"
And there she sits till day's hot might hath flown,
Thinking on Him bound on accurs'd tree,
And murmurs o'er each verse of Sacred Prophecy.

VI

Lone maid of Judah ! oft her evening way,
Sighing, she takes o'er Olivet, and eyes
The Moab mountains molten in the ray
Of the ensanguin'd sun. The Dead Sea lies
A lake of blood beneath the crimson skies,
And o'er the desert sands to Jordan's bank
Adown the herbless hills she looks and cries,
" O Sodom and Gomorrah, when ye sank,
Brief were your woes, but mine for ages I have drank."

VII

And oft at midnight by Siloa's fount,
While as of yore Judæa's moon doth shine,
She sits at foot of Zion's Holy Mount,
And there she dreams of days of grace divine,
When her Jehovah dwelt within her Shrine,
And did her brow with His own crown enfold,
While through her proud gates stream'd in endless line,
The tribute-camels, incense, myrrh, and gold,
And kings before her feet their gifts and gems unroll'd.

VIII

But from her dream she wakes with piteous sigh ;
The foxes walk o'er Zion's sacred halls,
The gaunt hyzema whines, the jackals cry
Amid the whiten'd tombs without the walls,
The hooting owl to owl triumphant calls.
Nought else breaks through the quiet of the skies,
Till the Turk drum in barb'rous dissonance falls
Upon her shudd'ring ear, the Moueddhin cries
His doleful summons loud for Moslems at sunrise.

IX

When day descending lightens over all,
What tongue but thine, Isaiah, could declare
The desert-awe and silence, like a pall
Enshrouding every gorge and hillside there?
Beneath her yawns the chasm of Hinnom, bare
As smelted furnace-dross ; no water slakes
The bed of Kidron in its stony glare ;
And not one grasshopper the silence breaks,
As though all mute would be since God no longer speaks.

FAMINE AND PESTILENCE

I

THEN came a time when knightly arm was nought,
And in the fell assault of evils new
In vain were deeds of wondrous prowess wrought ;
For grisly Famine, with her vampire crew,
And Pestilence with lips of livid blue,
Flew through the host, and warmest hearts grew chill,
As they beheld these shapes of horrid hue,
Which in their faces glar'd with aspect ill,
And groan'd and laugh'd and shriek'd and yell'd in triumph
shrill.

II

All store of food soon grew so scarce and small,
That corn was paid for by its weight in gold,
And loathliest carrion at each market stall
For famish'd crowds was daily weigh'd and sold :
Reptiles, and scum, and garbage, sandals old,
The hides of ass and camel, nothing loth
Were men to gnaw from out the graveyard mould
The nettles, darnels and rank overgrowth,
Which in Corruption's field were nurs'd in giant sloth.

III

Then were there scenes of horror which outstrip
The Thyestean banquet. Life's warm tide
Drain'd from the dying with a quivering lip,
And madness wolf-like, gaunt and fiery-eyed,
All unappeas'd with human pasture, cried
And howl'd beneath the sun : some the swift bane
Of fiery thirst o'ertakes ; the hot flames glide
In agonising flow through heart and vein,
And sear with quenchless fire the eyeball, breast, and brain.

IV

And wither'd black, no longer like to man,
But demons gaunt with long and matted hair,
With open mouths along the streets some ran,
And madd'ning ever in the sun's hot glare,
They look'd from side to side with frantic stare
For water, and to drink the mantled pool,
And of the loathsome kennel did not spare ;
And some with palates scorch'd like burning wool,
Into th' Orontes leapt their fiery pain to cool.

V

And then the chieftains gave command to kill
Or bind each maniac as the fit came on ;
And in the streets was silence dread and still.
A deathly silence, ever and anon
Broken by sigh, sob, groan, or malison,
Utter'd by sufferers mourning o'er their fate
Within their houses, till at length not one
Was seen abroad ; in apathetic state,
Like cow'd and crouching beasts within their walls they sate.

VI

And if once Fancy rais'd awhile the pall
Of stupor from the brain, men dream'd of nought
But of rich banquets held in bower or hall,
Of savours manifold ; and when they thought
Of viands lately wasted, all distraught
With frenzy new they gnash'd their teeth upon
Their lean long fingers, and in fury sought
To gnaw their shrunken flesh with shriek and groan ;
Some, ere they died, had torn their own limbs to the bone.

VII

And in his comrade's face none dar'd to look ;
All shunn'd the image of their own woe set
Upon another's brow. Sons could not brook
To look upon their sires ; and brothers met,
And pass'd, and spoke not ; mothers only yet
Gaz'd on their babes, and tried to stay their cries
With proffer of the breast, the child to wet
Its parch'd lips vainly sought with closing eyes,
And as the mother died Heav'n took the child likewise.

VIII

And every morn the dead of the past night,
And of the day the dead at each nightfall
Were found in greater numbers,—and to fight,
To watch the gates, or man the city wall,
Few came at greatest need ;—the herald's call
And e'en the foe's loud insults were all vain
To rouse those bound in apathy's close thrall ;
And such as came their weight could scarce sustain
With sword or lance, but crawl'd in feebleness and pain.

IX

And many a knight was fain at length to slay,
With tears and bitterness of heart, his steed,
The dear companion of his pilgrim way,
The trusty partner in the victor meed
Of many a combat,—when the ruthless deed
Was done, he turn'd with loathing from the board,
And others ate. To help the common need,
The richer chieftains drain'd their money hoard,
Yet into Famine's jaws is gold all vainly pour'd.

A SEA VOYAGE

I

WHILE on the shore his ham'd and lonely fate
And his hard sentence wrapt in gloom his soul,
So that he envied every meaner state,—
The sun-burnt Greeks who loll'd upon the mole,
The straining toilers who for daily dole
Stoop'd beneath burdens from shipboard to shore ;
The thought that he was swerving from the goal
Of Christendom's aspiring, wildly tore
His heart with pangs more sharp than e'er he felt before.

II

Yet when the vessel fill'd with sudden life
Mov'd forth into the deep, and rowers threw
The green wave from them with concordant strife,
All cloudless as the broad sky's cloudless blue
Count Bertrand's soul within him sudden grew ;
And when across the harbour bar they ran,
Where the curl'd waves with fresher fleetness flew,
From out the round horizon's purple span
New freedom fill'd his soul with more than strength of man.

III

A fair breeze strain'd the bosom of each sail,
The rowers laid their useless oars aside,
The foaming keel-track left a flashing trail
Which faded like a dream upon the tide.
And Bertrand felt the good ship plunge in pride
Like some brave steed, as on the prow he stood
And watch'd the wide seas o'er the dancing side
Of the heel'd galley, while the foresail good
Most bravely dash'd the prow across each surging flood.

IV

The fair ship sprang and bounded on its way
As bounds the wild deer o'er the heathery leas ;
The green wave splash'd out into feathery spray,
And the sail sway'd o'er as the ocean breeze
With breath unwearied curl'd anew the seas ;
The ship-planks throb and tremble with delight
As dauntless-hearted on her path she flees,
And joy as measureless as is the height
Of heav'n was in the speed of her exulting flight.

V

None feel such joy save he whose heart is good—
Save he whose faith is undiminish'd still
In God, and man, and nature. From such mood
The spirit soars exulting, doubt and ill
No longer sway the liberated will,
And mingling with the flow of waves and wind,
Self dies with rapture, and high visions kill
The lustful senses, while the eager mind
Bounds with the bounding bark and leaves earth's chains
behind.

VI

For sea and land and air are ever rife
With noble counsel to a noble heart,
Fair exhortations to a higher life.
Alas for him who with perverted art
Seeks to enrage his passion's fiery smart
With Nature's ministration, and impale
His soul more deeply on the venom'd dart
Of desperation, whose hot lungs inhale
And turn to poison-breath each sweet and healthful gale.

VII

Onwards they sail'd as o'er his western arc
The sun with unseen steps slid down and threw
A hue of glory over wave and bark,
Dilating ere his death as great men do,
Who, standing long within the public view
Shorn of their due proportions by the spite
Of meaner men, yet in their grandeur due
Sometimes appear a little ere the night
Of death obscures for aye their eyes from mortal sight.

VIII

The night-winds rose and shook from pauseless wing
The dew-drops on the deck ; each wave in glee
Leapt up to clasp some silver star and fling
Its mimic lustre back ; the purple sea
Was pav'd with moonlit lustre on the lee,
And into Bertrand's soul the calm peace crept
Of Eve's sweet effluence ; while in harmony
The seamen's voices through a soft hymn swept,
All pray'd the Virgin's grace to aid them ere they slept.

IX

Soon breath'd the crew below in quiet sleep,
Only the night-watch and the helmsman staid
With open eyes upon the starry deep ;
And Bertrand pass'd unto the poop and laid
His form upon the deck-planks black with shade ;
His ermin'd mantle over him he drew,
Athwart the stars the black sails danc'd and sway'd
Before his eyes till slumber seiz'd them too ;
And fann'd by ocean-air he dream'd the night hours through.

IDEAL CYPRUS¹

I

O CYPRUS ! from the incense of thy fanes,
Where white-stol'd priests to Aphrodite sung,
From thy fair hills and temple-crown'd plains,
Around thy name there is a glamour flung,
From which the bards of every classic tongue
Caught new-born inspiration, and they drew
Thy faëry scenes in verse for ever young,
And Fancy lent them each ideal hue
Till to the poet-mind thou gleamed'st a vision new.

II

Yet those, who saw thee ere the loathsome taint
Of Turkish rule disrob'd thee of thy grace,
Had little need of Fancy's aid to paint
Thy glowing splendours, when the princely race
Of Ducas held thee for a dwelling-place,
And all their wealth and care on thee was spent
To cherish in thee each resplendent trace
Of old Hellenic glory, and they blent
The culture of each clime throughout thy fair extent.

III

It was a land where Pleasure with Delight
Might wander all the day, from the first dawn
Of sunrise, when the golden floods of light
Surg'd o'er each mountain-crest ; then wood and lawn
Glisten'd in dewy splendour, threads o'erdrawn
Of silky gossamer with elfin beads
Of opal quiver'd, as the rousing fawn
Went from his lair to seek the clover meads,
Or wade across the mere through dew-besilver'd reeds.

¹ Note 2.

IV

Clear as rock-crystal of light golden hue
 And unflaw'd bright transparency, the morn
 Advanc'd, and from the purple distance blew
 Fair breezes in the cool of ocean born,
 Rifling the flower-woods of acacia thorn,
 The myrtle thickets and the groves of balm,
 They hover'd o'er the vineyards and the corn,
 And shook the feather'd crest of every palm
 And wak'd each minstrel bird amid the forest's calm.

V

And ere the night-dew faded from the blade,
 The playful hares along the grass would run,
 Leaving a green trail on the hoary glade ;
 The peacocks then would sit within the sun
 Upon the sweeping branch, and one by one
 Uplift their radiant fans of emerald eyes
 To dry the night-damp : where the sunbeams shone
 Throng'd crimson pheasants, birds of Paradise,
 And the Sultana bird wav'd wings of azure dyes.

VI

Then rosy-breasted doves and flame-wing'd cranes
 Would flock from out the woods, whose depths among
 The golden oriole, in flute-like strains,
 Would call unto the skylark ; while in song
 The bulbul sent his soul forth soft and strong,
 And from its feather'd throat each bird would fling
 Harmonious undernotes ; then all along
 The flow'ry slopes would dance and wave and spring
 Bright clouds of butterflies on gemm'd and radiant wing.

VII

Some sapphire-pinion'd, ruby-wing'd some,
 More bright-hued others than the peacock's eyes ;
 Then golden bees would flit with simmering hum
 Round rose and violet, lading their small thighs
 With liquid sweet ; then filmy-wing'd flies
 And midges forth would swarm, and in wild strife
 Blue swallows flash among them, with sharp cries
 Of exultation, as all air grew rife
 With the soft murmuring glow and stir of insect life.

VIII

There too gazelles and timid antelopes,
And deer half hidden in the palmy fern,
Would catch the eye upon long hilly slopes ;
There, round some rosy peak, one might discern
The ibex clust'ring ; there the crested hern,
'Mid rushy spots of fen upon the green ;
White oxen couch'd in woody cirques would churn
The pasture, or troop slowly o'er the scene,
While tusk'd boars held their lair in many a far ravine.

IX

And Ocean here put on his gentlest smile,
And sent still creeks of sea-blue far inland,
And lake-like waters, folding many an isle
And cyprus-planted cape : the Titan bland
Caress'd as softly as an infant's hand
Each grassy marge and cliff whose roseate face
Was tufted o'er with myrtle ; silvery sand
He strow'd within each grot, where bathing-place
Might be for Dian's nymphs after the hot-breath'd chase.

POETRY

I

For dark and drear and monstrous is the time
Which has no poet feeling at its heart,
Which has no yearning tragic or sublime,
But finds its inspiration, and its art,
In the hot clamour of the varying mart,
And in the self-applause of sordid aim,
Which feels no sorrow as great dreams depart,
When high Romance is brought to grief and shame
Beneath the cynic's spite for deeds of purest fame.

II

For Poesy is as Spring's balmy breath,
The world's sweet youth-restorer,—when it dies
Language and art grow rigid unto death ;
It is the moon to which thought's sea must rise,
Or rot in gloom 'neath pestilential skies,
For unto Poesy alone is given
Wand of creative power; its light re-dyes
The faded tints of Earth with hues of Heaven,
And feeds all nature's mass with true æthereal leaven.

LYRICAL
AND
BALLAD-FORM

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RELIGION AND POETRY

SURSUM CORDA

ONWARD and onward swings the earth
About the central Sun ;
When Time and Space first had their birth,
Ere Ages were begun,
And leapt from the womb of One ; ¹
When the morn of the world
Day's face first unfurled
By will Divine whirled ;
The ions containing this thought-riving sphere,
Fled forth into space in elliptic career.

Around and around in ceaseless sweep
The unsleeping planet rolls,
The snow-capped peak and the caverned deep
About its frozen poles,
And light's azure zone
And night's ebon cone
O'er its sides are thrown.
And night follows day and day follows night,
As sea, plain, and valley rush round to the light.

Yet what boots to man the lightning race
Of Earth and her sister-spheres,
Tho' worlds upon worlds sow farthest space,
They add nought to his hopes and fears.
Like motes in the stream
Of the red sun's beam,
Like hail by the blast
Of the hurricane cast
Let them sweep, sweep along
In monotonous throng,
They are voiceless to man, since man has unveiled
The idle enchantments at which he once paled.

¹ Note 3.

In vain has Science with eagle gaze
Driven back the walls of the world
On Uranus seen without amaze,
Each point to heavens unfurled.
In vain has she sped,
With white wings outspread,
And probed the abyss with her rod,
And taken her throne
On the stellar zone,
And with love-lorn eyes looked for God.
To the deep she cried,
But no one replied.
There is no sign nor token,
In silence unbroken
The stars in fixed courses are endlessly hurled,
Man shudders, God's orphan lone lord of the world.

Hast thou too, O Christ, now left us,
Who routedst long ago
The kind-hearted gods of Olympus,
Who loved all things below?
They were sitting one day
As old legends say,
At their banquet of mirth;
Each leant on a cloud;
Some looked down on earth,
Some laughed long and loud,
When an unbidden Guest
Came with white shroud for vest.
From the twisted crown
Of thorns in His hair,
The blood drops fell down
O'er His forehead fair.
And His white robe was flecked
As the pure snow is specked,
When the wounded swan bleeds
In the frozen reeds.

At the Phantom pale
They uttered one wail,
They know Him of old
By the Titan foretold—
On the feet the red points
Of the iron nail's dints,
And the cross which was born
In His palms pierced and torn.

Deadly pallor seized them all
As they saw the fatal sign.
Hebe shrieked—her hands let fall
The ewer of ambrosial wine.
Zeus dashed the untasted nectar down
With a jar which shook from base to crown
His temples far and near—a ghastly dew
Crept o'er the face of all and changed their hue.
The white-armed pride
Of Here large-eyed,
And the black glossy shine
Of the crest with curls divine
Of Zeus the Olympian,
And the golden hair
Of the Delian pair,
Phœbus and Dian,
And the vermeil cheek
Of Idalian Aphrodite,
And the marble shoulder
Of Pallas Athene,
Waxed all ashen grey
And they faded away,
And the clouds surged up o'er them
And with them were one,
And they vanished like shade
In the eye of the sun.
Who has since seen young Apollo
Springing from the orient wave,
Who since seen the bright Hours follow
Close behind his blazing nave,
And Aurora swift outspeed
Each hotly panting steed?
Who has seen the huntress queen
Dashing through the forest green,
In the breezy hour of dawn,
Close upon the springing fawn,
And behind her virgin crew
With sandall'd white feet dashing
O'er the coldly beaded dew,
Their eager eyes out-flashing
The keen glitter of each spear,
Now they see the chase so near?
Who has since seen Zephyr peeping
On the gentle heaving bosom
Of lone Maia softly sleeping,
Bowered in by hawthorn blossom

Which the smiling boy shakes down
O'er the girl from foot to crown?
Never since has Bacchus round
His white temples ivy bound,
Or aloft the thyrsus swung
As the clashing cymbals rung,
And the panther's stealthy march
Roll'd his car beneath the arch
Of the vines whose purple spoil,
Madden more the wild turmoil—
Fox-eared Satyrs with goat-feet
Leaping up to pluck and eat,
While the Fauns with faces flushed
In their cups the bunches crushed;
While old Silenus trolling
On his ass a drunken slave
Was falling, ever falling,
Climbing, climbing up again—
Letting ne'er the wine-can slip
From his hot and greasy grip,
Stopping now and then to sip
Purple wine with loving lip,
While the nymphs with shrieks and laughter,
Thronging, springing, dancing after,
Red-checked apples pelted down
On the hoary tippler's crown.
Evoe Bacche! ever singing
To the silver timbal's swinging,
To the drum-beat's throbbing fast
And the horn's ear-piercing blast,
And the shrill pipe's constant shrieks,
While across their crimson cheeks,
Stirring hair with wine-leaves twined,
Came and went the autumn wind.
Never since when day had fled
And the west grew crimson red,
And each bird was in his nest,
And the squirrel was at rest,
And the hare and rabbit too
Had done nibbling in the dew—
Has the shepherd, while he told
His last sheep within the fold,
Heard Pan's pipings in the gale
Breathed adown the bosky vale,
Then gone blithe his homeward way
Led by Hesper's brightening ray,

With heart big with gratitude
 For the care of Pan the good,
 Knowing Pan would guard his flocks
 From the tooth of wolf and fox,
 From the wild cat, stoat, and snake,
 And the adder in the brake,
 From all murrain, rot, and charm,
 And the fen-fog's nightly harm.
 What mortal since has ever
 Seen in wood or seen by river
 One lithe hamadryad flitting
 Through the darkening shades or sitting
 On a moonlit bough, or dancing
 To her shadow, by the glancing
 Moon on dew-besilvered spaces
 In the pathless forest mazes?
 Who has seen by spring or fountain,
 In the wood or in the mountain,
 E'er a nymph her blond hair combing
 In the phosphorescent gloaming,
 And the argent pearls descending
 From her tresses flash and blending
 With the moonbeams wave-encaptured,
 While his senses soft enraptured
 Heard the murmurs breathing lowly
 For hot breasts a quiet holy.

O happy age ! O golden prime,
 When Fancy's dream was the Pontiff's creed,
 And the silver harp-strings' rippling chime
 Made heaven bow down to a mortal's need ;
 When her Deities fled,
 Earth, voiceless and dead,
 Lay 'neath the dark sky like a heart-broken maid.
 From the icebound north
 A fierce blast came forth,
 And the warm life within her was frozen and stayed.
 Then in her horrid sleep
 Passed a spasm through the deep,
 A wild and awful clang
 Through her seething entrails rang.
 The mountains were rifted,
 Their roots were uplifted,
 Each red volcano waved its fiery hair—
 Earth's granite frame
 Heaved like rolling flame—
 The graves were rent open and corpses laid bare—

Then the black clouds rolled asunder
 And like quiet after thunder
 Came a hush and see in glory
 As the crown of Roman story,
 Incandescent Boreal lightning
 Formed the Labarum whose brightening
 On the Zenith formed for ages
 Guiding light for kings and sages.
 Balm of human dole and sorrow
 Rainbow hope of heavenly morrow,
 Then gathered clouds of doubt and sin
 Which veiled the Cross and all within.
 The spirit-world grew dark and void,
 Wolfish destroyers gorging wolves destroyed.
 In darkness of horror saints pray'd. O sweet !
 At length the small voice of the Paraclete
 Was heard in the heart till more and more strong
 It fashioned within it the growth of Song.

The Psalmist caught the notes of praise
 Which heavenly voices sung
 When first from Chaos at God's word
 The world's fair order sprung.
 The Poet after strove to shape,¹
 The tones for mortal tongue,
 Which duly praise his blessed works
 The heavenly courts among.
 He first amid the earth's dim dawn,
 Bid man upraise the head
 And see the glow of hue divine
 Upon all nature spread.
 Behold the stars, the sun, the sky,
 The radiant hues of earth,
 Their glories of more glorious things
 But symbolise the worth.
 Each germ of dust is surely type
 Of thought in thee divine,
 The Zenith stars themselves less high
 Than stars within thee shine.
 If boundless is the Universe,
 Yet vaster is the Soul
 Which comprehends the Infinite
 In its supreme control,
 Which all creation like a glass
 Before its face doth hold,

Note 4.

And sees the semblance of its growth
From off the tablets rolled.
Which thence transfigures more and more,
Its intuitions dim,
To weave the notes whence all shall frame
The Universal Hymn,
The great song of Humanity
As through the tracts of space,
It clearly sees the bourne at length,
Of God's appointed grace.
So sang the Poet—men he led
Like children through the world,
Unrolling aye the wonders dread
Within each atom furled—
And all the words he spake
Like beams of sunlight fell,
To rouse the sleeping germ of sense
From out its silent cell.

The desert wastes of human life
Then blossomed into flowers,
Which heaven-born glory aye has nursed
With never-ceasing showers.
And as the Poet was at first,
Such is his mission still,
To trace in lowly things the signs
Of God's Eternal Will—
To take the threadbare woof of speech
And weave on it new song,
So that its faded worth shall gleam
With splendour new and strong.
To see the angel virtues kneel
In unknown lowly guise,
Healing the worn and bruised feet
With balm of Paradise.
To strip the weight of gross desire
From off the struggling soul,
Until it wings a freer flight
Towards the destined goal.
To take all nature like a book
Within his easy hand,
And read the cabalistic sign,
Which few else understand.

To consecrate each birth of thought,
Which makes the flow of time,

And make the faintly looming truth
A heritage sublime—
To seize the inspirations deep
Of every passing hour,
And make them cry from out his speech,
With never-dying power.
To know the glory of his age
And feel its sorrows so
That his own verse shall tidemark be
Of mankind's deepest woe.
To drink with rapture every ray
Of radiance from above,
And give new strength of youth and hope
To Charity and Love—
And aye across to ancient lands,
The Poet's eye shall sweep,
And raise the souls of ages gone
From their sepulchral sleep.
The great of old shall then arise
In spectral awe and night,
And he shall scan their godlike forms
With marvel and delight.
And from his heart and his own time,
Shall aspirations stream,
To shape his visions as they rise
To new heroic dream,
To lead the swelling souls of men
To virgin heights to soar,
And see a newer golden age
More bright than all before—
Such has the Poet's mission been,
Such must it ever be,
Unless the springs of thought shall freeze
In dark Humanity—
And aye in spite of worldling's mock,
And pedant's barren sneers,
The Poet well or ill sustains
The burden of the years.
And as the sky is tinged with breath
Of every veering air,
So does his soul record the change
Of glooming days and fair.
Now flashing with electric heat
And storms of doctrines new,
Now doming all his age with sphere
Of deep and tranquil blue.

And still the task is never done,
It waxes with the years,
For grander looms the goal of life,
The nearer it appears—
The sympathies of love are lit
With more ethereal dies,
The evanescent gleams of light
Are swifter to the eyes,
And new emotions, new desires
Are born within the breast,
Whose notes at first are weak as those
Of fledglings in the nest ;
And finite things shall gather awe
From robings of the Infinite,
To bring the diapason up
To more celestial height.
For more and more the spirit spurns
Its narrow prison place,
And more and more it dares to scan
Heaven's splendour in the face.
Then Peace and Freedom, Love and Hope,
With unappeased desire,
Shall purge from out the Poet's soul
Its grosser, baser fire,
Until his Psalms approach to those
Which angel tongues shall sing
When Christ shall be revealed enthroned
With Heaven's Eternal King,
And Consummation glory come,
And fill the world and show
The dying, fleeting phantom shapes
Of Death and Sin and Woe.

EVENING BY THE SEA

METHINKS we do as fretful children do,
Leaning their faces on the window-pane,
To sigh the glass dim with their own breath's stain,
And shut the sky and landscape from their view.

E. B. BROWNING.

EVENING BY THE SEA

SORRENTO, BAY OF NAPLES

θάλασσα κλέβει πάντα τὰν θρόνον κακῶ.

EURIPIDES.

I

THE sun has lain his crown of fire below
The farthest margin of the sapphire wave,
But o'er the one half sky a crimson glow
Is rolled from out the dead day's western grave,
Like glory hovering o'er a hero's death.
The trembling sea pants gently like the breast
Of some soft maiden, who, with silent feet
And inly-hidden breath,
Goes forth amid the moonlit woods in quest
Of Love, who waits her on a moss-grown seat.

II

O world-old whisper of the ageless main,
Prophetic murmurs of immortal calm,
Send, send your peace into the weary brain,
And round the yearning heart your soothing balm,
Cool as the wave which rock-encircling weaves
Beneath my feet a silver fringe of foam
On the bright edges of broad glassy waves,
More green than greenest leaves
Of sunlit chestnut—right above the home
Of Nereids in their starry moss-grown caves.

III

Come forth, ye pale-armed maidens of the deep !
With wreaths of coral-red and milk-white shells
Twin'd in your glossy dripping hair, and sweep
Its length upon the undulating swells

VII

O, vain, vain hopes, and comfortless despairs !
And virtue sick'ning in a world of wrongs !
O, hours enchain'd to hours of useless cares
Which make our lives ! O, lacerating thongs
Of Envy and uncharitable Hate !
And thou, O weeping maid, meek Innocence,
Bondmaid to felon Greed : while joyous crime
Rides on the car of state
O'er patriot necks with blasphemous pretence,
And takes God by the hand with arrogance sublime !

VIII

Searching amid the crowds with soft complain,
 Friendship looks vacant-eyed and love a-cold
 Whispers with pallid lips sweet things in vain,
 To ears all deaf but to the chink of gold.
 Lone Genius sinks beneath the brow of scorn
 Mad with the slaver of base calumny,
 Or earns too bitter bread with toil unmeet,
 While Honour mourns forlorn
 Dishonoured brows, while dark Hypocrisy
 Stalks in its crown and judges from its seat.

18

Oh for some drowsy syrup which might send
Lethæan peace along the brain, and kill
The serpent brood of Memory who rend
Our hearts with bygone anguish, and distil
On softest buds of Hope their venom'd slime.
Yet, O cease, cease, my thought ! let not the moan
Of worldly want or impotent distress
Be mingled with the chime
Of ocean music, in whose rippling tone
There is no hint of toil, or care, or weariness.

X

Still rolling on across the countless ages
Unweariedly, O waves, your sacred pæan,
With purest thoughts ye have fed bards and sages ;
Still, as of old, when by the blue Ægæan

Blind Homer tracked the tempest-beaten sail
 Of wise Ulysses through his deathless rhyme,
 Ye beat the sands in rushing harmony
 Vocal to those who hail
 Beneath the shroud of space and form and time
 The dim monitions of Infinity.

XI

And to me now, O waves, of those dear years
 Ye tell the tale—years free from doubt or blame.
 My heart dissolves. Flow, flow, unbidden tears !
 I am the child once more, whom fear and shame
 And dark suspicion had not yet distraught ;
 Who in his infant dreamings on the shore
 Heard God's clear whisper from the wave ; yet ere
 The brain was overwrought
 By slighting, for unprofitable lore,
 The intimations of earth, sea, and air.

XII

What need have we to wring our hands and pore
 Upon the riddle of our earthly pain ?
 The dross of accident cleansed from the ore
 Of human life can bring small loss or gain.
 'Tis doubt that rankles in the sling of ill ;
 'Tis base mistrust envenoms misery.
 Faith, Love, Devotion, Charity, 'tis ye
 Can nerve the flagging will,
 Can quell the storm and make us here to see
 The golden portals of eternal day.

XIII

Ah ! not for them was rear'd Christ's cross of Hope
 Who dream with pamper'd ease upon the down,
 Or drink with pride. See, 'neath the starry cope
 The red fire leaps up from Vesuvius's crown,
 And gleams a ruby column on the deep,
 O ! old vast world, thou art not dead at heart—
 O myrtle hills ! O citron groves ! O sea,
 Now glass'd in purple sleep,
 Grant that this song may bear away some part
 Of the vast peace which ye have pour'd out here for me !

EVENING AT NAPLES

AND now the Titan stays his headlong race
In dewy purple vales beyond the west ;
Still flaming tracks along heaven's vaulted face
Mark where his fiery hoofed steeds late passed,
Whirling his blazing orb. They now have rest,
Of interstellar toiling till the gleam
Of morn shall rouse them ; and each heaving chest
Slacks its hot breathings, and their huge flanks teem
With vap'rous splendour, such as may from flanks immortal
steam.

The glory of the sun-god in his rear,
O'er th' empyrean still glows orange red,
Where nearest his bright form ; with meek-eyed fear,
Eve scarce advances, only over head ;
She dares on his bright skirt some shades to shed,
And argent smiles to shoot of mildest hue,
To soothe the angry God, ere he has fled ;
Behind her floats her starry veil of blue,
And sister sprites flock on, with silver urns of dew.

EVENING BY THE MILL

THE windows of the white-faced mill
Blaze red from base to loft,
The sun slides down behind the hill,
The air broods dewy soft.

The mill-pool, like a creature blest,
In crimson glory lies,
The ruby hues of its still breast
Are dreams of Paradise.

The willows, deep in dream unstirr'd,
Hang branches in the flood ;
Naught moves but some belated bird
Lone flying to the wood ;

Or fish upleaping through the glow,
When on its glassy face
The water waves in circles slow
And ever-widening race.

The flowers all sleep with holden breath ;
The grass sleeps silver cool ;
The dragon-fly sleeps underneath
The bulrush in the pool.

The butterfly with closed wings sleeps
Within the wild-brier bush ;
The golden-throated nestling creeps
Beneath the mother thrush.

Now earth and heaven together close,
Like loving hearts at rest,
Who, clasp'd in one serene repose,
Sleep happy, breast to breast.

THE FATE OF THE LORELEI¹

TURN to me, child, thy guileless eye,
And lay thy hand in mine,
I'll tell thee the fate of Lorelei,
The Siren of the Rhine.

Year after year, age after age,
Her voice came down the deep ;
And maidens pale had many a page
And many a knight to weep.

Oh, little reck'd she of the bleaching bones,
Or the last reproachful look,
But still to the joy of her dulcet tones
The wave in the sunbeam shook.

In starlike beauty on the rocks,
Just o'er the whirlpool's foam,
One morn she dress'd her sweeping locks
With a golden, gleaming comb.

The sun hung low upon the hill,
The dew still gemm'd the plain,
And she sang still a song to kill
The soul within the brain.

A song so sweet, it seem'd to make
The small waves mad with glee ;
Heaven him I pray in its guard to take
Who hears that minstrelsy.

¹ Note 5.

A bark with sail all silken white
Comes dancing down the stream,
There sits at the helm as fair a knight
As ever was maiden's dream.

Oh, spare him, spare him, Lorelei !
Alas ! he draws full near ;
And the magic might of the melody
Rings out more strange and clear.

The yearning waters hiss with joy,
The boat hangs on the verge,
One swerve of the helm might overwhelm the boy,
Beneath the hungry surge.

The helm with firm right hand he grips,
In his left a scarf does lie,
He presses it upon his lips,
And he looks on Lorelei.

"By thy love's strength, O Bertha dear,
I will this fiend o'ercome."
He looked on her and knew no fear,
Pale Lorelei was dumb.

He looked a glance so pure and strong,
With Bertha's love serene,
She shrieked and leapt the waves among,
And never more was seen.

ESPERANCE

I

Idle breath is sighing,
Banish haggard care,
Seize the present flying,
Grasp it by the hair.

Leave, oh ! leave off telling
All that might have been ;
Age youth's end is knelling
With wrinkled hand and lean.

Oh, the battle toil is life,
Coward ease is death ;
On to the foremost strife
Whilst thou hast thy breath.

The brave, alas ! may fail,
But the dastard never
Has felt in life-blood pale
Flash of high endeavour.

II

If virtue always won,
And knew no burden,
How, then, when life was done
Could it claim guerdon ?

When long-striving duty
Burst out into light,
All earth to its beauty
Must kneel in delight.

ESPÉRANCE

Virtue which hapless dies,
Up to heaven soaring,
Sees with new opening eyes
Angels adoring.

Onward then, onward strain
Through cloud, storm, and rack ;
They that at rest remain
Are fast going back.

Of the past let no dread
Longer astound thee ;
Let not the ghosts of dead
Years howl around thee.

Perish thou, vain regret,
Thief of the morrow !
No more the eyelids wet,
O helpless sorrow !

Leap from the present hour !
Look thou before it !
What though the tempest lower,
Blue sky is o'er it.

THE SIREN

“O MARINER, O mariner !
O turn thy bark to land ;
O weary, weary mariner,
Look on this pleasant strand.
Full of death the wide seas roll
Still between thee and thy goal.
Here on this Elysian shore
I will sing such songs to thee
That thou never, never more
Shalt know toil or misery.

“O mariner, O mariner !
The tempest broodeth black,
O weary, weary mariner,
About thy onward track.
Here no cloud of sorrow flies
O'er joy's ever-crystal skies.
Here on this Elysian shore
I will sing such songs to thee
That thou never, never more
Shalt know toil or misery.

“Here, mariner, O mariner !
Is life without a tear ;
Here, weary, weary mariner,
Is life without a fear.
Here ambition never frets,
And hope e'en to hope forgets.
Here on this Elysian shore
I will sing such songs to thee
That thou never, never more
Shalt know toil or misery.

“ Here, mariner, O mariner !
Nor honour, love, nor care ;
Here, weary, weary mariner,
Nor trouble nor despair
Can with hollow echoes roll
Through the self-sufficient soul.
Here on this Elysian shore
I will sing such songs to thee
That thou never, never more
Shalt know toil or misery.”

“ O Siren fair, O Siren false !
God's finger beckoneth me,
O Siren fair, O Siren false !
Across the stormy sea.
Peace dwells upon the mounting wave
More than in the living grave—
Grave of thy Elysian shore,
Death in life is life with thee ;
Hearts outlive the tempest's roar,
Not thy false felicity.”

FAIRY BLOSSOMS

HOPES are flowers with fairy blossoms,
Which spring ever day by day ;
Bright their splendour in the morning,
But they fade at eve away—

Fade each day, till frost of winter
Comes and withers stem and root,
With the heart which nursed their beauty ;
Then the spirit's songs grow mute—

Songs which, like the birds of summer,
Love alone the sunny time ;
Hue of rose and violet's odour
Emulating in sweet rhyme.

APRIL

A new creation-bloom that rounds
The old creation, and expounds
His Beautiful in tuneful sounds.

E. B. BROWNING.

I

APRIL weeps, she cannot yet
All the darlings of last year,
All her fairy pets forget,
Slain by winter's blasts of fear.

II

April smiles, she smiles upon
All the baby germs a-peeping ;
Now the blust'ring north wind's gone,
From the beds where they feigned sleeping.

III

April sunshine, April showers,
Smiles and tears of infant spring,
Swell the buds and burst the flowers,
And the merry foliage bring.

IV

On the lawn fresh emerald spread,
Pink blossoms on the hawthorn set,
Be the rose with crimson fed,
Empurple, too, the violet.

V

Fill the air with incense soft,
Let the larks and thrushes sing,
Swallows twitter round the loft,
Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! this is spring !

THE FOREST

THERE is a wonder in the woods
More sweet than ocean calm ;
And sounds more fine than surging flood,
Or organ-sounded psalm.

Deep arches stretch as holily
As minster-aisles by night,
When shades in dim immensity
Linn forth the Infinite.

And oft when not a leaf is stirred
A shudder thrills the wood,
As though the forest, trembling, heard
The footsteps of its God.

Then comes a quiet deep as death,
And awful as a prayer
Of the last sigh of saintly breath
Upborne on silent air.

Like angels o'er sepulchral urn,
So seem to pray the trees ;
We hear our beating hearts, and yearn
To have repose like these.

THE LILY

THE lily with head declining,
 Stood dreaming in broad daylight,
Of a fair star's silver shining,
 And sighed for the dews of night.

At Eve, as the stars came beaming,
 All o'er it hour by hour,
It saw the bright star of its dreaming
 And trembled in leaf and flower.

But the star never gave it a token,
 Shining onwards with clear cold ray ;
And the lily sank hopeless, heart-broken,
 And faded in dawn away.

But the last sweet breath of its sighing
 Was caught in the bosom of love,
Who whispered : " The flowers undying
 Have another new sister above."

THE ROSE

A ROSEBUD grew by the castle wall,
And the stars of eve their dewes let fall ;
The lily looked up in tenderness,
And the south wind woo'd it with soft caress.

The death-watch ticks so loudly.
The hyacinth trembled in breezeless air ;
The violet faded in sweet despair ;
And the nightingale sang till its heart would break ;
And all for the rosebud's darling sake.

Rosebuds, rosebuds, rosebuds red,
Rosebuds, ye bloom proudly.

But the rose unmoved at noon, eve, and dawn,
Sat in cold, calm, passionless grace withdrawn ;
Inly saying, " The earl's young daughter alone,
As my sister in beauty, I care to own."

The death-watch ticks so loudly.
The earl's young daughter was fair in sooth,
She walked in the light of her fearless youth ;
" My beauty," she said, " like the queen on her throne,
Shall take all homage and yield to none."

Rosebuds, rosebuds, rosebuds red,
Rosebuds, ye bloom proudly.

Her maidens tired her out one night
In a robe of satin, all pearly white ;
Then spoke she to one : " By the castle wall
There grows a rosebud fairest of all."

The death-watch ticks so loudly.
" Go, bring it to me ; for this night I'll wear
Its crimson grace in my black, black hair ;
And squire, knight, or baron may sigh till they die,
My rosebud will mind them as much as I."

Rosebuds, rosebuds, rosebuds red,
Rosebuds, ye bloom proudly.

How she shone in the glory of unshadow'd light,
 When all pulses were quicken'd with musical might,
 With her eyes of sadness, and lips curved in scorn,
 As with her lover she danced till morn !

 The death-watch ticks so loudly,
 No word had but pass'd her lips,
 When her crimson cheek had a wan eclipse ;
 And she placed her hand to her heaving side,
 And she fell like a falling star in her pride.
 Rosebuds, rosebuds, rosebuds red,
 Rosebuds, ye bloom proudly.

In her satin they placed her upon her bed,
 None ever looked fairer than she when dead ;
 They left the red rose untouched in her hair,
 You could not tell which was most fair,
 The death-watch ticks so loudly.
 Together, just under the coffin lid,
 That maiden, that rose, slept, in darkness hid ;
 Their pride and their beauty they had but one day ;
 Which was the fairer none ever could say.
 Rosebuds, rosebuds, rosebuds red,
 Rosebuds, ye bloom proudly.

A PARTING

Ay ! que de aquellas horas de alegría
Le quedó al corazón solo un gemido.

ESPRONCEDA.

I

To the gate hand in hand
We went, sad and slow,
Our footsteps fell muffled
Upon the white snow.

II

We parted, we parted,
Few words did we speak,
For our hopes were as cold
As the tears on the cheek.

III

We bore it, we bore it,
Oh, ask me not how !
With the chill of that moment
My heart's frozen now.

IV

The lip barely quivered,
'Twas the soul said farewell ;
As I went on the white earth
A whiter form fell.

V

I look'd not behind me,
But onwards I kept,
Like a ghost swift and noiseless,
And stifflingly wept.

SOUVENIR

Mira, Paco, vamos claros,
No andemos con tonterías ;
Tú estas así porque habla
Con otro la Maraquita.

DON ANTONIO DE TRUEBA.

A LITTLE holding of the breath,
As though some element of death
Were mingled with the air that sounds thy once-loved name ;
One feebler pulsing of the heart,
One faint glow from the brain may start,
And mantle on my cheek to show of these my shame.

A sigh in the waning light,
A moan in the dead midnight,
In the sad grey dawn cold traces of a tear ;
Such, such indeed may be,
But not, oh not for thee :
The aspic which has poisoned us is not for that more dear.

TO THE STARS

I

HAPPY stars ! so gaily peeping
Through the crystal dome of heaven,
Never hasting, never sleeping
In the task which God has given.

II

Happy stars ! the griefs of ages
Have not dimm'd your diamond sheen,
Happy stars ! no tempest's rages
Ever shook your lights serene.

III

Never quick'ning nor delaying
In your orbits in the skies ;
Never halting, never straying,
Falling but again to rise.

IV

Not a star of every million
But its pre-appointed race
Weaves about the sky's pavilion
In its destin'd path in space.

V

Not a star but has its duty
In the great decrees of doom ;
Not one planet's silver beauty
Does the sun forget t' illumine.

VI

Happy stars ! ye sing, we hear you,
All across the boundless skies ;
"Souls of men, oh be ye stars too,
We would teach you to be wise."

PLAY AND WORK

WHITE clouds are gliding,
Shadows are sliding
 Over the grass ;
Dark patches quiver
On the calm river,
 Ruffle and pass.
Footsteps of the wanton breeze
Rustling in the new-leaved trees
 On earth, sky, and stream
 But passingly gleam,
 Leaving no trace
 Of its giddy race.
But the heavy oxen plod
On before the stubborn plough,
And the ploughman lifts the clod
As his feet stamp through the slough ;
Furrows driving, whence the seed
Springs to comfort human need.
Iron shuttle, speed thee, O speed !
Thou weavest the tissue of life with toil,
Thou healest the havoc of war's turmoil ;
Empires are waiting thee, be thy course run,
All earth is fed by thee, be thy task done.

ENGLAND AND INDIA

BITTERLY blows the wind and cold
Where robin sits i' th' thorn,
It sleets along the dreary wold
From morn till night, from night till morn.

From off the dreary wold the blast
Roars through the cottage door,
The red light leaps from the coal-fire fast
Upon white wall and fir-planked floor.

With claspèd hands at fall of night
The cottage maiden sits,
Silently watching the red fire light,
As it flashes and falls by fits.

She, pale and sad with patient face,
Thinks of an Englishman
In combat with the dusty race
Of torrid and far Hindostan.

She thinks of her absent lover,
And sighs with tearful e'e,
"Ah ! would that the war were over,
And Walter at home with me."

A GIPSY QUEEN

Moza tan hermosa
Non ví en la frontera
Como una vaquera
De la Finojosa.

EL MARQUÈS DE SANTILLANA.

I NEVER shall forget her, oh
The like was never seen ;
I never shall forget her, oh
That saucy Gipsy Queen.

She came adown the shady lane
That leads upon the brook :
She danc'd across the stepping-stones
While I watched a thriftless hook.

Like a bird she tripp'd from stone to stone
All in the bright sun-gleam ;
I thought the minnows rush'd to kiss
Her ankles in the stream.

'Tween swarthy cheeks and coal-black brows
Her eyes like meteors shone,
No warrior's casque e'er gleam'd so bright
As her black hair in the sun.

She smiled, from out red lips there flash'd
White teeth in dazzling row ;
She passed close by, I could not speak
Or find one word, I vow.

I could not choose but follow on,
Her dainty waist to see ;
The Gipsy Queen she look'd behind
And laugh'd out merrily.

Farewell, farewell, good Christian folk !
Cloth coat I'll no more wear,
Under the hedge in a gipsy-camp
With the Gipsy Queen I'll fare.

But oh, there is woodsmoke in her hair,
Freckled as a thrush her skin,
And these are things I can't endure
So I'll fish once more the Lynn.

But I never shall forget her, oh,
Her saucy eyes and mien ;
She was as bright as that June day
The black-eyed Gipsy Queen.

A SHEPHERDESS

Y ella responde ; Pastor,
Ni te entiendo, ni te creo.

GASPAR GIL POLO.

" SHEPHERDESS, shepherdess,
Sit down by me,
Oh, cool is the shade of
The hazel-tree,
To the rushing note
Of the blackbird's throat
The copses wide are ringing,
The green leaves thrill'd are swinging
In the still air.
Come then, O fair."
Then answer'd she,
Right scornfully,
"Nay, sir, nay,
I cannot stay,
For my sheep are in the corn."

" Thy lips are rose-leaves wet
With glistening dew ;
Thy blue eyes outrival
The corn-flower's hue ;
And thy auburn hair
Decks a neck more fair
Than the milk-foam in the pail.
Sweeter's thy breath than the gale,
Ruffling over
The white clover."
Then answer'd she,
Right carelessly,
"Nay, sir, nay,
I cannot stay,
For my sheep are in the corn."

" I love thee, I love thee,
Stay but a while,
I'd pay down a kingdom
For every smile ;
This brooch like a star
Shall show thee afar,
And since love without money
Is a bee without honey,
See ! this ring of gold
How fair to behold !"
Then answered she,
Right smilingly,
" Ay, sir, ay,
With thee I'll stay
Though my sheep be in the corn."

ANOTHER SHEPHERDESS

Amor, nunca pensé
Que tan poderoso eras.

EL REY DE CASTILLA D. JUAN II

KING HARALD rode adown the glen
With all his knights and noblemen ;
 There on a stone,
 Moss overgrown,
A fair maid sat i' th' sun :
 She knit and she sang,
 The young lambs sprang,
I' the brake one after one.
King Harald looked, and he merrily said,
"Wouldst thou wear a crown of gold, shepherd maid?"
 But the shepherdess only laughed
 "Ha ! ha !"
A crown of rose is more light and fair
Than any gold crown a queen can wear."

"A poor knight rides in my train here,
Who says thou art to him most dear ;
 He passed this way,
 One blue May day,
And stayed the summer long ;
 He says that he's woo'd
 And loved thee, and sued
 With shepherd pipe and song.
Wilt marry Sir Conrad then," King Harald said,
"And be his lady for aye, shepherd maid?"
 Then the shepherdess blushed and laughed
 "Ha ! ha !"
Love's crown of rose is more bright and fair
Than any gold crown a queen can wear."

King Harald took off his crown of gold,
And his royal mantle's purple fold :
 Then on the maid
 The robe he laid,
And smiled at her surprise ;
 His crown, too, he set
 On her hair of jet,
And looked down on her eyes.
" Since I am thy Conrad," then King Harald said,
" Wilt thou be my queen for aye, shepherd maid ?"
 And the shepherdess proudly laughed
 " Ha, ! ha !
Thy crown of gold is as light and fair,
As any rose-crown a maid can wear."

LAURA

OH, when I sit my Laura by
All trouble turns to bliss,
Within the glance of her bright eye
Nought ever went amiss ;
Nor worldly care nor sorrow vile
Can her glad look survive,
She would make blithe with one gay smile
The saddest heart alive.

Her little finger has a charm
Beyond a kingdom's price ;
And when her waist 's within my arm,
I am in Paradise.
There's rapture in the silken tips
Of her dishevelled hair,
But when I touch her dainty lips,
My soul's I know not where.

The hours and days how swift they fly
Which I with Laura pass !
But oh ! I think when she's not by
Time never turns his glass.
The pain she gives than any bliss
Is sweeter far to me ;
Ah ! could she kill me with a kiss
Such death would rapture be.

EDITH

Ved á la dulce niña
De ojos azules
Risueña como el cielo
Cuando no hay nubes.

TRUEBA.

And if any painter drew her
He would draw her unaware,
With a halo round the hair,
E. B. BROWNING.

Now farewell, ye southern maidens,
Oh, farewell for evermore !
For a pearl of Saxon beauty,
Wholly, wholly I adore.

Now your rich cheeks have no terrors,
Nor your dark eyes' maddening glare,
Nor the gleaming ebon lustre
Of your thickly-braided hair.

Edith, Edith ! Saxon Edith !
In her eye dwells blue repose ;
Golden crown of auburn tresses
O'er her brow's white radiance glows.

Oh the russet wreath of Ceres,
Golden ear with twined stem,
Burning round her marble temples
Is no nobler diadem.

Bright her face as is an angel's ;
You for wings would surely seek,
Only for her lips' vermilion,
And the rose-enamelled cheek.

Little hands, her own canary
 Scarce could nestle in her glove ;
Little feet, her broider'd slipper
• Is a thing to kiss and love.

Dainty waist, I easy span it
 With my arm around it prest,
Yet not too slim for the flowing
 Orbed fulness of her breast.

Yet withal she is no pigmy,
 Often has she frowned and smiled,
And drawn all her stately form up,
 When I've called her "dearest child."

"I'm no child," her light voice murmurs,
 As upon my breast she lies,
Then throws back her head with laughter
 Flashing pearl-teeth in my eyes.

Oh ! her slightest airy whisper
 Is enwrought with more delight
Than the silver bells' sweet tinkle,
 Or the wine-cup's amber light.

The sweetness of a gentle soul,
 A tender heart and true,
Of a light and gladsome being,
 Brightens every motion through.

Within my heart, within my heart,
 Enthroned she e'er will be,
Like a violet in deep swarded dell,
 Or a pearl within the sea.

So closely of our flowing lives
 The tendrils shall be twined ;
No demon could and no seraph would
 The ringed curls unbind.

So for ever, so for ever,
 Shall flow on our youthful love,
Or side by side upon the earth,
 Or side by side above.

ROSALIND

ONE silken tress of thy bright hair
Give, Rosalind, to me,
And thou shalt have my life, my life,
My heart and soul in fee.

The touch of thy soft tiny hand,
The light of thy dear eye,
Has fevered all my being so
That I perhaps may die.

The quarter chimes one, two, and three,
Sound clear from old church tower,
As I lie and think on thee, my love,
And wake from hour to hour.

I have no care for life or joy,
Nor fortune without thee,
Ah ! without thee the stateliest home
Were full of misery.

I rose last night before the dawn,
The snows were driving fast,
The window frames and all the doors
Shook shivering in the blast.

I glided down the lone white street,
To thy dear home I came ;
Thy house was dark—"She sleeps," I said,
My eyes were wrapt in flame.

Upon my lips, upon my brow,
I crushed the snow in vain,
One gentle touch of thy dear hand
Would stay this throbbing pain.

ROSALIND

One gentle touch of thy dear hand,
One glance of thy dear eye,
One gentle word would heal me more
Than any pharmacy.

One silken lock of thy bright hair
Were health and wealth to me ;
O give me that, and take thou back
My heart and soul in fee.

THE JUNGFRAU

I. DIE KÖNIGIN

Es sitzt die Königin hoch und klar
Auf unvergänglichem Throne.

SCHILLER.

I

DIE KÖNIGIN

νιφόεσσα . . . πάτερτες χιονιός ὀξείας τιθήνα

PINDAR.

I

DREAD, eternal, unseen,
Sits the Alps' virgin queen,
Silver-veil'd on her frozen throne ;
All around, all adown,
From her diamond crown,
The snow scarf is roll'd to her zone.

II

Oh, her cold maiden breast,
Such splendours invest,
Less white is the swan's virgin plume !
So clear her robes blaze,
That of molten star-rays
Ample folds seem her form to illumine.

III

Since her reign has begun,
All in vain has the sun
Tried to gaze on her visage so fair :
'Neath her hood's vestal white,
As a seraph's wing bright,
She shrouds herself up from his glare.

IV

Then in endless light-streams
Come his arrowy beams,
Showered down on her age after age :
But they break one and all
On her robe as they fall,
She scorns at their insolent rage.

DIE KÖNIGIN

V

In her caverns she mocks
At the deep thunder shocks,
And she plays with the lightning's fire :
In her huge granite heart
Thrills of joy flash and start,
And she trembles with wild desire.

VI

When with town-crashing stamp,
Rolls the earthquake's deep tramp,
Shaking Europe from side to side ;
Then alone doth she glow,
'Tis the one only foe
Stirs the strength of her maiden pride.

VII

Old hoar Winter alone
Does she love near her throne,
Summer palace she gives him of snow ;
And she sweeps down the lines
Of Spring's larches and pines
As they war on him up from below.

VIII

Vast and grand are the gifts,
In her robe's rocky rifts,
Which she keeps of the anarch old ;
Brilliance fair as the stars,
Crowning cliffs, filling scars,
Wreaths of snow, round her shoulders roll'd.

IX

Icy-pinnacled crag,
Rainbow-glittering jag,
Arctic seas in her lap lie curl'd,
Ragged frost-cataclysms,
Unimagined abysses,
Chaos vast of a torn ice world.

X

All distorted and rent,
Shatter'd, heap'd up, and pent,
Frozen billows of some mad sea ;
Writhing like the wild spires
Of that ocean of fires,
Which in hell are such agony.

THE JUNGFRAU

II ARMAGEDDON

SWITZERLAND abounds in tales of spectres. From the Roththal, one of the most ghastly of the vales of the Jungfrau, strange noises are heard to proceed. The peasants believe them to be caused by the Roththal Herren, or Lords of the Red Valley, the men of violence of old time who there suffer punishment. The superstition is recorded by Tschudi in his "Alpenwelt," and also by Hugl, "Naturhistorische Alpenreise," p. 39.

II

ARMAGEDDON

"That ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and of them that sit on them."—Rev. xix. 18.

THUS the virgin snow queen rules between earth and sky,
And around her the Alp-spirits watch ever nigh ;
First the Monk with his snow-cowl and white-mantled form,
Then the giant Alp Eigher, whose laugh is a storm ;
Vischerhörner and Wetterhorn, grim square-set Alp,
He who weaves the red tempest like crown round his scalp ;
And the Finster Aar-horn, whose high head in the stars,
Looks down on the thunder's most impotent jars ;
And that Alp at whose look pines the eagle forlorn,
Giant mute bloodless horror, the frozen Shreckhorn—
Pallid apex of terror, the icy Shreckhorn !
Oh ! no mortal has seen them, that vast spirit-brood,
Each one sits there enrealm'd in his white solitude.
Only, only, 'tis said, when the storm-curtains fall ;
And the whole mountain uplands are hid in their pall,
When the thunder's deep bellow first sounds the alarm,
That the herdsmen their frighten'd beasts gather from harm ;
While the cattle-bells ring out confused and low,
As the cows, dashing wildly, and fear-stricken, go
To the pine-timbered chalets ; for in the wild air
They scent the death-phantoms who straightway repair
To the Alpine white valleys, with sky-rending howls,
Frost-demons, grey storm-fiends, white-bearded, white
ghouls !
And with spears and with scourges they goad on the flanks
Of white legions of horsemen, impetuous ranks,
Who gallop and dash o'er the sky's cloudy roof
Through the boiling black vapour's tempestuous woof.
These are all the world's monsters, the bad men and hold—
From their frames as they lived, amplified twenty-fold ;

Here and there through the clouds glimmers forth a wild form,

Countless pennons stream white on the black thunder-storm.

All on horses gigantic whose hoofs' stormy shock

Grind the ice-craggs to powder and splinter the rock.

Clad in armour colossal, which gleams ghastly white,

White shields and white lances, yelling ever for fight.

From earth's every quarter these legions so pale

Come streaming and screaming to one frozen vale :

There in fury together they join horrid fray,

While vultures and dragons, white wing'd things of prey,

Scream horribly round them, and circle and swoop,

And white wolves colossal, a fierce shaggy troop,

Howl and run in mad hunger, awaiting the slain,

Whom they mangle for ever again and again,

Whom they mangle for ever with infinite pain ;

For their torn limbs are join'd and renew'd evermore,

Renew'd in their amplitude just as before.

Oh, the shrieking and howling make men pale afar,

Avalanches are loos'd with the spray of the war.

Then 'tis said when the roaring of combat resounds,

That each Alp on his throne with a horrid joy bounds ;

That their deep thund'rous voices from peak to peak leap,

As they call to each other, deep crashes to deep—

“Brother, come ! 'tis the hour now ! I see the white manes,

I hear the snort-blastings and clashing of reins ;

On their storm-footed courses they come like a flood,

All the fierce men of old, all the wild men of blood.

Come, haste thee ! come swiftly ! God's justice be done !

Show no mercy to them who when living showed none !”

Then the Monk and the Giant with earth-shaking crash,

And the other Alp Titans, impetuous dash

To the deep vale of death, where the horrid turmoil

Reeks in clouds like the hell-broth when witch-caldrons boil.

Then each o'er the valley in giant height stands,

And tears up the cliff from its base with rock-hands ;

Then poising the jagged vast height o'er his crown,

On the combatants rains the stupendous crags down.

And the terrible hail of their wrath is not spent

Till the valley of horsemen, in mangled mass blent,

Lies a prey for the wolves and white-wing'd things who tear

All the flesh from the wounded and lay the bones bare :

When the carnage is over, the Alps' virgin queen

Unveils, like God's justice, bright, spotless, serene ;

And the bones one by one their old bodies resume,

Year by year, age by age, still to bear the same doom.

THE JUNGFRAU
III. DES JÄGERS GELUBDE

θαρεῖν δ' οἷσιν ἀνάγκα, τί κί τις ἀνώνομον
γῆρας ἐν σκότῳ καθήμενος ἔψοι μάταν
ἀπόντων καλῶν ἄμμορος ;

PINDAR.

III

DES JÄGERS GELÜBDE

ΤΕΚΜΑΙΝΟΜΕΝΟΝ ΧΡΩΜΑΤΙ ΕΚΚΑΣΤΟΥ.

I

RUDI HÄSLI was a hunter more true
Than ever trod Alpine glen ;
And the visual strength of his eyes' deep blue
Far outstripped that of mortal men.

II

'Twas laughingly said that the chamois' blood
Ran full and wild in his vein ;
That he'd caught the solitude-haunting mood
Of the creatures that he had slain.

III

For he loath'd the valley's sweet garden plot,
The flax and the corn-till'd leas,
And the orchard around the carved pine cot,
And the pink-blossom'd cherry-trees.

IV

No maid of Berne, with her deep brown eye,
Could hold him in thrall one day ;
Between life and death 'twas his joy to fly
In the track of the bleeding prey.

V

Like the ibex were his steel tendons strung ;
Chasms leapt he ; and in a breath
His rifle, e'en as he lit, was unslung
To an arm as still as death.

VI

The fox and the wolf, the lynx and the bear,
At his aim perish'd one and all ;
The eagle and vulture fell from mid-air
To the ring of his rifle ball.

VII

The chamois and ibex who came within ken
He follow'd like fate till dead ;
And the Alpine hare and the white snow-hen
His fatal ball pierced in the head.

VIII

'Twas said the Alp-spirits, wrathful at length
At ravage of their dear flocks,
Were drawing him on, with magnetic strength,
To terrible death in the rocks.

IX

For Rudi had sworn the way he would find
To the Jungfrau's frozen throne ;
The zone of her solitude he would unbind,
And see the snow queen alone.

X

From his hunter's hut, whence like infant toys
The hamlets seemed in the deep ;
He awoke one night to the pauseless noise
Of the torrent's fleecy leap.

XI

He awoke : through the casement's rough pine bars
He saw the soft pearly veil
Which the moon spread across the shivering stars,
As they shrank at her glory pale.

XII

Rudi called out in joy, " Fair moon, let thy light
Move slow through the purple sky ;
'Ere the sun shall put thee, fair maiden, to flight,
The new path will I tread on high ! "

XIII

He has taken his wallet, his rifle good,
And his ice-axe true of steel,
And his spiked alp-staff of the tough ash wood,
And strides forth on his iron heel.

XIV

With jubilant, superhuman mirth
He walked by the torrent's roar,
As it shattered around the rocks in its firth,
A thunder-flood, shaggy and hoar.

XV

Wild thoughts in his brain to the mad noise sung ;
He shouted aloud in his pride :
He called to the rocks as they yawningly hung,
Like huge dragon throats gaping wide.

XVI

He called to the cliffs—purple-stained, crimson-hued
With unnumbered suns' red glare ;
To the abysses, from whence the eternal brood
Of water-spouts foamed on the air.

XVII

To the snow-clotted jags, and the slopes, where nod
Avalanches white of death ;
To the tower-crag, laid stone on stone by God,
Powdered round with the storm's frore breath.

XVIII

He called on them one, he called on them all—
“ Fall on me and crush, if ye will !
Brute chaos, man's heart thou shalt not appal,
He in death can defy thee still !

XIX

“ The warm heart of man, and his brain's high glow,
One valiant true thought's birth,
Than a thousand snow-laden peaks, I trow,
Have before the Soul more worth.”

XX

The torrent's course leaving, then path sublime
He took, where, with odours sweet,
Heath, bilberry, marjoram, and sweet thyme
Broke in billows about his feet.

XXI

Where rocks, in amphitheatre far,
Rose pined-plumed up to the sky ;
He blew from his horn a deep resonant jai,
And stood with still head for reply.

XXII

Hark ! what melody rare from rock prison flies,
And trembles in mountain breast !
Æolian harpings from deep Paradise,
Seraph-chantings, heard by the blest.

XXIII

For that ringing sound has unlock'd the tone
Of the world's spirit Harmony,
From that Paradise flowing, which poets alone
Have known in its mystery.

XXIV

Hark ! the organ sighs solemn soft bass notes,
The dulcimer tingles and thrills,
The silver horn's melting melody floats
Through the flageolet's honey-sweet trills.

XXV

At these echoes had oft, in softer hour,
Rudi felt strange tears in his eye ;
But his will now draws strength from their magic
power ;
He wends his way on ere they die.

XXVI

He passed out among the last clump of pines
To the last fresh emerald lawn ;
Which, high o'er the glaciers' jagg'd ice-lines,
Caught the first bright gleam of dawn.

XXVII

'Twas the last spot amid those regions hoar
Which Spring's fairy feet had trod ;
And pink, purple, gold flowers carpeted o'er
The dew-silvered elastic sod.

XXVIII

The orchis, campanula, violet,
The azalea and heart's-ease,
Alp roses with crimson rich tufts close set,
And gold-star anemones.

XXIX

The gentianella, with soft blue eye,
And the tender speedwell, too,
In vain looked up as he passed swift by,
And left steps of dark on the dew.

XXX

From the topmost height of the lawny slope
Burst an endless snow-white scene,
Here and there breaking black through their snow-
white cope
Ridge-crested the rocks were seen.

XXXI

From each gulf its glacier burst and crack'd,
And tore the rock on its breast ;
Here an ice-bound and awful cataract
O'er some cliff would suspended rest.

XXXII

A myriad years their snow-wreaths had furl'd
Round each pale mountain form ;
Since the world began they have held upcurl'd
The white wrath of every storm.

XXXIII

Here the argent mass, round as maiden's breast,
Fann'd smooth by the wings of the breeze,
Here scatter'd and shatter'd and broken and prest,
Like the ruins of frozen seas.

XXXIV

There slopes of star-lustre, all spotless and bright,
Fit paths for angels on high :
Here abysses and fanciful crags of pure white
Bewilder'd the wild phantasy.

XXXV

As Rudi looked o'er the splendour wide,
Aloft one raven's hoarse croak
Shot o'er the blank whiteness from side to side,
And the glacier, deep thundering, broke.

XXXVI

The marmots squealed out their warning call,
Like some lone birds' shrill cry ;
By the vast snow-desert hummed, still and small,
Some solitary fly.

XXXVII

The ice-water trills down in infinite rills
For ever day after day :
Now in thunder-foam rushing, it crushes the hills,
And eats the deep granite away.

XXXVIII

For the glacier he leaves the rocky steep,
O'er the white snow-crueted blue,
Through a maze to leap of chasms heaven-deep,
All of clear firmamental hue.

XXXIX

A wild bee around him kept circling about,
As though it would wile him back ;
But up and adown, around, in and out,
He leapt through the wild ice pack.

XL

Long, long was his toil ; full often he trode
Back again the self-same tracks ;
And often he hewed for himself a road
With the aid of his true ice-axe.

XLI

Thus he toiled all the morn, and at mid-day
He reached a precipice,
Which stayed on the glacier all further way,
With a blue beetling cliff of ice.

XLII

With his ice-axe aloft in the glittering wall
He hewed him steps one by one ;
When he neared the top he felt shade to fall
From a thing 'twixt him and the sun.

XLIII

As he turned he saw an alp-vulture nigh,
Eight feet from wing to wing ;
The brute swooped around him with fearful cry,
And watched for the fatal spring.

XLIV

For the vulture-bird, like the vulture-man,
Makes prey of the weak and small ;
On the noble and brave they will, if they can,
With a true coward's vantage fall.

XLV

But Rudi his rifle took from his back,
With his left arm as he clung,
He shot the assassin, and went on his track
Up the ice-crag which over him hung.

XLVI

On he sped till he reached a ledge of rocks,
Whence he looked sheer down the sky ;
Scarce room was there for the feet of a fox,
But he looked with a calm blue eye.

XLVII

He looked at the sun in his mid-day height,
Then straight down beneath his feet :
He felt more than man, for the dwindling sight
Never quickened his pulse one beat.

XLVIII

High aloft through the blue sky's clondless deep
The snow queen raised her hood ;
In front waved her silver veil's white steep :
Rudi cried, in his hardihood.

XLIX

"O virgin !" he cried, "none shall call thee more
The inaccessible queen ;
My feet I will set, ere two hours are o'er,
Where no mortal foot has been."

L

The Jungfran's swan-breast, still clear and serene,
Flashed white on the stainless blue ;
Perhaps the vast heart of the virgin queen
Yearned to heart so valiant and true.

LI

Then he started again with his nerves fresh strung,
Up the rocky *arête* to creep,
Whose blade-ridge ice-crusted precipitous hung
In incline from steep to steep.

LII

Sometimes with his staff, sometimes with his axe,
He made his way sure and slow,
And the splinters which fell from his upward tracks
Dash'd a thousand feet sheer below.

LIII

O'er the sightless chasm like a rope was thrown
That rock-woven stair's snow crust,
With ice-bridges knit from stone to stone,
Which sank at his staff's first thrust.

LIV

Yet Rudi, with sure and steadfast pace,
Never falter'd once on his way
Till he reached a cliff on whose vertical face
No garland of snow could stay.

LV

Up he wound himself ceaselessly hand over hand
Through the rocks' frost-furrow'd cracks ;
Where the sole of his foot could find no stand
He hew'd out a stair with his axe.

LVI

He rose to the brink where o'er him clung
Horrid icicles down from the edge,
A huge Gothic fringe which o'erarching hung
As he crept up beneath to a ledge.

LVII

From the rim of an ice-wave round the brink bent
The ice palisades shot straight,
And the light in prismatic splendour went
To the nook wherein Rudi sate.

LVIII

On the roof of the crystalline bright arcade
Then he smote with a fearless might,
And block after block of the ice o'erlaid
Toppled over and fell out of sight.

LIX

Through a rift in the emerald mass at length
He saw the sky's purple blue :
With a bounding heart and a new nerv'd strength
Quick up through the gap he flew.

LX

Then before him there rose slope after slope,
Snow terraces up to the sky :
'Twas the path which long with his telescope
He had scann'd with an anxious eye.

LXI

In the smooth *névé* crevasses were rare,
So he went with elastic tread,
While the slop'd snow-sea with a dazzling glare
Scintillating around him spread.

LXII

On he went till he reach'd a gulf's rock-bound pass,
Whence the glacier ground its way,
Like some city's wide ruin'd up-jumbled mass,
Tow'rs, castles, and pinnacles lay.

LXIII

Spire, pillar, and dome, and white pyramid vast,
Column, obelisk, arch, and cone,
In chaos tumultuous all about cast,
In clear emerald glory shone.

LXIV

Full many a yawning chasm, whose lips
Were green as the glow-worm's light,
Went fathomless down into deep eclipse,
Into regions of frost and night.

LXV

Like an ant, in and out of the icy wrack,
Rudi wound his path all about,
And when at a loss, the chamois' blue track
Would show him the one way out.

LXVI

And the avalanche falls from hanging ice-walls,
From the snow steeps crush'd on high,
In curves parabolic, like hollow shot-balls
Whole crags hurtle down through the sky.

LXVII

At the ton-driven shocks of the falling rocks
The glacier quakes, and it flies
Into icy spray smitten, the shivering blocks
Powder'd out into white clouds rise.

LXVIII

And the hungry ice-chasms eternally gape
Round the hunter as onwards he goes
And ice-crag colossal, of weird ghostly shape,
Nod and shake with the glacier's throes.

LXIX

But ever he went—sometimes on the edge
Of ice-plates like fins he crept,
And now o'er abysses bridged with a snow wedge
Whose crown sank as onward he stept.

LXX

Through the chaos of death his sure hunter craft
Led him ever around the *crevasse*,
Till above on the white plain he merrily laugh'd,
Looking back on that ghastly pass.

LXXI

In front o'er the swells of the smooth snow-glades
Rose the Jungfrau's swan-like grace,
While peaks like grim warders with lance-headed
blades
Watch round the rock-bosom'd space.

LXXII

Away and away through those regions pale
With a new-born strength he sped,
Till he 'gan a precipitous slope to scale,
With the beetling crags over head.

LXXIII

Here the rocks, crack'd and loos'd by the frost's fierce
might,
Oft thundered adown the deep,
And the blue scars trench'd in the slope's deep white,
Mark the track of their awful leap.

LXXIV

But away and away, he never paus'd now,
For the Roththal's Col was near,
O'er which the pale Jungfrau's veil'd brow
In its majesty rose severe.

LXXV

Still onwards he pressed with unwearied foot,
Where never yet man drew breath,
'Mid regions abysmal, all frozen and mute,
Pale kingdoms of cold and death.

LXXVI

Again by the chasm, again by the ridge,
The perilous edge he prest,
Till he reach'd the hard glassy steep snow-bridge
Which led to the Jungfrau's crest.

LXXVII

O'er the smooth frozen steps of the last ice-stair
He rose while his heart quick beat,
To a narrow three-sided white stage i' th' air,
With the white world under his feet.

LXXVIII

Then his eye exultingly roam'd down the deep,
O'er the hills he knew so well ;
O'er the Lake of Thun and the Brunig's steep,
To the lake of William Tell.

LXXIX

And clear and far to the left his sight
Swept o'er the wide realms of snow,
O'er the Gletscher- and Silverhorn so bright,
And the Blumlis' spotless brow.

LXXX

But up from the Roththal clouds stream'd out,
By the sun to dread splendour kist,
Gigantic forms tower'd the sky all about,
Through the red volcanic mist.

LXXXI

And the Giant in wrath had veiled his head,
And he turned him on his seat ;
As he moved, snowy thunders on all sides fled,
And roared down in smoke at his feet.

LXXXII

A fury-cloud covered the Monk's cowed brow,
It darkened again and again.
The Monk laughed a wrathful laugh, deep-fetched
and slow ;
The blast shook each valley and glen.

LXXXIII

Then crashed down the deep snow from every steep ;
Avalanches roared far and wide ;
Frost-demons and storm-fiends started from sleep
In the depth of each mountain-side.

LXXXIV

They howled, while whole mountains of frozen flakes
Were dashed up aloft on high ;
All whirling and curling in spires like snakes,
Or in pillars born up to the sky.

LXXXV

With horrible fury the frozen sea tore
Its billows where Rudi stood ;
His hands, lips, and cheeks soon grew stiff and froze
In the blinding and blustering flood.

LXXXVI

On the white crag soon his nailed feet glance ;
The guxen roar in the storm ;
Snow-maidens and glacier-nymphs horribly dance
Around him, in white-grey form.

LXXXVII

The red lightnings flash to the deep thunder crash,
The air darkens more with affright,
The blasts with new fury redouble and clash,
And smite him with infinite might.

LXXXVIII

And unseen hands it seem'd as he kneel'd,
Were pushing him over the brink
Of the vast steep where the plumb-line unreeled
Three thousand feet down would sink.

LXXXIX

With his frozen hands to the freezing rock
He clung, and he tried to rise,
When 'mid horrible laughter and deep thunder-shock
The light was flash'd out of his eyes.

XC

The Jungfrau she caught him up e'en as he fell,
She built him an icy tomb,
And she weeps frozen tears full oft o'er the cell
Where he sleeps till the day of doom.

XCI

He died not in vain ! Earth was given to man ;
Each spot is his empire seat,
His valour increas'd the inheritance-span
And trampled white death 'neath the feet.

L'IMPRATICABLE

Lloraba la niña
Y tenia razon.

GONGORA.

"O ROBIN, 'tis dawning barely,
Where art thou going so soon?
See through the pines how fairly
Still glimmers the silver moon.
O Robin, thou must be weary
Of hunting the livelong day;
O Robin, it must be dreary
To be lone on the heights for aye."

"I'm up to the mountains oh,
The sun lies pink on the snow,
I'm up to the mountains oh,
And if my head's steady,
My feet swift and ready,
Thou shalt taste my mountain roe."

"O Robin, thy hunting give over,
Stay down in the valley below,
The maidens are wanting a lover,
And not your mountain roe.
From far all the maidens are coming,
It is the Baptist's day,
In kirtle of silk and gold ear-ring
And crown'd with garlands gay."

"I care not for all the daughters
Of Uri and Schwytz, I trow;
Their speech is but babbling waters,
Their hearts are like frozen snow.
I care not for silk or gold ear-ring,
For luring and flickering smiles,
For mincing and maidenish peering
Nor artful coquettish wiles."

"O Robin, if false are the many,
Oh true, oh true am I ;
And never yet did whisper any
Against my good name fly."
"O Anni, than every maiden
A fairer and truer art thou ;
Thy sweet eyes, with brown fire laden,
Would tempt many a youth, I trow."

"O Robin, then stay down with me,
The valleys are safe down here ;
Come and taste of our festal glee,
Go not to those mountains drear.
Oh, here in the vale 'mid the heather
Come spend the Baptist's day,
We'll dance and sing together,
And laugh all the hours away."

"The tott'ring stone I might perhaps trust
At the edge of the dizzy pass,
And the hollow snow's deceitful crust,
When I leap the blue crevasse.
But with eyes blindfold I'd sooner stray
O'er the yawning cold glacier,
Than trust my fate for one fleeting day
To thy mercy, Anni dear."

(*Anni, smiling*), "Oh hard is thy heart, sweet Robin,
Well, go, and think on me ;
If thy step should slip on the ravine,
How I should weep for thee."

(*Robin, smiling*), "If your eyes are red in the morning
Oh dance them bright at eve,
When the eagles my white bones are scorning
'Twere pity if thou shouldst grieve."

"I'm off to the mountains oh,
The sun lies pink on the snow,
I'm off to the mountains oh,
And if my hand's steady,
My foot swift and ready,
Thou shalt taste my mountain roe."

FORTUNE

"Pan, pan, c'est la fortune,
Pan, pan, c'est ma brune."

BÉRANGER.

I'M waiting for Fortune,
She said, with a smile,
She 'd come to my room
If I'd wait her awhile.

She's coming, she's coming,
Her step 's at the door ;
Oh, we'll live now as never
Liv'd mortals before.

But, O Heaven, save me !
Here comes Madame Care ;
And she sits down demurely
There in my arm-chair.

Then out of her pocket
The haggard-faced witch
Takes out a black stocking,
And darns, stitch by stitch.

Begone, crabbèd vision !
Begone from the room !
Oh, take from my presence
Your soul-killing gloom !

But oh ! she's so constant
That there she must sit :
O Fortune ! O Fortune !
You faithless young chit.

LOVE A LA MODE

Pues la mancha de la mora,
Con otra verde se quita.

TRUEBA.

ADIEU, dearest Kate, be not tragic,
Oh don't rend your clothes or your hair,
You'll find the deux temps or the polka
An excellent thing for despair.

Grieved, to know you so lightly consol'd, love,
My vanity doubtless will be ;
But I shall not pine like Madam Echo,
If Rose will have pity on me.

EROS AND ANTEROS

Ten, amor, el arco quedo
Que soy niña y tengo miedo.

CANCIONERO

I

LIKE a dark flower and a purple
Round one common stem close curl'd,
Lived staid Phœbe and the bright-hair'd
Sweet Amanda from the world.

II

On a foxglove bank one morning,
'Neath the cloudless blue of June,
In a wood which near their cottage
Sang each night a breezy tune—

III

Two small Cupids random sleeping
Did these maidens fair surprise,
Grasped their wrists and seized their arrows,
While the cherubs rubb'd their eyes.

IV

First they fought to get their weapons,
Fluttering wildly with their wings,
Then they screamed and bit and pouted,
Then said sweet and saucy things.

V

Phœbe cried unto Amanda,
"Of the young rogues take no heed,
They are full of guile and evil,
Honey'd speech and wicked deed.

EROS AND ANTEROS

VI

"Let us seize the young marauders,
Try to change their cruel arts,
Clip their wings and tame the wanton
Waspish thieves of maiden hearts."

VII

To their cottage then the maidens
These small elvish creatures brought,
There apart to keep the nrichins,
Till they quelled each wicked thought.

VIII

Phoebe prim, severe, and steadfast,
Never chang'd her earnest mien,
Day by day she drilled her captive
In one rigid hard routine.

IX

She kept him in a sumptuous cage,
With gold bars all bright around,
And on ankles and on wrists the maid
Slender golden fetters bound.

X

In ceaseless awe she kept the child
With a tiny rod of gold,
And a gold band round his waist she plac'd,
With a golden chain to hold.

XI

With chubby cheeks against the bars,
With his mute and patient eyes,
Each day the captive marks her come
To inflict some exercise.

XII

She makes him skip from right to left,
To obey her least commands,
And sometimes, too, with heels in th' air
To stagger upon his hands.

XIII

Long and tranquilly lived Phoebe,
And she came to great estate ;
But Amanda, tender-hearted,
Very mournful was her fate.

XIV

For the captive of Amanda
'Mid each pout, and sob, and sigh,
Gather'd courage from the dewy
Tender beaming of her eye.

XV

When he saw the cage before him
A most woful groan he gave,
And he sobbed out, " Dearest mistress,
Lay me rather in my grave.

XVI

" Is Amanda cruel-hearted,
Is that gentle look a mask ?
Fairest queen, as slave I'll serve thee,
Set me any servile task.

XVII

" Ah ! believe not all the slander
Which base tongues have said of me,
I'm a tiny, harmless creature
From all evil fancies free.

XVIII

" As the moss-rose more than all flowers,
As the moon the stars above,
Will I adore thee, dear lady,
Meek and guileless as a dove.

XIX

" I would sooner, sovereign maiden,
Kneel and kiss this garment-hem
Than command the proudest empress
In her robe and diadem."

XX

With such false and dulcet speeches,
Kneeling on a childish knee,
Did the rogue beguile Amanda
Out of all severity.

XXI

Day by day the little wanton
Bolder ever bolder grew,
And Amanda pardon'd always
Every trick and mischief new.

XXII

All her room in wild disorder
Did he set day after day,
Books and 'broid'ry, skein and workbox,
Were for ever going astray.

XXIII

Pens he spoilt and ink he spatter'd,
With wrong paints her palette wet,
Made a chaos of her music,
Harpstrings out of tune were set.

XXIV

And the little elish sinner,
Acting like a thievish daw,
From her lap-dog robb'd the dinner,
And the sop from her macaw.

XXV

And by weird infatuation
Worse and worse while grew the elf,
Poor Amanda lov'd him dearer
Dearer than her very self.

XXVI

Till at length the wingèd ruffian,
Hunting out the hiding place
Where Amanda laid her quiver,
Took an arrow from the case.

XXVII

Then he slyly came towards her,
Hid behind the dart he bore,
Sprang upon her knee and kiss'd her,
As he'd done full oft before.

XXVIII

And while she comb'd his golden curls
With white fingers curv'd apart,
The little traitor rais'd his hand
And stabbed her to the heart.

CŒLEBS AND CRINOLINE IN THE BOIS DE
BOULOGNE

AT eve along the alleys
In the Bois de Boulogne
Oh, how I love to wander
And hear the blackbird's song !

I love to wander by the brook
And by the gay cascade ;
I never sneer, as some folk do,
And say they're only made.

For Art, in my opinion, is
Than Nature far more real ;
Millais himself must own to this,
Or he'd not shown such zeal

In painting straws so very fine
They from the canvas stick out—
I never saw the straws in life
I'd such desire to pick out.

I said I love to wander
In the Bois de Boulogne,
Where by the lake and by the groves
Parisian beauties throng.

The neat *bottine*, the light *chaussure*,
I have an eye for all ;
The *jaquette* trim that fits so slim
About the waist so small.

And oh ! within the slight *calèche*
 I love the *belles* that loll,
 And kindly flash the languid eye
 Beneath the parasol.

But then at times a cloud will come
 And darken all my soul,
 A most unhappy wight am I
 Till it away doth roll.

For I fancy I hear all the pretty girls say,
 As I wander on in my lonely way :
 "That creature there—that dark pale face—
 What does he do in this charming place ?
 Walking alone with a look so sad,
 Horror would groan could it see that lad."

For of all the fair
 That glisten there,
 There is not one for me ;
 But I walk alone,
 And in smothered tone
 Lament my destiny.

For each youth has his maiden,
 And he droops his head love-laden
 To drink in with charmed ear
 Lovely prattle, silver-clear,
 And the winged loves around
 Flip the air and skip the ground.

Oh, that I had a soft, white dove
 In white and fluttering charm,
 With dulcet voice to coo to me
 And nestle on my arm.

Oh ! my lonely days, and oh ! my lonely pillow ;
 Let me sit and weep 'neath thee,
 Green and weeping willow.

But farther on
 I must be gone,
 To drop the briny tear,
 For a loving pair
 'S going to sit there ;
 Move on, oh, sorrow drear !

CCELEBS AND CRINOLINE

But, heaven bless me !
 Under the tree
 There is not room for the two ;
 The skirts of the lady
 Do the broad, shady
 Willow's circumference quite outdo.

O crinoline ! O raftered *cage*,
 Whate'er that structure be,
Fufons, luyaux and *colillons*,
 Ye touch my soul with glee.

For crinoline is very dear,
 Not so much in itself,
 But that it needs an endless coil
 Of linendraper's pelf.

Yes, crinoline is very dear,
 And oh ! the *blanchisseuse*,
 Her *p'tite note* in summer time
 Would fright to death my Muse.

So here into that Swiss *châlet*
 To rest my legs I'll drop,
 And try and think Fate kind to me ;
 Garçon, vile ! vile ! une choppe !

Come out, come out, my *cigarettes*
 (I use the Russian kind),
 And ye shall smoke the wasp regret
 From out my sager mind.

SAN GUALBERTO

This saint was the founder of the monastery of Vallombrosa, not to be named without recalling Milton. There is but little liberty taken in the following ballad with the legend told of him : traditions of this nature are not uncommon in Catholic countries. Zorrilla, the present greatest poet of Spain, has told several with great effect : one, especially, which ends—

La imagen santa
Los labios tenía abiertos
Y una mano desclavada.

On the hill near San Miniato,
Where three roads together meet ;
Once a cross of wood bore Jesus,
With nail-pierced hands and feet.

There Gualberto of Petrojo,
Stalked in fury up and down ;
With his hand upon his sword-hilt,
Hate and death were in his frown.

And his henchmen two were sitting,
There the crucifix beneath ;
One his dagger's edge was whetting,
And the other gnash'd his teeth.

Count Gualberto burned for vengeance,
For but late at midnight mass,
Messer Corsi slew his brother,
And he needs this way must pass.

Now ! with plume upon his bonnet,
Up the hill they see him rise ;
And he sings a song of joyaunce
Thinking on his lady's eyes.

And he came quite unperceiving,
Till he reach'd the fatal air ;
Count Gualberto laughed out scornful,
And his sword flashed in the air.

"Damnèd villain ! now I meet thee !
I have sought thee day by day ;
This blade thirsts to have thy heart's blood,
Hell is gaping for its prey."

Then Count Corsi, he the ruthless,
Flash'd his sword from out the sheath ;
When he caught Christ's pallid features,
Looking mournful down beneath.

And he cast his sword before him,
In a cross his arms he spread ;
And he spoke, "I cannot fight thee
With that witness overhead."

"Coward, villain ! take thy sword up,
Or I stab thee to the heart."
"Strike me thus, with arms held crosswise ;
Christ alone will feel the smart !"

"Caitiff hound ! I would not spare thee,
Though that Christ should bid me spare ;
Though that wooden Christ should pray me,
And should fold its hands in prayer !"

Then a voice of thunder sounded,
From the wooden Christ : "Spare, spare !"
And the wooden hands unmailèd,
Fell, and closed themselves in prayer.

Horror-frozen stood Gualberto,
And he threw his sword away ;
And he knelt by Messer Corsi,
And he bent his head to pray.

And he rose up pale and ghastly,
But he rose up still and meek ;
With spasm and sob Gualberto kiss'd
Count Corsi on the cheek.

And straight unto the church hard by,
Then the foes together went ;
And kneeling to the priest, partook
Of the Blessed Sacrament.

Ah ! never more with hound or hawk,
Was Count Gualberto seen ;
And never more he rode abroad,
In his silk or velvet sheen.

For he left his father's hall that day,
And, on Vallombrosa's height,
He found a cave within the woods
Where he pray'd both day and night.

Until he built a holy house,
With a marble fair chapelle ;
Where at midnight, noon, and eventide,
He was seen at ring of bell.

His food was pulse and brown rye-bread ;
His drink the water brook ;
He walked in white with corded waist,
Aye reading saintly book.

At length an abbot full of years,
On the chapel floor he lay ;
His white monks held him in their arms,
As he did pass away.

"Give me," he said, "for Christ's dear sake,
Lord, in thy kingdom place,
I trust my brother dear with thee
Enjoys eternal grace.

"But if my prayers him have not freed
From purgatorial fire ;
Give me half-penance there with him
Till all his term expire."

THE WATER-SPRITES

THE water-sprites danced in the wavy mist,
Where the torrent-fall's roar flashed down ;
Of its rainbow, pearl, ruby, and amethyst,
Each had made her a robe and a crown.

Oh, they danced and they floated, with laugh and song,
In and out of the jewelled arch
Which the morning sun set them, with laugh clear and strong
O'er the tops of the mountain larch.

Childe Maurice leapt light down the rocky ridge,
With his staff and his mountain foot,
And he stood where the pine, rough-hewn, made a bridge
In the face of the torrent's shoot.

Oh, fair was his brow, his look bright and pure,
And his cheek had a clear light glow,
And the water-sprites sang, as he went, swift and sure,
On the bridge o'er the gulf below :

“ Love's foot goes sure as a star ;
The heart of truth wears a charm,
For the beating heart which waiteth afar,
None here can do thee harm.”

The moon it waned once, and it waned again,
And the sun rose grimly red ;
And a storm burst at eye adown the glen,
And the torrent rose fierce in its bed.

The water-sprites' shriek passed down the ravine,
And the pine-bridge trembled and swung,
As the sprites hovered o'er it in wrathful mien,
And with flashing hands struggled and wrung.

And fierce rose their shriek as they saw the swift form
Of Childe Maurice come down the rocks,
With a face wild and drear as the rushing storm,
And the trouble which streamed his locks.

Childe Maurice dashed wild on his homeward way,
To the far-off side of the glen ;
And behind him was heard the bloodhound's deep bay,
And the voices of shouting men.

He came, and he watched with an anguished brow
How the torrent-bridge trembled and creaked ;
And oh, he thought wild of a perjured vow,
As the water-sprites hoarse sung and shrieked :

“ In the heart of deceit dwells despair ;
Falsehood goes with a devious pace ;
All spirits of earth and water and air
Know the hue of a traitor's face.

“ Oh the speechless, plaining look
Of a maiden of peace bereft !
Oh the curse of a sire who strook
A ruined child to the heft.

“ These, these shall pursue thy life ;
Dost thou 'scape the hot chase now
Of the brothers with vengeance rife,
Better perish with us, we trow.”

The hounds they bayed out, the false bosom shrank ;
Childe Maurice with faltering foot
Bestrode the dark gulf on the spray-sodden plank—
The water-sprites watched still and mute.

All at once, in mid-way, they screamed fiercely out :
“ Woe, woe to the evildoer ! ”
Childe Maurice he threw his arms wildly about,
And the gulf took a faithless wooer.

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE

PART I

LOVE, the love which life outliveth,
Is not passion's fleshly thrall,
Ever of its essence giveth,
Never lacketh, conquers all.

Legends from illumined pages
Told by lips long turn'd to dust,
Still send perfumes through the ages
Sweet with faith's immortal trust.

Still are holy wells of healing,
In despair and hope forlorn :
Give new life to wither'd feeling,
And heal scars of cruel scorn.

Like to roses, gifts of angels,
To fair saints in saintly time,
Deathless-calyx'd bright evangels
Of the sweets of Eden's prime.

Pure of faith and guileless-hearted
Clemence, morn and noon and eve,
For her lover long departed
Griev'd as only maids can grieve.

Years had passed—three years of sorrow—
Since he join'd the Lion King,
Since she pray'd that each new morrow
Would of him some tidings bring.

Morn and eve, with taper burning,
At the holy Mary's shrine
Did she kneel, with tearful yearning,
Plaining, moaning for a sign.

“ By thine anguish at the passion,
Maiden mother, soft and mild !
Maiden mother, have compassion
On a tender, loving child.

“ Mother-heart, send down some token,
All my days are tears and pain ;
Lives he yet with troth unbroken—
Lives he yet, or is he slain ? ”

Morn and eve, with piteous sighing,
Thus she made her tender moan ;
But no token came replying,
Still she wept forlorn and lone.

Till one morn, as she lay sleeping
On her chaste and balmy bed,
Just as o'er the east was creeping
The first blush of dawning red ;

As the moon more faint was falling
Through the mullion'd window frame,
Voices sounded, gently calling,
And she woke and heard her name.

Low uprais'd in soft amazement
Did she look towards the light,
There she saw beside the casement
Two fair spirits rob'd in white.

Like two sisters, with arms twining
O'er their shoulders, floated they,
And their voices, softly chiming,
Seem'd within her ears to say—

“ Rise, O Clemence, our dear Lady
Long has heard thy pray'r above ;
She has sent us here to aid thee,
And to lead thee to thy love.

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE

“ Maiden, rise, take staff and burden,
Follow, follow, where we lead,
Thou shalt find at length the guerdon
Of thy love, as is decreed.”

Half unconsciously arraying
Her soft limbs in pilgrim vest,
Staff and scrip she took, and praying,
Went to do these spirits' 'hest.

Like a ghost, all noiseless sliding,
Did she slip from stair to stair,
And through drowsy warders gliding,
Pass'd to where those spirits were.

Yet the tears unbidden blind her
As she leaves the castle door,
For her childhood left behind her,
And the lips to kiss no more.

PART II

Thus, her youth's dear cradle quitting,
Did she go on pilgrim wise
O'er the earth, these angels flitting
Ever on before her eyes.

Morning, noon, and evening found her
Faring forwards mile by mile ;
When in doubt these spirits round her
Lur'd her onwards with a smile.

Oft in darkness, travel-weary,
'Neath a peasant's roof she lay,
And at dawn those voices eery
Call'd her up to fare away.

Thus o'er hill and vale they hasted,
Till they reached a distant land—
Where the fair champagne was wasted
By red Havoc's fiery hand.

Smoking homesteads and charr'd rafters,
Ashes wet with peasant blood,
Hunger moans, and idiot laughers,
Told where late the village stood.

Sights and shrieks of desolation
Thicken'd as they reached a plain,
Where the sons of half a nation
Slaughter'd lay, or writh'd in pain.

Grief-bewildered, horror-stricken,
'Mid the dying and the dead,
Hopes within her faint and sicken
As she looks upon each head.

That each corpse might be her lover—
This she fear'd and fear'd again ;
And no spirits near her hover
Now to guide her on the plain.

Leaden-hearted, she sank sobbing
On a stone upon the plain ;
Vein and nerve with fever throbbing,
'Mid that ghastly world of pain.

On her feet she look'd blank-gazing,
Travel sore and stain'd with blood,
And her brain seem'd anguished-crazing
In her God-abandon'd mood.

Words, she knew not what, she mutter'd,
When a dying soldier nigh,
With a parch'd throat groaning utter'd—
“Water give me, or I die.”

Up from sorrow's night awaking,
To a fountain nigh she hied,
And that soldier's parch'd lips slaking,
Nurs'd him gently as he died.

Grateful eyes in dying lighten'd
On her heart with power benign,
And her human love rose heighten'd
To a sense of the divine.

Then she heard a low chant flowing
 'Mid the cries and groans of pain,
And she saw a fair train going
 Two by two across the plain.

Sisters bound on mission holy,
 All in vest of dark blue serge,
All white-hooded, chanting slowly,
 In sweet tones, a sacred dirge.

Sisters they of Mercy's choosing,
 Handmaids of the sick and poor ;
All earth's fleeting joys refusing
 For the part which doth endure.

Healers fair of pain and sorrow,
 With them Clemence daily wrought,
For the wounded on the morrow
 To their convent walls were brought.

There her sweet grace grew so saintly,
 And around such blessing shed,
That the sick man, praying faintly,
 Kiss'd her shadow on his bed.

And in leechcraft arts revealèd
 Grew she skilful day by day,
Till the latest soldier healèd,
 Limped with homeward crutch away.

PART III

Then again, in early morning,
 As the stars burnt faint and dim,
Did she hear those spirits' warning
 Sounding like a holy hymn :

“ Maiden, rise, take staff and burden,
 Follow, follow, as we lead ;
Thou shalt find at length the guerdon
 Of thy love as is decreed.”

Up she rose in faith uplifted,
And a sweet and mournful sense
Of their meaning slowly drifted
O'er her heart like innocence.

Then, again these spirits guiding,
Did she go on pilgrim way,
In each thorp and city biding
Till they summon'd her away.

For in every thorp and city
Did they show her each sad scene,
Where the tearful face of Pity
Sat and watch'd in helpless mien ;

Where within the bleak bare garret
Wept the widow and the child,
While the father on straw pallet
Lay a corpse, and ghastly smil'd ;

Where the strong man, ague-shaken,
Groan'd for night and groan'd for day,
Where the fever'd lips unslaken,
Where the starv'd ones vainly pray.

And her gentle hand stays wailing,
And her tender eyes give might
To the nerveless spirit failing
Into Death's unheeded night.

And for all her scrip distending,
Giveth she of all she hath,
Her small portion never ending,
Like the cruse of Zarephath.

Long years after, men in praying,
As the anthems faded faint,
Thought of her and breath'd deep, saying,
" Holy Jesu, 'twas a saint ! "

Moons they wax'd and moons they wan'd,
Since her course she thus began,
But she never sigh'd nor plained,
Though her face grew thin and wan.

And the path they led her ever
Painful and more painful grew,
Now with faint yet firm endeavour
Toil'd she mountain gorges through.

Ever onward still she presses
With feet cut by rock and stone,
While the fierce blast rends her tresses,
Freezing cheek, and chin, and bone.

Where the gulf of dread abysses
Hem the path on either side,
Where the desert-serpent hisses
Pass'd she on unterrified.

Demon voices, fiendish laughter,
Heard she in the wilderness,
And the tempter, following after,
Made a mock of her distress.

And still worse than pains which wrung her,
Worse than cold and raging thirst,
Were the human tongues which stung her,
Jibes of faithless hearts and curst.

Travel-worn at length they brought her
To a city in the East,
Where blue Plague in hourly slaughter
Made with Famine horrid feast.

Yet she still, as horrors thicken,
Moor and Christian tried to save,
Till she sank herself, plague-stricken,
Fill'd a nameless, unknown grave.

And those spirits, in her dying,
She saw smiling by her side,
And with smile to smile replying,
Said the maiden, ere she died—

“Angels dear, long since I deem'd
This should be my promis'd bliss,
Heav'n be prais'd, the love I dream'd
He has made the path to His.”

Up beyond pain's dark dominion,
To the shore no eye hath scann'd,
Rose she up on stainless pinion
With those angels hand in hand.

From the weakness flesh inherits
They alone can set Love free,
For in heav'n those sister spirits
Are nam'd Faith and Charity.

THE STRANGE HARPER

A NEW VERSION

IN days of fairy lore and magic wonder,
There was a city not by legend known,
Where rats in armies made incessant plunder
Of everything which was not steel or stone.

The pantry-tubs, the corn-bins in the stable,
Were knawed to shreds to get at meal and oats—
They climbed the stairs and spouts up to the gable,
And all the attic stores went down their throats.

Cupboards and safes were eaten through like butter,
To get at aught which thrift had put away,
And nothing but an iron door or shutter
Could keep a venison pasty half a day.

There came a youth, his eyes with strange fire gleaming,
Who seemed a farer from a distant land,
His clothes of antique stuff and antique seaming,
A golden harp he carried in his hand.

When with his voice his harp-strings made sweet ringing,
A brighter glory o'er the wide earth flew ;
The simplest flow'r he spoke of in his singing
Bloomed ever after with diviner hue.

"Oh, list to me," he cried, "my song has glamour
To drown the vermin passions of the soul ;
Of fiendish cries my song can stay the passion,
And angels reign where devils held control.

"The pest obscene which now devours the city
I will make vanish with a simple lay ;
I ask no lavish guerdon for my ditty,
Small care has minstrel true for place or pay.

"I only ask to live without dishonour,
To sing the best I can, a minstrel free ;
Let others claim the gold of civic honour,
My song itself is meed enough for me."

Burghers, and burgomaster in his ermine,
To council went: "Well, let him try," they cried,
"Go try," they bade him—"free us from this vermin,
In honour ever then with us abide."

The minstrel seized his harp with eager gladness,
And harping, singing passed throughout the town ;
Where'er he sang the rats were seized with madness,
And ran in wild disorder up and down.

They came in crowds from every street and alley,
Swarming as black as bees within the hive,
Then to the river in tumultuous sally
They rushed, and drowned—not one was left alive.

The burghers blessed themselves with self-laudation,
Shook hands, rang bells, again to council went,
To set on foot some proper celebration,
And vote themselves a feast for this event.

They feasted, drank—the harper quite forgotten,
Until the town-clerk hiccupped o'er his wine,
And wondered where he was ; one half besotten
Said : "With the scullions let the fellow dine."

'T was strange, they said, indeed, how the thing ended,
The rats, no doubt, had a contagious fit ;
The harper's song helped nothing ; some pretended
They knew the man to be not sane of wit.

"His songs," they said, "will only plague and bore us.
An after-dinner song were well enough,
Such as the town-fool sings, while we keep chorus—
Come, town-fool, give us of your good old stuff."

The town-fool sang, the burghers roared with laughter,
Or wineful, at his maudlin, and sublime,
Wept maudlinly, and swore that ever after
His songs should live as fresh as in their prime.

After the feast they took to trade and barter,
And business throve ; but when that youth they met,
All looked askance, with visage ever tarter,
And wondered why the deuce he stayed there yet.

"An idle loon," they said, "that vagrant harper,"
They cursed his beauty and his golden locks,
Until the beadle, growing daily sharper,
Threatened at last to lay him in the stocks.

Old cross-grained wives would daily scold and flout him,
And fling him casual crusts into the street ;
The children only closely flocked about him,
And kept time to his song with tiny feet.

The winter came, and in a wind-swept attic
The harper sat, neglected and alone ;
His lyre no more he struck with thrill ecstatic,
His fingers they were frozen to the bone.

So sat he in unheeded desolation
Till spring should rouse again his fancies gay,
With sufferance still and barren resignation,
Awaiting for the time to fare away.

The primrose rath beneath the beech was glowing,
The dawn was drinking up its sorrow sweet,
As he, the harper, felt his old fire flowing,
And went and warbled up and down the street.

He played a strain so wildly sweet, entrancing,
The bells of Fairyland seemed thus to ring.
Of whisp'ring words he sang and wavelets glancing,
The murmurs and the magic life of spring.

The children far and near at his first singing
Forgot to troll the hoop or throw the ball,
And from each street in many crowds came springing,
Drawn on like linnets by the call-bird's call !

He led, they went, through gates and suburb places,
O'er hill, down dale, through woodland haunts, deep, deep
Into the heart of forest, where their traces
Faded as foam fades on the ocean's sleep.

The city men, still scornful of the player,
Said, "Silly children ! sure they will come back,"
But of that infant army not a strayer
Was found by those who followed in their track.

And other children came in time, but never
Any like them who thus had passed away !
The light of childhood's eyes was quenched for ever,
Its glamour and its gleesome mirth and play.

These children talked of prices from their cradle,
Their fairy tales were barter, tare, and tret,
They at the christ'ning eyed the silver ladles
With wizened faces old and serious set.

Rich they became and richer would be growing,
Until there came a strange and slow decay,
The stream of wealth which through the town was flowing
The hand of Progress turned another way.

Mid mournful, dumb, monotonous decaying,
Not one good thought found ever there a birth,
Till foreign foemen came, enslaving, slaying,
And ploughed that graceless city from the earth !

THE NORTHERN MUSE

KING OLAF was sad in his castle-home,
As he wander'd to and fro,
And sad on his ear fell the Norway foam
As it dash'd on the rocks below.

All sadly he look'd from the casement tall,
When he heard a soft sound ring—
A sound from without the castle-wall,
Like the thrill of a gold harp-string.

As the ship's mast springs again upright
While the tempest gathers breath,
So King Olaf felt his soul grow light,
And rise from the waves of death.

The harp-string trill'd forth yet once more,
A glory suddenly flew
O'er sea and sky and the mountains hoar,
And the green corn greener grew.

"Who stands without," King Olaf cried,
"And strikes the gold harp-string?"
"'Tis a stranger maiden," a page replied,
"A maiden as fair as spring.

"All lately she came, none know from where,
In a swift ship o'er the sea ;
And the strains she sings sound soft and rare,
Like the strains of a far countree.

"She has sung by village and sung by town,
And eke by the greenwood-side ;
And beside the sea, when the sun goes down,
She oft sings at eventide.

"Then the fisher-boy leans from out his boat,
And the fish within the sea
Draw near to her feet, and motionless float,
Entranced by her melody.

"The forester halts in the greenwood deep,
His hounds stand still also ;
And the wild deer, just about to leap,
Forgets where he would go.

"The doves are mute within their nest ;
Still and silent is the jay ;
The falcons upon their poised wings rest ;
The white owl looks on the day."

"Haste, lead her here," King Olaf said,
"Oh, lead her here straightway."
Then swift before him stood the maid,
Blue-ey'd as a blue May-day.

But dark King Olaf's visage grew
When he saw how she was clad ;
Her mantle of serge had a russet hue :
"Oh, my page, you must be mad !

"A Norway maiden this surely is—
A maiden of low degree ;
Small knowledge has this lorn maid, I wis,
Of the strains of a far countree."

"Thou wert simple, O King, to judge me, sure,
By the thread of my russet gown ;
See the gold of my harp, it is more pure
Than the gold upon your crown."

She struck her harp with a flying hand,
And King Olaf felt the roll
Of the soft sunshine of a heaven-bright land
Come swift upon his soul.

"Sing, maiden, I pray thee," King Olaf cried.
"Nay, nay, that may not be ;
For the car that leads to a heart of pride
I have no minstrelsy.

"This homespun gown of russet brown—
Oh, it is full dear to me!
In village and town, and by dale and down,
'Tis known in thine own countree.

"'Tis known, well known, in each lowly cot,
Where I dry the poor man's tear;
And the world's dread burden is all forgot,
And heav'n itself seems near.

"At the village feast, to the wedding tune,
Thus I chant in accents blithe;
Thus I sing and sing when the sun of June
Flashes of the mower's scythe.

"Round the nodding gold of the harvest wains
Thus I lead the minstrelsy;
And thus with the gleaners in the lanes
Do I laugh in summer glee.

"And the pilgrim fresh in the morning light,
Or footsore on dusty eves,
Has heard my song with a wild delight,
From among the dewy leaves.

"When the news is rung of Christ's joyful birth,
In the quiv'ring steeple's chime,
'Neath the frosty stars on the snow-white earth
I sing out my joyous rhyme.

"And there lives no peasant nor artisan,
No fisher upon the sea,
Who knows me not as the friend of man,
Both in joy and misery.

"And, King, listen now, if thy pride will bow
To kiss my robe's rough hem,
Oh, lighter perchance on your pained brow
Shall be your diadem."

There gleam'd a light from out her eyes
Which thrill'd King Olaf through;
He knelt, and kiss'd her robe's hem thrice,
And kiss'd her clouted shoe.

And as he knelt her robe fell down,
And radiance from her face,
More golden than his golden crown,
Fill'd all the shady place.

Like silver gleam'd her vest's white fold,
Green cinctur'd at the waist,
And waving wings of feathery gold
Her angel shoulders grac'd.

A smile of love-like rapture fled
Through Olaf's darken'd brain ;
He blessed the saints, and bent his head,
And then looked up again.

A moment yet, in lustrous glow,
She stood before him there,
Then faded slow, and yet more slow,
Into the viewless air.

The russet robe, the clouted shoes,
They lay upon the floor,
The vesture which the Northern Muse
In her disguise ment wore.

But echoes of her sweet notes yet
By gentle hearts are heard,
In concert with the rivulet
And with the woodland bird.

And still about old castle-wall,
Or ivied Gothic shrine,
She murmurs in the waterfall
Or sighs beneath the pine.

And though within the noisy street
She doth unheeded go,
And in the roar of engines fleet
Her voice sounds faint and low,

Yet not the less her notes shall rise
Above the anvil's chime,
And there shall swell into the skies—
Fit prean for our time.

CHATTERTON'S LAMENT

En el día de furor
Cuando al eco atronador,
De la funeral trompeta
Se junte el mundo en un valle,
Mándale al mundo que calle,
Y dile que eres poeta.

ZORRILLA.

I

BURY me under a willow,
I feel I soon must die ;
Bury me under a willow,
Let a green stream flow by.

II

The willow shall over me weep,
And the wave's voice, soft and clear,
Shall sing, as I silently sleep,
A lullaby in my cold ear.

III

Like a Naiad the willow shall lave
As it hangs o'er me and the river,
Its tresses within the cool wave
Which around it shall greenly quiver.

IV

Far, far from the haunts of men,
At the edge of some beechen glade,
For the timid deer shall then
Come and rest in the whispering shade.

V

The daisy, kingcup, and bluebell
Shall upon my breast be blown,
And the scented heath shall swell
O'er my name on the lichen'd stone.

VI

The rabbit and hare shall ply
The grass with their soft-furr'd feet,
And the bee and the small butterfly
Rest there in the noontide heat.

VII

But the rat, the weasel, and stoat,
The eft, slow-worm, and snake,
And the adder, with yellow throat,
Let them 'bide far away in the brake.

VIII

Enough have I suffered in life
From all reptile and poisonous things—
From envy, spite, malice, and strife,
The loathing a creeping brood brings.

IX

Oh, the clutch of greed has driven
Its vulture claws in my brain !
And the torturer Envy has riven
My soul to a cross of pain.

X

My genius, alas ! was my curse,
My youth was but agony ;
Each face that I saw turn'd averse
As I gasped, faint and lone, on the sea.

XI

The mulish hoofs have lighted
On my torn and bleeding feet ;
And the apish face has frightened
Noble fancies from their seat.

XII

For thoughts divine fly flouted
By an idiot's fatal jeer,
Like Diana's pale nymphs routed
By a brutal satyr's leer.

XIII

Happier far shall I lie
Under the willow green,
With the cool stream murmuring by,
Than I in life have been.

XIV

The rich man's face has galled me,
The poor man's look appalled me,
The pedant's frown has stung me,
The pert fool's sneer has wrung me ;
Pride's stony face has chill'd me,
And the world's cold scorn has kill'd me.

XV

Bury me under a willow,
I feel I soon must die ;
Bury me under a willow,
Let a green stream flow by.

HABET

THE noise of the fight grew faint afar ;
He took through the wood his homeward way ;
His plume had shone fair in the front of war,
But he now was hurt in a border fray.
The little bird sang so soft in the beech,
The hawk's brood ceased in the pine to screech.

The sunset shone through the oak's jagg'd leaves,
Gilding the bark to a golden crust,
As the knight rode slow, with blood on his greaves,
And blood on his cuisses red as rust.
The little bird sang so soft in the beech,
The hawk's brood ceased in the pine to screech.

For Christ and king in the sight of all,
His lance had many a broad field won ;
Courtiers throng'd full and fair in the palace hall,
No need of him when the fight was done.
The little bird sang so soft in the beech,
The hawk's brood ceased in the pine to screech.

Behind him followed two hounds, who ate
Daily food from a fostering hand ;
They licked at the stones with his life-blood wet,
And they sniffed at it on the sand.
The little bird sang so soft in the beech,
The hawk's brood ceased in the pine to screech.

For the blood well'd free from a rift in his mail,
To his spurs in a goodly flow ;
And his cheek grew momentarily ashy pale,
Drooping lower o'er saddle-bow.
The little bird sang so soft in the beech,
The hawk's brood ceased in the pine to screech.

Three ravens watched sharp ; by his side they flew,
As they flitted from tree to tree,
Till one cried, " He'll fall in a minute or two,
And he'll dine us grandly all three."

*The little bird sang so soft in the beech,
The hawk's brood ceased in the pine to screech.*

" And I will pick first his tongue from his lips,
Each of you take an eyeball dim ;
But, alas ! his heart's blood so freely drips,
His hounds have the best of him."

*The little bird sang so soft in the beech,
The hawk's brood ceased in the pine to screech.*

BEYOND

WHEN the thoughts of each dark morrow
Strike the lone heart with affright,
When the soul awakes to sorrow
In the pale grey morning light,

Be ye near us, radiant angels,
Spirits of the true and brave ;
Come and whisper words of comfort
From the realms beyond the grave.

Ye who left such deeds behind you
As are stars of saintly light,
Singing ever to earth's children
Through the mists and clouds of night :

" Never yield ye, never yield ye
To the tempter's earthly lure ;
Spurn the present's dross far from ye,
For the guerdon far but sure.

" Cry to Faith, Hope's holier sister ;
She shall teach to you the hymn
Which at each great thought and action
Bursts from lips of seraphim.

" Faith alone can see the glory
Which shall crown the seraph-head
When the body lies discarded
In the dark ranks of the dead."

When the thoughts of each dark morrow
Strike the lone heart with affright,
When the soul awakes to sorrow
In the pale grey morning light,

Be ye near us, radiant angels,
Spirits of the true and brave ;
Come and whisper words of comfort
From the realms beyond the grave.



LATIN
HYMNS

AVE MARIS STELLA

HAIL, Star of the Ocean,
Kind Mother of God,
O Virgin Eternal,
O Portal of Heaven.

By that "Ave" which Gabriel's
Lips first spoke to thee,
Peace give us, redeeming
Eve's error and sin.

Free sinners from bondage,
Give light to the blind,
Dispel thou our sorrow,
And pray for our bliss.

Show thy power maternal,
Let our prayers through thee
Reach Him who, born for us,
Chose thy Son to be.

O Virgin excelling,
O gentle o'er all,
Let us, freed from erring,
Be gentle and pure.

A pure life give to us,
A happy release,
That we, seeing Jesus,
May ever have peace.

Praise now God the Father,
Highest glory to Christ,
And with the Holy Ghost
Honour all Three. Amen.

AVE MARIS STELLA

Ave, maris stella,
Dei Mater alma,
Atque semper virgo
Felix cœli porta.

Sumens illud Ave
Gabrielis ore,
Funda nos in pace,
Mutans Hevæ nomen.

Solve vincla reis,
Profer lumen cœcis,
Mala nostra pelle,
Bona cuncta posce.

Monstra te esse matrem
Sumat per te preces,
Qui pro nobis natus
Tulit esse tuus.

Virgo singularis,
Inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solutos
Mites fac et castos.

Vitam præsta puram,
Iter para tutum ;
Ut videntes Jesum,
Semper collætémur.

Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo decus,
Spiritus sancto,
Tribus honor unus. Amen.

STABAT MATER

THE Mother standeth with tears falling,
Near the cross in grief appalling,
The Crucified to view,
Agonising moans soft sending,
Heart and soul with anguish rending,
For the sword has pierced her through.

Oh, how crushed in deep affliction
Is the maid of benediction,
Mother of the only One !
Oh, what sorrow unavailing,
As she sees with inward wailing
Tortured thus her glorious Son.

Can there be a human being
Who'd not weep such anguish seeing
In the Mother of our Christ ?
Who'd not join in lamentation
For the Lord of our Salvation
Cruelly so sacrificed ?

For the sons of man demented
She saw Jesus, long tormented,
Bleed beneath the scourge's smart.
Her sweet Son she watched in dying,
In His desolation crying,
Till His spirit did depart.

Mother, fount of all love holy,
Make me feel thy sorrow wholly,
All the pure love of thy breast.
That with love for Jesus glowing,
Of Christ-God I may have knowing,
And in Him have perfect rest. Amen.

STABAT MATER

STABAT Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendeat filius,
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam ed dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti !
Quæ mœrebat ed dolebat,
Pia Mater, dum videbat
Nati pœnas inclyti.

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio ?
Quis non posset contristari,
Christi Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum filio ?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum.
Vidit suum dulcem natum
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

Eia, Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.
Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam. Amen.

A LITANY TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN¹

O THOU of love serene and strong
The fountain and ideal,
To whom alone have angels sung
The heavenly hymeneal.
Virgin inviolate, Mother of Jesus,
Pray for us, pray.

O maid, whose look of grace benign
Has brought to sorrow healing,
Through ages long, with peace Divine,
All broken hearts annealing.
Virgin immaculate, Mother adorable,
Pray for us, pray.

What tongues or art could fitly bless
Thy goodness aye unfailing,
Thy purity, thy gentleness,
For all mankind availing.
Virgin of virgins, Mother of Christ,
Pray for us, pray.

No angry frown has ever crossed
That brow of starry whiteness ;
Thy holy lips have never lost
Their smile of lucid brightness.
O mirror of mercy, essence of good,
Pray for us, pray.

Of grace ineffable and fair,
Of love's most chaste devotion,
O type and splendour ! Guiding star
Upon life's stormy ocean !
O Queen of the Angels, O star of the morn,
Pray for us, pray.

¹ Note 6.

O help us in our prayers, sweet Queen
Of Heaven, that man or woman
May never lack thy faith serene
Through violence inhuman.
O mystic rose ! of all saints Queen,
Pray for us, pray.

O refuge safe of sick and poor,
Of sinners vile, repenting—
Who art a sanctuary sure,
From fierceness unrelenting.
Refuge of sinners, portal of Heaven,
Pray for us, pray.

Grant us in thy magnificence
To feel thy love maternal,
And live through thy beneficence
With Christ in peace eternal.
Virgin immortal, Mother Divine,
Pray for us, pray.

SONNETS

TO THE MOON

I

O MAIDEN, herald of eternal peace !
O luller of the storm of human greed !
O silent censor of each wrongful deed !
Say, art thou pale with grief at slow increase
Of love and truth, that man knows no release
From wrong's fell coil, which, like the ocean weed,
Clogging some swimmer's arms in drowning need,
Drags the weak striver downwards : cease, O cease
Thy queenly march a while, and let thy light,
Poised like a pearl upon a Peri's brow,
Reign the chief splendour of the crown of night ;
To sorrow's weary eyelids peace bring'st thou,
And balm to wounded hope : stay, stay, O moon !
The tyrant day will wake care's sleep too soon !

TO THE MOON

II

- Why make we sonnets to the barren moon ?
- The baying of a melancholy hound
And the most dainty rhymes that e'er were wound
Are quite alike to her—and no buffoon
On her white face would raise blush, smile, or frown.
On Juliet and Romeo she will smile
Or seem to smile, no doubt, when the same while
On some smart burglar she will look adown,
Entering some neighbour's casement, with a face
Of equal brightness ; bridal feasts to her
Are no more welcome than a massacre.
Yet her chief task she does without grimace :
Love-sick old ocean round the world she tows
Just like a bear with ring placed in his nose.

TO THE MOON

III

Yet we should see thee, Moon, as thou wert seen
By lover fine, by poet, and by sage,
By the high souls and pure of every age.
A mirror from whose argent face serene
Thought was flashed back more tender and benign.
Thou art as free to all as is the air,
Thy changes all are beautiful—as fair
A light thy pearl-souled crescent doth enshrine
As doth thy full-faced orb—ever thy rise
To shepherds' hearts brings joy—to wanderers
In forests deep and to all mariners
A benediction thou. Oft grateful eyes
Cast Hero from her lattice on thy beam
Glittering along the Hellespont's dark stream.

HYMNAL BELLICOSITY

I

God surely is a God of love and ruth,
Surely to pray to Him there is no need
Of helm and hauberk, spurs, and battle steed,
No armour needs humility and truth.
Why should the soul so oft in hymnal rhymes
Be called upon to ply the sword and spear
And don the barbarous antiquated gear
Invented for man's wrath in cruel times?
Surely Christ's love is hardly to be won
By battering at Heaven's gate in fighting mood,
But meekness, gentleness, and fortitude
In the sad earthly race which we must run
Are more in harmony with the Master's word
That he who smites shall perish with the sword.

HYMNAL BELLICOSITY

II

Lions on lions wage not brother war
Nor eagle upon eagle. Only man,
Proud and pre-eminent, in murder can
Find profit and delight and honour fair.
Of all the blood which has been shed since Cain,
By stone or steel, the blood of Innocence
Has chiefly been on murderous pretence
Shed in the countless hosts of millions slain.
No martial weapon, Christian, shalt thou don
For thy life's pilgrimage, but thy cross bear
Through beast-thronged wilds and human crowds more drear,
Hoping at last a vision may be won,
Brighter than that, with aged eyes and dim,
Which Moses saw from high-peaked Abarim.

ON THE PROPOSED NATIONAL MONUMENT FOR SHAKESPEAR

What needs my Shakespear for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in piled stones ?

MILTON.

THE bust of Shakespear as a burgess good
Perched at the corner of the Gothic choir—
Of the sweet Avon church I came to admire—
It seemed in such sarcastic, pleasant mood,
And by thought-reading I quick understood
What did those lips with a quaint smile inspire—
It heard two loiterers here with braggart fire
Talk of the future monument which should
Bring it to shame—and thought “ Perdy, that’s base,
For three long centuries the work I’ve done
Of representing England’s greatest son—
I represent him as by British grace
He lived here by his own smart thrift well fed,
And not like Spenser, killed for lack of bread.”

ON A NEW OFFICIAL PEER

"Hoc hoc tribuno militum."—HORACE, *Ep.*, Ode iv.

JOHN BULL has had peers of the vats and stills,
And journalistic procurers and bawds
Have now their benches in the House of Lords ;
Official heads of office too, whose quills
Have wrought for John a lot of blundering ills ;
These men outrank the lords of guns and swords,
Of smelly law courts and grand diddling boards.
These John has borne, for most were rich enow,
And if they blunder'd 'twas in blunders big ;
But thou, poor scrivener, thy bald, brainless brow,
Why should it wear a coronet for a wig ?
Of bigger blunderers thou wast but the thrall
Lickspittling aye the great and bullying aye the small.

TO DEATH

O DEATH ! of guilty men thou fell despair,
To coward hearts thou art an awful thing ;
At dream of thee the conscience-smitten king
Turns ghastly pale within his inmost lair.
No useless hosts of bayonets can tear
Thy chill from out his soul ; thy name doth wring
The lustful soul with anguish ; thou dost spring
E'en at the rich man's feast, with eyeless stare
And chapless jaws, and lipless, hideous grin.
But oh ! there are to whom thou dost appear
A herald fair, to free them from the din
And press of this rough world. They have no fear
To follow thee, O Death, and leave the thorns
Of life's hard ways, and evil-hearted scorns.

ITALICA

.

ITALIA REDIVIVA¹

I

THE fervour of a new and mighty gladness
Has pass'd into the world, and cannot die ;
The eyes of Faith, no longer dimm'd with sadness,
See promise of new dawn within the sky.
For Youth and Freedom, Love and Poesy,
Clasped hands and tears of rapture dimm'd the cheek,
And hope leapt up and cried exultingly,
When from the clamour of war's sulphurous reek
The Austrian vulture flew with shatter'd plume and beak.

II

And she, the glorious child of Europe's morn,
The eldest born of Rome, she heard the sound ;
She drank the thund'rous boom of cannon born
There, where she lay in darkness underground.
She knew the hour—as with impulsive bound
She leapt upon the dungeon floor, the roof
Was riven asunder and the walls around
Fell, and her chains, as though at Heaven's reproof,
Fled from her limbs like threads of some enchanted woof.

III

She cried, and all the radiant forms of truth
Came from afar to see the glorious thrall,
Clad in the splendour of her deathless youth,
Unstained by bondage and the things which crawl
In slimy stealth upon the dungeon wall.
Each emanation of the Eternal Flame,
The Poet-dreams, the fair creations all
Glories, and winged ministers of Fame,
Winnowing the infinite air, around Italia came.

¹ Note 7.

IV

Foremost of all the immortal company,
 The sweet Castalian powers were rang'd around,
 From whom all Science, Art, and Poesy
 Cloth'd the dim thoughts of men. Urania wound
 Her arm around her form, the while she crown'd
 With a star-woven anadem her brow,
 And cried, "Oh, joy! dear child, that we have found
 Thy hero soul, thy woman's love, for now
 Europe has need to feel thy pulse's ancient glow.

V

"Yes, Europe needs the grand and simple heart,
 Which thou didst nourish in thy sons of yore;
 For in the rush of traffic and the mart
 The bloom and grace of life die more and more.
 And Unbelief, with wither'd lips and frore,
 E'en on spring's blossoms breathes her scorching rime.
 Ah, me! Italia, voiceless anguish tore
 My heart when thou, misled by Faith sublime,
 Laid down thy spear and shield amid an age of crime."

VI

Then spake Italia: "In my youth's dim dawn
 Vast were my dreams; when the Barbarian wars
 Had ceas'd, and Hun and Vandal had withdrawn,
 Darkling, I loved, beneath the moon and stars,
 To wander round Rome's ruins. While the scars
 And rifts of Havoc caught the splintering blaze
 Of silver light, I track'd the victor cars,
 Where they had worn the long triumphal way
 'Mid the red mammoth-bones of Rome's imperial day.

VII

"Oft in night's stillness, by the palaces,
 I heard the owls hoot in the Cæsars' hall,
 And from the Capitol and cypress-trees,
 On Nero's golden house, in echoing call,
 The birds of desolation whoop'd o'er all.
 I felt no sadness, for I knew the dust
 Pregnant with life to lift away the pall
 Which then enswathed the world—the martyr'd just
 Had planted in my soul such deep immortal trust.

VIII

“ And Rome had left a heritage to me,
A word which made my bosom sink and swell,
A name—a dream—immense ‘ Humanity ’ ;
And when I heard it, it became a spell
To draw me like a child. And this knew well
Those who fierce looks upon my beauty cast ;
But much my people lov’d in thought to dwell
Upon the name of Cæsar and the vast
Mysterious one which loom’d from out the sceptred past.

IX

“ Thus when an Otho rode in feudal state
Down from the Alps and grasp’d the iron crown,
All cried : ‘ Lo Cæsar ! victor over fate
And death’s pale kingdoms ! ’ and they knelt adown,
And did him homage, as from town to town
He swept triumphant ; but I knew the cheat,
The vulture-heart beneath the ermin’d gown,
And at Legnano such heroic heat
I roused, that from my soil the Suabian made retreat.

X

“ Still was the future veiled before mine eyes,
When came a priest, wan, hollow-cheek’d, austere,
Bearing the cross ; he spake in saintly wise,
‘ O fairest of the fair, Italia ! hear,
I offer not to thee what men hold dear,
Conquest or power or treasurable worth ;
But this I ask, to aid me to uprear
The world-redeeming cross, that, through new birth,
All nations may be ruled by Christ’s Law upon earth.’

XI

“ As the grand prospect open’d from the dark,
More than mine own Columbus I grew pale,
When first he saw from out his weary bark
The land of promise. Ah ! for bliss or bale
I grasp’d the mission. And by hill and dale
With shield and spear I fought. The Tuscan maid
Matilda, arm’d with Amazonian mail,
Flash’d by my side her keen and spotless blade,
Till on the pontiff’s brow the triple crown was laid.

XII

“ But, ah ! I learnt, in far too late an hour
 That Piety will never creep or climb,
 To seize with ruthless hand the keys of pow'r ;
 Heaven's altar-stairs grew stepping-stones to crime,
 It seem'd, the Neros of Rome's basest time
 Had burst the gates of death, with hope elate,
 To make Christ's name abhorr'd in every clime,
 To use the cross in mockery and hate,
 And bring the heathen gods back to their ancient state.

XIII

“ O Dante, O Petrarca, ye felt well
 My agonising heart, when from the lyre
 Ye struck your grand notes with a master spell,
 Arrows of song all barb'd and wing'd with fire
 Of Love's own deathless thirst and heavenly ire,
 And show'd the wanton with the cheek of flame,
 Gorging from Christ's own wine impure desire,
 Making the sanctuary a den of shame,
 Of which the hideous reek unto th' Eternal came.

XIV

“ Then Ariosto from foul dark age
 Fled on his griffin steed, through forests drear,
 Seeking Angelica with Roland's rage,
 The lost world-beauty. Cities shook with fear,
 Yet still my artists wrought with noble cheer,
 New worlds for man. The poet-hands worked fast,
 Peopling the human soul's void atmosphere ;
 Present ideals vivified the past,
 And thus each changing mood was from the pencil cast.

XV

“ For Leonardo's virgins gaily smiled
 At maceration, with lips archly curl'd,
 And Raphael's beam'd immaculately mild.
 But Angelo his wrathful judgment hurled,
 In execration of a fiendish world.
 Till sweet Correggio in Parma's shrine
 Drew the Madonna, borne on wings unfurl'd
 Of angels, in her ecstasy divine,
 Her arms sought heaven—that form I saw, I wept—'twas
 mine !

XVI

“ O Tasso, noble soul ! who to the bad
 Sang thy pure strain of love and chivalry,
 Why did the spawn of evil style thee mad,
 But that thou didst believe in Christ and me,
 Amid an age of hell's own tyranny ?
 Let thy tormentors pass ; their heirs have quaff'd
 The death-cup which were mixed with fiendish glee
 For others, wither'd is the priestly craft,
 E'en as the Borgias died by their own poison-draught.

XVII

“ Since the vain laurel-crown was laid as though
 To mock Torquato, on his death-cold brows,
 In Saint Onofrio's cell, the poet's glow
 Froze in my veins. But music then arose
 To melodise unutterable woes :
 ‘ O *Miserere* ! ’ Palestrina sighs,
 The Sixtine darkening at each psalm's sad close,
 O *Mater dolorosa*, veil thine eyes
 While Pergolese hymns my ghostly sacrifice.

XVIII

“ O my tone-poets ! ye who did create
 New coronals of glory for the soul,
 Ne'er for my darkness, cold and desolate,
 Did ye lose hope. Now let your glories roll,
Salve Regina sound from pole to pole !
 For I have burst the bonds of crime and night ;
 Once more I see before me the great goal
 Of human destiny. O life ! O light !
 Nor prince nor slave shall more take in my wounds delight.

XIX

“ My wounds ! let pass—curse not, but look aside,
 Leave the brute brows who wrought my misery,
 The inctuous sycophants who fed their pride
 On my distress, and mock'd me and passed by.
 Ah ! like my Galileo, through the sky
 New galaxies of splendour I espied,
 Armida-realms, more bright than those which my
 Columbus or Amerigo descried
 With dwellers by high thoughts purg'd and beatified.

XX

“ Immers'd in darkness, fetter'd by the spite
Of priest and prince, I fail'd to count the years,
Till, from the apathy of dateless night
Prophetic rapture loos'd the disused tears,
My name was borne unto my ravish'd ears,
And I had visions of a golden morn :
The young, the brave, the beautiful, the dear
Invok'd Italia, dar'd the world's fixed scorn,
And of their martyr-blood this liberty is born.

XXI

“ O martyrs pale ! I will your hopes fulfil ;
And though long centuries have fled by,
Savonarola ! Campanella ! still
Your mystic dreams of Christ's true monarchy
Shall have my violets. In glad augury,
O white cross of Savoy ! I hail thy fold !
Thou wave-born Cytherëis, cease to sigh ;
Ere thy lagoons blush red with summer gold,
The lion of St. Mark shall from thy masts be roll'd.

XXII

“ Make ready the blood ransom in your veins
My children, ye must pay the whole price down ;
Enough of *thy* blood on our Lombard plains,
O France ! chivalric sister. In each town,
From Ætna to the Alps, let war drums drown
All softer music till the land is free ;
Then will I seek my unfulfilled renown,
And so my spirit-realms once more shall be
The palace, home, and hope of all humanity.”

TO ITALY

TELL me where, oh where may be,
The true land of Italy !
Is't where Roma sits sublime,
Thronèd on her buried wonder ;
Burning as in classic prime,
Still to rift her bonds asunder ?
No, oh no ! foul shame 't would be
To call that only Italy.

Is't where Naples laughs serene,
Shining o'er the summer waters ?
Is't where Genoa, Tyrrhene Queen,
Keeps her fair-faced dark-haired daughters ?
No, oh no ! foul shame 't would be
To call that only Italy.

Is't where the Adriatic bride
Fortress'd rides upon the ocean ?
Where Florence for her bygone pride,
Yearning, pants in wild emotion ?
No, oh no ! foul shame 't would be
To call that only Italy.

Where'er the Tuscan "*si*" soft thrills
From lips of love and hearts of ruth—
From balmy south to Alpine hills,
That is thy land, Hesperian youth.
Oh, if you but united be,
She shall be free, your Italy !

Strike but together at the foe,
The startled Goth shall howling flee ;
A Marius, a Stilicho,
Is every son who would be free.
Oh, if you but united be,
She shall be free, your Italy !

Land of love, and light, and life,
Fire their souls with words of flame,
To merit in the coming strife
Their heritage of fame.
Oh, if you but united be,
She shall be free, your Italy !

TO ENGLAND

A GLORIOUS land, a people brave,
Stands in arms for liberty :
That land has long been Austria's slave—
'Tis the land of Italy.
Now from freedom's favoured soil
Let the brazen trumpet blow :
England, cheer the freeman's toil,
Free are those who would be so.
Valiant and free for the valiant and free
Thou, England, ever and ever shalt be ;
Send forth a trumpet tone over the sea,
Send back an echo to dear liberty.

The Austrian, Haynau, and the Pope
Long, long, were leagued together,
Brothers in fear and brothers in hope,
Base fowl of one black feather.
Long on Italia's noblest gore
Have Austria's vultures fed,
While the harpy-priest with his talons tore
The soul in each young child's head.
Valiant and free for the valiant and free
Thou, England, ever and ever shalt be ;
Send forth a trumpet tone over the sea,
Send back an echo to dear liberty.

The dungeon, rope, and bayonet,
Were glories round their thrones ;
With noble blood were cities wet,
Their lives were patriot moans.
High thy sword, Italia, flash ;
England, let thy trumpet blow !
Hell's last stronghold down to dash,
Like the walls of Jericho.
Valiant and free for the valiant and free
Thou, England, ever and ever shalt be ;
Send forth a trumpet tone over the sea,
Send back an echo to dear liberty.

RAMENTA

O THOU resort and mart of all the earth,
Chequer'd with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes : in whom I see
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor.

COWPER

URBS ADUMBRATA

Confusæ sonus urbis et illelabile murmur.

I

ALAS ! the million-peopled city, where
Vast Mammon gloats upon the fierce turmoil ;
Where the sun sickens in the dun fog air,
Black with the smoke of never-ending toil ;
Where Pride and Misery have hid the soil
For many a league with palace, hut, and street ;
Where Hunger reaps a ghastly unseen spoil
Of raw-boned cheeks, and Vice in drunken heat
Shrieks in the roar of wheels and iron-trampling feet.

II

Ah ! who can tell within that city dread,
Where every week a thousand lives are born,
Whence every week go forth a thousand dead,
What hateful deeds, what shrieks and sights forlorn,
Are shrouded up ? what pangs in silence born ?
Beneath their ruffian mates mute women bleed ;
Girls from their homes by ruffian lust are torn ;
The orphan weeps the rav'ning lawyer's greed,
And thousands gasp for aid in vain, in dying need.

III

O for thy deepest notes, O Elegy !
To wail the woes in fit-resounding line
Of hunger-bitten sad mortality ;
Th' undying cares that ever peak and pine
In Hope's pale face : while Cant's hyena whine
Mocks o'er the grave of Honour ; and man wears
The meek lamb's face upon the wolf's design ;
And wrong breeds wrong, till each his mansion rears
Upon his fellow's spoils and alien sweat and tears.

IV

They toil ; the millions toil in joyless dearth
To earn from day to day a little bread ;
Robbed of their souls by penury at their birth,
They die like beasts whose very life is dead,
For their enslaver's use but born and bred ;
Then are they tramp'd into a pauper's grave ;
Their latest years on pauper's food are fed ;
Their entrails vile when cold no pasture crave,
Corruption's worms the best befriend the rotting slave.

V

Amid the dreary wastes of penury,
With endless rows of squalid huts built o'er,
By the shrill loom gaunt forms for ever ply
Mid rags and fever, grimy wall and floor,
The black cesspool stinks sweltering at the door ;
They never get one smile of spring's delight,
Which she on woods and lawns does yearly pour ;
Full cause I ween has every hapless wight
To curse, like Job, the day when first he saw the light.

VI

They work, they want, and never end they see ;
They earn of bitter food one scant supply ;
They rear dear children up to misery ;
And all within some lazar-house to die,
Where ghastly forms on pent-up pallets lie,
Typhoid fevers, cholera blue, and stone,
Spasms, ulcers foul, and frenzy's bloodshot eye,
Where dying ears are torn by dying groan,
And dying eyes see limbs in death's convulsions thrown.

VII

And Pleasure revels close to Horror's lair,
There, where deep Verdi's rapture-laden notes
Set the brain dancing to the dazzling glare
Of lamps and flashing eyes, white arms, soft throats,
Tier above tier : the ravished fancy doats
On priceless sheen, soft cheeks, and braided hair :
The quavers thrill, the elfin dancer floats,
And, like on tepid Nile some lotus fair,
The soul faints swooning on the palpitating air.

VIII

Perhaps the flashing chariot whirling home
 A rank of outcasts in the streets may pass,
 Shivering in rags beneath the murky gloom,
 Gaunt faces paler in the flickering gas ;
 The surly porter, with his look of brass,
 At workhouse door due charity denies,
 And one night's shelter to the hungry mass ;
 And so they sit, with heavy-lidded eyes,
 Till o'er the dark house-top the drizzling dawn shall rise.

IX

Then Fraud and Treachery snuff the midnight air,
 The poisoner stirs the drink with murder rife,
 The mother views the stifled babe with care,
 Sure none can guess 'twas she that stopped that life ;
 The husband gags the death-shriek of the wife :
 Now prowling thrive Garotte and Burglary ;
 The smug attorney plans the knavish strife,
 How he a thief may yet no felon be ;
 The plump director plots his scheme with rascal glee.

X

There, where the senate hears the slow debate,
 How Tory Bufo ¹ sees with sorrowing face
 His country's good name and the helm of state
 The prey of speakers, flashy, false, and base,
 Him, too, the see-saw lifts to pride of place ;
 His knaves with office, and his fools with lies,
 Then Bufo pays, and spouts with victor grace,
 Th' evasive speech, the stale and pert replies,
 And wondering voters gasp and gulp his fingered flies.

XI

Yes, liberty has oft been Bufo's spoil,
 The stalking-horse by which he crept to power,
 Made simple dupes of art, and trade, and toil,
 And filch'd away the good of freedom's dower.

¹ " Proud as Apollo on his forked hill
 Sat full-blown Bufo puffed by every quill ;

* * * * *
 May every Bavius have his Bufo still."

Within his shade did fools, rich valets cower,
 Olympian glory to new gentlemen,
 Unto his use he bribed from hour to hour
 The pert law-huckster, venal tongue and pen,
 With whom his motley crew he filled up now and then.

XII

No wonder, England, when such made thy laws,
 When such devised thy false diplomacy,
 That thy vast strength e'er propped the tyrant's cause ;
 That thou wert cursed from south to Baltic Sea,
 As selfish foe to Europe's liberty ;
 That here the muses licked the sordid earth,
 That here no genius felt nobility ;
 Fit subject wert thou for demonic mirth,
 Bending the giant knees to dwarfs of doubtful birth.

XIII

Of doubtful birth—for though vain Bufo draw
 His blood immaculate from bastard breed
 Of Charles or George, from S——n, Y——e, or L——w,
 Nought can his vile servility exceed,
 To wealth or power of which he stands in need,
 He'll wed and league with trades' most vile refuse,
 His mortgag'd lands with city filth to feed,
 Cringe to contractor rogues, and atheist Jews,
 Talk much of God, and herd with blacklegs from the mews.

XIV

But woe to him within whose gentle mind
 Justice and mercy dwell as in a fane,
 Whose soul yearns forth with blessings for his kind,
 And cannot call his good another's bane ;
 A rebel vile 'gainst Bufo's anarch reign,
 Him with law's scourge, he'd lash into the bone,
 Envy shall goad his soul with life-long pain,
 Deep in his heart an iron-pointed zone
 Shall Misery draw, and Hate shall gloat upon his groan.[†]

[†] Note 8.

XV

When prophet lips are quenched in cold decay,
And the hot brow within the grave has rest,
Perchance from out his ashes shall a ray
Dawn on man's life, a beam with healing blest
For human pain, and pierce the flintiest breast ;
Oh, virtues are not dangerous in the dead !
Let reverence now come forth with sable vest,
And o'er his grave abundant tears be shed,
And let the stone be raised to him who lacked for bread.

XVI

Ah, Thames ! how many noble souls and fair
Seek yearly in thy gloomy wave repose,
Dragged by the hand of pitiless Despair !
Oh, black and kindly Acheron, what woes
Of houseless souls thou bring'st to earthly close !
From the high parapet they leap to thee,
O'er their young lives the healing water flows,
A plash ! a groan ! the victim is set free,
From wrong and shame and man and lifelong misery.

XVII

O London ! swart dim workshop of the earth—
O lazar Babel of this universe !
Region of sighs and hell of tortured worth,
O plague-spot ! black'ning out from worse to worse.
Thick is thy monstrous breath with labour's curse ;
Engine immense of man's primeval doom !
Well o'er thee like the sables o'er the hearse
Hang thy low leaden clouds in ceaseless gloom,
O all devouring grave of children of thy womb !

XVIII

Yet from the darkness of thy darkest hour
Is whispered comfort. 'Mid the groaning choir
Of speechless anguish, agonising power,
There are still voices sounding even higher,
Of quenchless hope and chivalrous desire ;
Wait but the morn—then tender hearts shall meet,
And love all glowing from the bright hearth-fire
Shall pass without into the busy street,
And grasp the toil-worn hand there in communion sweet.

XIX

Night slowly wanes : there is an epoch's birth,
Preluded in the world's dumb moaning cry.
Is not man born with wailing ? From the earth
Lift, England, up thy free and fearless eye,
O look thou where the trampled nations lie !
From thy war-trumpet let thy breath be hurled,
To herald in Christ's pure democracy ;
To scatter all the clouds about us furl'd,
And let new glory through to vivify the world.

A VISION OF BARBAROSSA

THEN I came unto a forest through whose high o'er-archèd
dark
The July moon sent silvery white flashes on the bark.
Through the dark and spectral branches here and there a star
would gleam,
So still it seem'd the wood to be of some old quiet dream.
There from alley on to alley in a dark abstracted mood,
I wander'd till I sat me down on a fallen trunk i' th' wood.
Ghostly, ghostly was the stillness which wrapt all things in its
pall,
Save the dewdrops stilly pattering, or a whispering leaf's slow
fall :
So I, sitting there, soul weary with the sorrows of the time,
Heard the midnight bells of Salzburg ring in silver-toned
chime,
And I started up that instant, for athwart the forest night,
Black'ning all the stems before me, flooded forth a blood-red
light—
Walking onwards then to see from whence this weirdly glory
came,
Passing right into the crimson glare, I saw a cleft of flame
Rifted in the mountain buttress, which seem'd in its rocky
side
Crimson-orbèd deep effulgence, of the setting sun to hide.
As I look'd my eyes grew stronger, and a strange and wild
desire
Seiz'd my fancy, and I went unto that rocky mouth of fire ;
Yet though within the cave I stood, I felt no scorching glow
More than sun at summer midnight sheds upon the Arctic
snow.
On through rocks of crimson crystal, like a grot of flame.
blood-red
Vaulted o'er a giant passage, were my onward footsteps led,
Till a portal huge as city gate my farther path did stay ;

I touch'd it, on their hinges turn'd the valves with silent sway.

Then burst a sight, a sight which made my senses swim amain,

Endless ranks of armèd warriors couch'd across an endless plain.

Thick as reapèd corn in harvest-field their quiet ranks did lie, In lines as long as crimson bars, in some still evening sky ;

Wave on wave of valour sleeping all in arms across the field, Giant forms in giant corslets, helmets drooping o'er the shield ;

Spears like pine-stems, swords two-handed, partisans with hookèd blade

Saw I in each hand enfolded, glistening clear like steel new made.

Right before me on the summit of a slope of ranks appear'd

A vast palace Gothic archèd of a moonlike substance rear'd.

Twixt the beaming argent mullions flash'd the lozeng'd window frames,

Ruby splendours, blots of azure, emerald glories, topaz flames ;

All about the silver mouldings tracery wreath'd of rosy fire ;

Peopled was with glowing statue every niche and glitt'ring spire ;

In the centre stood the gateway carven fine as chasèd gold

Starry fringes, gemmy clusters, close embossèd and enroll'd.

This majestic fabric drew me straight unto its portal wide

By a path which that great army border'd in on either side ;

I shudder still when I do think amid that silence lone,

I heard my breath within the crowd each quiet as a stone :

But on I went, I felt it not, the mystery of that hour,

For I knew my soul was guided by the hand of some good power.

So I came into the gateway, where huge guards of monstrous limb,

Lay sprawling round with halberds, bearded cuirass'd Anakin,

Through the gate a lofty vista, archways less'ning span by span,

From quadrangle to quadrangle, pierc'd the building's endless plan.

As I pass'd, nor stay nor question from the sleeping warders there,

Rows of golden-wingèd dragons led the way into the square :

In no palace of enchantment sung of in romances old

Read we of such rarest crystals, marbles, gem-encrusted gold :

In each court great squared squadrons, knights in complete
armour stood,
Vizors down and straight uplifted lances like a bristling wood.
As I went, new marvels ever flooded forth upon my gaze,
Less'ning vaults of golden panels spangled o'er with diamond
blaze ;
Flights of stairs of shining marble, with gold wreathèd
balustrade,
Cornice white with silver frostwork, chequer-pavèd long
arcade ;
Till at length a mightier mass of opal domes and silver spires,
And a front of dazzling lustre cloth'd with iridescent fires,
O'er a row of marble dragons, flick'ring tongue and claws of
gold,
Golden-scalèd, golden-wingèd of the central structure told ;
Knights in bronze of height colossal on two horses by the
door,
Rear'd their eagle crests defiant up full seventy feet and
more ;
Passing through them, from the threshold gazing in, oh vast
amaze !
With both hands my eyes I veilèd from the deep terrific
blaze ;
From the swoon of sense grown stronger then I saw a hall
whose roof
Spann'd the air with starry azure lofty as the rainbow's
woof.
Mighty crowns of flame all sun-bright self-suspended one by
one,
In unswerving line descending, through the central space did
run ;
Burning amethyst and ruby seem'd to be the clust'ring
strength
Of the columns of the Gothic aisles throughout the building's
length.
Never builder old of Egypt or Assyria dared to raise
Hall or temple which should compass all the hosts which met
my gaze.
For about, around, and everywhere where'er the eye could
see
Spread a mass of knights and horses like a plumèd crested
sea ;
Oh, a thousand, thousand mailèd knights, yet not a limb did
stir,
And my footsteps from the shining floor fell lone upon my
car ;

Oh, a thousand, thousand mounted knights in pomp of
chivalry,

Velvet mantle, scarf and surcoat, stiff with gold embroidery ;
Oh, a thousand, thousand mounted knights, and all as still as
death,

Were a sight to make the holdest pause, I ween, and hold his
breath.

But afar in hemicycle, bright beyond imagining,
Stood a range of thrones upraised, on each throne a crown'd
king.

So adown the ranks I hasten'd, and I stole in swiftness by,
For each beaver was uplifted, and I fear'd each fixed bright
eye :

Never once I paused on quaint device in burnish'd shield to
stare,

For I yearn'd to see those kingly forms who sat in glory there.
One vast cross of silver whiteness rose the royal seats above,
With a mighty form dependent, Christ the Lord of Peace and
Love :

Its colossal arms extended, drew with pious awe my soul,
O'er the halo of its thorn crown stood this legend on a scroll :
"*When the soul shall spurn soul bondage will the sleep of these be
done,*

*Pride shall perish, Love shall conquer and avenge God's murder'd
Son.*"

Then upon that kingly conclave looking down above them all,
Clad in glory far excelling, sat one form sublimely tall :

By his crown imperial burning, round his amber-flowing
hair ;

By his crimson fold of mantle and its length below the chair ;
By the blazing couchant lion, where his mail'd feet were
laid ;

By his jewell'd spurs and spur-straps and his diamond-hilted
blade ;

By his canopy bright-blazon'd and his armour all of gold,
And his belt carbuncle-studded round his snowy surcoat
roll'd ;

By his white and ample forehead ; by his bearded majesty ;
By the soul of power which grandly beam'd in quiet from his
eye ;—

'Twas the Kaiser Barbarossa, and I felt that all alone
Amid those enchanted legions he was watching on his throne.

L'ENVOI

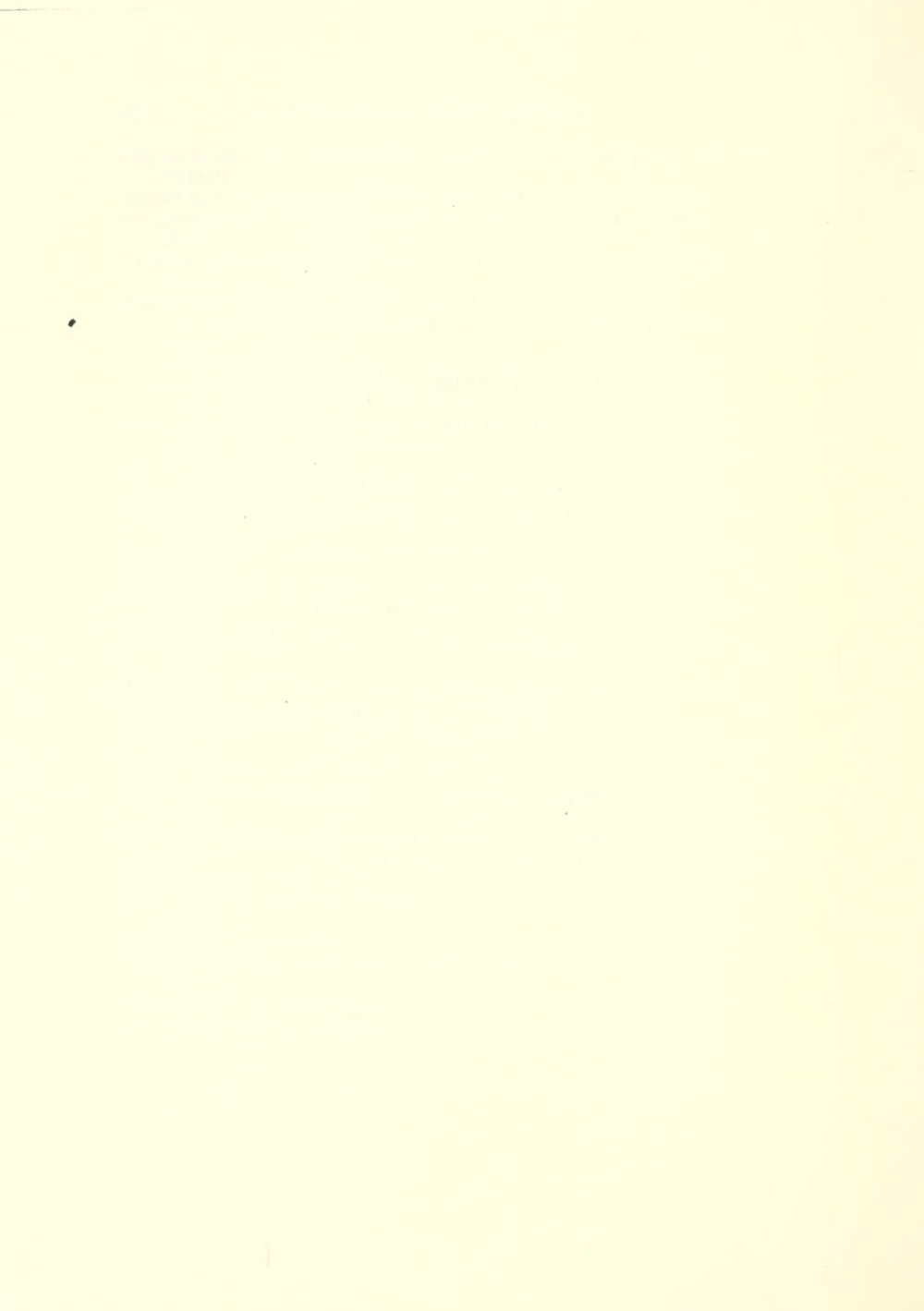
FROM my sunshine and my shadow,
From my hot moods and my drear,
Random rhymes have shot together,
And they lie upgathered here.

Much, it may be, is misuttered,
Nature's language wrongly spelt,
But there are true intimations of
Joys and greater sorrows felt.

Grand press-barons might disdain them,
And their vassals follow suit ;
But far nobler minds had loved them,
Mighty voices, though now mute—

Men and women judging purely
With fine soul and gracious heart,
Not according to the dictates
Of the book ring and its mart.

They have left me a lone patch of
Sun-forgotten Alpine snow,
Some fresh lines upon their gravestones
I for flowers leave, ere I go.



TRANSLATIONS
FROM THE POEMS OF
HEINRICH HEINE

LIFE OF HEINE¹

Most of the following translations appeared in my biography and summary of the works of Heine published in 1876. These translations give, perhaps, as complete a representation of his poetry as is possible in so small a space. A sketch of his life, drawn from these volumes, with supplementary extracts, may invest this selection with greater interest.

In spite of the claim which Heine puts into the mouth of an Italian Marchese in the *Reisebilder* ("Pictures of Travel") that he was one of the first men of his century because born on New Year's Day, 1800, he was, it appears, really born on the 13th day of December, 1799, at Düsseldorf on the Rhine, in the Duchy of Berg. One hundred and seven years have thus elapsed since Heine was born, and the 16th of February of last year (1906) was the fiftieth anniversary of his death.

Three calamities attended his birth—he was born poor, born a Jew, and born a German—and the calamity of having been born a German was, so far as he was a Jew and a German, aggravated by the fact that five years after his birth, in 1805, and from 1805 to 1814, he became a French subject, by the establishment of a French Government in the Duchy of Berg. He would jestingly say in later life at Paris that his true legitimate sovereign was Napoleon III.—for the great Napoleon, who, he said, "dislocated all frontiers," and whose entry into Düsseldorf he witnessed as a child and has so touchingly described in his *Reisebilder*, made sovereign of the Duchy of Berg his infant nephew Louis Napoleon, son of the King of Holland, and he (Heine said) never abdicated. Whatever were the misfortunes of his birth, he became a well-formed, handsome, auburn-haired, clear-eyed, bright-witted child, and he might have been born with a hump back or a club foot, which would have made matters worse. He maintained his attractive appearance up to the last amid the tortures and emaciation of his eight-years-long death-bed, so that when he died his handsome features bore, as many said, and as he recognised himself, a strong resemblance to the artistic conception of *der leidende Christ*. Circumstances thus gave Heine a French education in his youth, so that

¹ Note 9.

the French sympathies which were so marked a trait in his character had a natural, legal, and laudable origin ; if Napoleon was regarded by the enslaved German peasants as a liberator from virtual serfhood, to the poor tortured Israelites he came in the light of a Heaven-sent Messiah, since he delivered as by a magic wand a victimised and persecuted race from secular chains of ignominious bondage, and the unfortunate Hebrew was, after centuries of tyranny, raised at once from the condition of a hunted pariah to the rank of a human being enjoying equal rights with his oppressors.

The Lycée at which Heine was educated was a French Government school, and the boys were trained up to become good citizens of the great Napoleonic Empire. The medium of instruction for all things, from geography to mathematics, was to be in French. No teacher was admitted who did not know the French language, and a third part of the school hours was employed in French grammar and literature.

When the Napoleonic Empire came to an end, in 1814, all French ideas and French reforms were rigorously put down, and, as Heine expressed it with bitter irony, "The slaves who had been let loose in the peril of the storm to work the pumps and handle the ropes at the risk of their lives were, when the good ship floated safe once more, turned back again into the hold and chained well down once more in political darkness."

This, which was true enough for the whole German people, was, of course, still more painfully true for the Jews. The Jewish community at Frankfort, as soon as the war of the Liberation was over, were again thrust into their dark and dismal Ghetto and compelled to live apart, caged up like the leprous outcasts of the Middle Ages—and Heine was for a time an inhabitant of this very Ghetto—the *Juden-gasse* of Frankfort.

Heine's parents were so poor (his father was a small cloth merchant) that they could do little for him. But the great mainstay of the family was Solomon Heine, his father's brother, who, from small beginnings in the secular business of the Jews—money-dealings—had thriven wonderfully, *à la* Rothschild, and become a great millionaire banker in Hamburg. Opulence had not improved his temper, for he was a splenetic, choleric old gentleman—a Hebrew Chremes or Sir Anthony Absolute—but capable of generous outbursts in the way of public and private charities. Heine christened him *der furchtbare Tyrann*—"the terrible tyrant"—and *der furchtbare Tyrann* he remained all his life. He made natural but useless endeavours to engage Heine in commerce, but finding Heine's nature refractory to matters of *Mark Banco*, consented to help him to a legal education to fit him for practice as a lawyer, commerce and law in those days being the only lines of livelihood open to an Israelite.

Finally his uncle reluctantly allowed him to follow his own bent in poetry and literature, although Heine was to the last with him the ugly duckling of the family—he could never understand what

he was about—and being complimented in later years, when Heine was in the fulness of his fame, on his nephew's reputation, replied, "If the stupid fellow had only learned something, he had had no need to write books." In his perplexity about his nephew he applied once to Professor Zimmerman, of Frankfort: "*Sagen sie mir*, tell me, *Herr Professor*, is there really anything in my nephew?"

The millionaire banker began by allowing Heine £60 a year; this he raised to £80. When he was in Paris he increased the allowance to £160, and finally for about the last six years of his own life he allowed him £192 a year (4,800 francs); but these allowances were paid grudgingly, for his envious cousins and husbands of female cousins were constantly at the old gentleman's ear to persuade him that Heine was a scapegrace on whom all liberality was thrown away, and the nephew had to make humiliating remonstrances and advance humble *captationes benevolentie* before his pension was renewed. But the unkindest cut of all was that when Solomon Heine died, in 1844, he made no provision for his pension by will; although he had bound himself to continue it to him for life with a reversion of half of its amount to his wife, he simply left Heine a sum of £600, and he had to begin battling again for his pension with the malignant cousins, the deceased millionaire's heirs-at-law, and to the bitterness and anguish of his struggle for life at that age Heine always attributed the calamity of being painfully bedridden for the last eight years of his life.

However, with his uncle's pension of £60 he managed to get himself a University education at Bonn, Göttingen, and Berlin, and he studied law sufficiently to pass as a Doctor of Law at Göttingen; and soon after this, and after a distressing internal struggle, took the dubious step of getting baptized as a Christian, with the secret hope, it must be feared, of removing some of the stain of *der nie abzuwäschende Jude* (the never-to-be-washed-out Jew) out of him.

But although Heine, in accordance with his agreement with his uncle, had taken his Doctor's degree, and actually attempted to practise at Hamburg—*verdammtes Hamburg*, as he termed it—all his heart was in poetry and literature, and he began by producing two books, one *Junge Leiden* ("Youthful Sorrows") in poetry, and the first volume of the *Reisebilder* ("Pictures of Travel"). The *Junge Leiden* and many other poems at this time were inspired by an unfortunate love for one of his cousins, who, it appears, encouraged him up to a certain point and then made him a curtsy and went and married a prosperous man of business.

His literary tastes and then his first performances brought him at Berlin and elsewhere into relations with various intellectual circles and their notabilities, and especially with the Vamhagens—man and wife—both of whom were noble-minded, highly intellectual people, and their friendship and sympathy were one of his chief supports in life. Rahel von Vamhagen was a quite celebrated lady, who, although herself of Jewish extraction, had formed a large circle of

intellectual society, of which her house was the central resort. To Vamhagen in later years he dedicated *Alla Troll*, and Rahel up to her last hour corresponded freely with him and took interest in all his sayings, writings, and doings, and especially in his passing Socialistic hobby, Saint Simonianism.

At Berlin, too, he made other endearing friendships—with Gans, Gutzkow, Laube, Moser, Lewald, and de la Motte-Fouqué. Gans, a learned Hegelian and Jurist, was the founder of a society entitling itself "Young Palestine"; Gutzkow and Laube were founders of another society, "Young Germany," and Heine soon became a prominent leader of both movements.

But the principles of the French Revolution, which Heine had imbibed with his French education, had taken too strong a hold upon him to be repressed, and his dauntless assertion of them soon made him obnoxious to the Prussian Government; and he already felt himself in danger of arbitrary imprisonment, and already had been urged by Vamhagen to remove to Paris to obtain more freedom for his literary activity, when the revolution of 1830 broke out in the French capital, and the news of the three glorious days of July set all the generous hearts of young men in Europe in a flame, and Heine, feeling that his personal liberty was becoming daily more insecure in Germany, fled, as did many other young Germans, across the frontier at Strasburg, and betook himself to Paris in 1831 with the hope of being able to live and work there without fear of immurement in the state castle of Spandau.

He has himself described his exodus in his "Confessions":

"I had both done and suffered much, and when the sun of the revolution of July rose in Paris I had become quite tired and required some recreation. My native air became daily more unwholesome, and I was forced to think of a change of climate. I had visions. The gathering together of the clouds terrified me, and made at me all kinds of terrible faces. The sun sometimes looked like a Prussian cockade. In the night-time I dreamed of an ugly black vulture, who gnawed at my liver; and I was very melancholy. Besides, I had made the acquaintance of an old lawyer of Berlin, who had passed many years at the fortress of Spandau, and he narrated to me how unpleasant it was to wear irons in winter-time. I thought it a thing very unchristian that the irons were not warmed a little. If our chains were but warmed a little, they would not make so disagreeable an impression, and even chilly natures would be able to wear them with comfort. People should also have the forethought to perfume the chains with essence of roses and of laurels, as is the case here. I asked my lawyer whether he had often oysters¹ to eat at Spandau. He said, No, Spandau was too far from the sea. Also meat, he said, was rare there; and there was no other kind of fowl but flies, which fell into your soup. At the same time I made the acquaintance of a French *commis voyageur*, who travelled for a wine business, and

¹ This bivalve was one of Heine's *Lieblingsspeise*.

could not extol sufficiently the happiness and merry life of people who lived in Paris now; how the heavens there were full of violins, and how people from morning to evening sang the '*Marseillaise*,' and '*En avant, marchons*,' and '*Lafayette aux cheveux blancs*'; and *Liberté, égalité, fraternité* stood written up at all the corners of the streets; and at the same time he praised the champagne of his house, of whose cards he gave me a great number; and he promised me letters of recommendation to a great number of the best Parisian *restaurants* in case I would seek the metropolis for my diversion. Since, then, I needed a little cheering up, and since Spandau was too far from the sea to eat oysters and since the Spandau fowl-broth did not very much attract me, and since, over and above this, the Prussian fetters are very cold in winter and might not be advantageous for my health, I resolved to set out for Paris, and in the mother country of champagne and of the '*Marseillaise*' to drink the former and to hear the latter sung together with '*En avant, marchons*' and '*Lafayette aux cheveux blancs*.'

"On May the 1st, 1831, I crossed over the Rhine. I did not see the old river-god of the Rhine, and I contented myself with throwing my visiting-card into the water. He sal, I am told, at the bottom of the stream, and was studying again Meidinger's French Grammar, for he had, under Prussian rule, fallen back much in his French, and would work it up again to provide against contingencies. I imagined that I heard him conjugating below, '*J'aime, tu aimes, il aime, nous aimons*.' Whom does he love, however? In no case Prussians. The cathedral of Strasburg I saw only from a distance. He waggled with his head like the old faithful Eckhard when he beheld a young fellow on his way to the Venusberg."

Indeed, Heine had come just at the right period of time, and at the right moment, to enjoy the society and life of Paris. Moreover, his travels in Germany, England, and Italy, his poetic and æsthetic studies, the turn of his mind, all combined to prepare him for appreciating the beauty, the splendour, the art-glories, and the intellectual fascinations of the unrivalled metropolis of European taste. He at once, by means of introductions from Vambagen and others, found, as we have said, entrance into some of the best *salons* of Paris. One of the *salons* he thus early frequented was that of Lafayette, *aux cheveux blancs*, who, as Heine relates, on his first visit to him, put into his hand at parting the Declaration of the "*Droits de l'Homme*" of 1792, and through his uncle's recommendations the *entrée* was made easy for him into the *salons* of Rothschild, the great millionaire banker, whom he got to know, as he said, *famillionairement*, dining even sometimes with the financial Cæsus *tête-à-tête*—a fact astounding to some of the greater as well as lesser notorieties of the financial world. But naturally the literary *salons* had for him a greater charm, and he became soon admitted into the fraternity of the musical world of Paris. And what a world it was at that time!—a world in which Pasta and Malibran, Rossini and Meyerbeer, were the chief stars, around whom crowded hosts of lesser con-

stellations, composed, not only of Parisians, but of the chief artists of every country in Europe, who flocked to Paris as to the metropolis of taste, without whose approving stamp no reputation was valid. In this world the German poet became especially intimate with Rossini and Meyerbeer. Felix Mendelssohn, the friend of his University days at Berlin, he used also to meet constantly at the commencement of his Paris life, and this not only in musical circles, but at the shop of the German booksellers, Heideloff and Campe, in the Rue Vivienne, which was a daily *rendezvous* at that time for travelling Germans of distinction in art and literature. At the same place he met Alexander von Humboldt and the Oriental scholar Julius Klaproth. Here, too, he encountered Wilhelm von Schlegel, who had now become the silly old coxcomb whom he described in his "Confessions." Besides these circles there was, moreover, a goodly band of German refugees in Paris, of whom Börne was the recognised chief—men who, like himself, had found the political atmosphere of the Fatherland dangerous to their constitution. They too had fled from visions of stone cells and fly-broth at Spandau, and had a presentiment horror of iron chains on the legs, which gaolers might forget to warm in winter time. Heine, however, from the first instinctively shrank from intimate and too frequent contact with these gentry. With his quick capacity for enjoyment, and his sympathetic, poetic, and artistic nature, he was in no mood for burying himself in dull and dirty haunts, amid the strong-smelling pipes of unwashed German conspirators.

Operas, theatres, balls, concerts, art exhibitions, the best society of Paris invited him, and he had the ever-moving streams of the boulevards to wander in under the bright sunshine. Such company and such scenes he preferred to herding with the envious Cassiuses and hairy, unkempt Brutuses of Teutonic extraction in the back dens of the Faubourg Montmartre.

Heine passed the rest of his life in Paris, and how he lived and what he wrote there, and how, in spite of the persecution and mutilation of his works by the Prussian Government, his lovely songs found their way into the highest valleys of Styria and Tyrol and the drawing-rooms of Berlin and Vienna, and became the favourites of peasant maidens and of empresses, are fully set forth in my Biography, and the story of his life in Paris and other parts of France throws much interesting sidelight on the brilliant society and on the politics of that time. But great as was the consolation as well as the material assistance which he derived from the hospitality of the generous French nation, and great also as was the solace which he found in his union with a beautiful, amiable, and simple French wife in 1838, cares of the direst and blackest haunted him his whole life long, and finally laid him on that terrible *Matrass-Grube* than which no poet ever had a heavier affliction. Although the Prussian Government had not the satisfaction of being able to shut him up in Spandau, where the fetters "are very cold in winter," they could torture him even from across

the frontier, both in body and in spirit. In the first place, he lived in a continual dread of a demand being made for his extradition ; and in the next place by forbidding the sale of his books, or by mutilating them through the censorship, they could deprive him of the means of earning his bread, and put his spirit to exquisite torture. "What is the use of my writing," he cries again and again, in his letters to his publisher and elsewhere, with an agonised soul, "if I can get nothing published, or only published in a state of mutilation ?" The mutilation of his thoughts was as great, or even worse, torture to him than absolute prohibition. He got at one time some small emoluments as a correspondent for Paris for the *Allgemeine Zeitung* in Augsburg, owned by his friend Cotta, and his letters were full of sparkle and life, but they did not please Gentz, the Austrian publicist, the paid scribe of Metternich, who was, after Nicholas I. of Russia, the chief column of despotism of those days, and Gentz wrote to Cotta, calling his attention to the dangerous character of the correspondence of that "accursed adventurer Heine," and the columns of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* were closed against him. Some trifling addition he might make to his income by writing articles on German literature for the *Revue des deux Mondes* and other French journals, but his earnings in that way were small and precarious. Is it to be wondered that Heine, with his French education and in the enjoyment of freedom and a generous hospitality in *la belle France*, should cry out bitterly at times against the harshness and cruelty of his *Rabenmutter* Germany? The money troubles of Heine had various acute crises ; hardly, too, one was over when another came on, for notwithstanding his small and precarious income he was, as is too usual with genius, not prudent. He was generous to excess in assisting refugees like himself, and was also rash enough to make himself responsible for the debt of a friend, besides which his acquaintance with the great Rothschild enticed him into some unfortunate speculations. One of the most severe crises of all befell him in the very year in which he had increased his responsibilities by marriage. It was at this time that, driven to desperation, he applied to the French Government to assist him.

Meanwhile, for two years Heine had been excruciated with all the agonies of embarrassed circumstances, and this just as he had taken a wife to his side, and while he was reading in the paper that the great Rothschild of Hamburg was founding asylums, endowing institutes, and portioning off cousins of remote degree. Heine's distresses, of course, got bruited about in the German newspapers. The baser ones mentioned them with satisfaction, but the greater part made them matters of commiseration. Gutzkow, considering that he was never on very cordial terms with Heine, wrote some words which do him credit. Addressing himself to the German public, he reproached them for their ingratitude to their authors. "If Jean Paul," he wrote, "were yet among us, and any humorous postscript of his to his 'Dämmerungen'

had laughed away from him his Bavarian pension, you would not have made it up to him. In truth we Germans are only poetic to a certain degree. We might now be thinking how much that is lovely and good has not Heine written, *how tearful is his laughter, how smiling are his tears*, how magic and attractive are all his gestures, and we *might*, instead of raising stone monuments to Goethe and Schiller and Lessing, do as the French have done with Berryer, and purchase Heine an estate; or as the English" (*might—Ed.*) "have done" (*but did not do—Ed.*) "with Walter Scott, pay his debts; but we are too clumsy for that in our generation. No one could prevent us from getting up a pension for him, to be paid into some Paris bank until the police interdict has run out, and the State considers itself satisfied. But no, not a brass *Heller* will the Germans club together" ("Life, Work, and Opinions of Heinrich Heine," vol. ii., p. 244).

Distressing as is the financial aspect of Heine's life, it must be duly considered in all rational accounts of it. We have noted the precarious and unstable income which he derived from his uncle's generosity, beginning with an allowance of £60 a year, increasing gradually up to £192, with a total cessation at his uncle's death for a time. His income from his literary work was, under the circumstances, as we have stated, ridiculously small. He sold the whole copyright of them to Campe for a pension of £90 a year, payable to himself and wife and the survivor of them, and he had a pension, got for him by the friendship of Thiers, from the French Government of 4,800 frs. (£192).

The cessation of the allowance from Solomon Heine preceded the termination of his pension from the French Government through the Revolution of 1848, and the consequent terrible anxiety brought on a stroke of paralysis, followed by the nervous malady which kept him completely bedridden, with closed eyes, a living and emaciated corpse, with a taste already, he said, of earth in his mouth, for the last eight years of his life. It is true that after much unpleasant bickering the representatives of his uncle's wealth consented to fulfil the promises made to him by the deceased millionaire, but that did not undo the mischief already brought on him by his ruined health.

Heine's relations with his cousins, the children of his uncle, were unpleasant his whole life long. With his uncle the intercourse warmed up into something like cordiality at times, but with his cousins never. He was with them always the black sheep of the family. They treated his poetry and his brilliant writing as family offences, and greedily received and propagated every report to his disfavour. "In this house" (the uncle's house), wrote Heine to his brother Max, "there has prevailed from the very beginning an *aria cattiva* for me which affected my good reputation. Every creeping thing which could ruin my good name ever found in this house the most excellent reception" ("Life and Opinions of Heine," vol. i., 237). Heine has been taxed by virtuous critics with ingratitude towards his uncle and family, but opinions may differ as to the

amount of gratitude due for pecuniary assistance grudgingly and insultingly given. No doubt his censors for any small dole of *Mark Banco* would, with Christian charity and humility, be ready to kiss the rod which smote them and the feet which kicked them and covered them with dirt. What Heine's real feelings were as to these relations we only know from chance letters, for with characteristic generosity he was warned when his pension was renewed that at any word which should get into print prejudicial to the Heine family the allowance to himself and wife would be stopped at once and for ever. So Heine, more for his wife's sake than his own, went carefully through his papers, and expurged every word which would tell against them, and refused even to talk about his relations to his most intimate friends.

We have lately seen on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of Heine's death a slatternly, untruthful, and ill-natured account of him published in a weekly journal, misrepresenting his social life in Paris, and defamatory of his simple and affectionate wife. Heine, it appears from that slipshod narrative, was "no frequenter of *salons*," and no favourite there on account of his caustic wit. "His wife was shiftless, slovenly, vulgar, and never loved Heine—only treated her union with him as a matter of business"; and in both respects the statements are the contrary of the truth.

We happen to have known people who knew both Heine and his wife, and we frequented for several years the most distinguished literary *salons* in Paris, some of these recognised successors of the very *salons* in which Heine moved—and had abundant *viva voce* evidence that this writer is ill-informed in both parts—and those who may read my volumes respecting him will find abundant proof as to Heine's having been a frequenter of the most distinguished society in Paris, and of the consolation he drew from his union with a loving and lovable wife. Nevertheless we give here a few extracts as to both matters.

Heine was, as we have before seen, a persistent *habitué* of the *salons* of the musical world: one of them, which he much frequented, was that of one of his countrymen, Ferdinand Hiller, in the Rue Saint Florentin, where the *soirées* were regularly attended by Cherubini, director of the Conservatoire, Baillot the violinist, the inimitable Chopin, Thalberg, and Adolph Nourrit, the great tenor of the French opera.

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"But that which gave to Heine especial compensation for the privations of exile and the annoyance which he suffered at the hands of the German press and his refugee countrymen, was his intercourse with the literary and polite world of Paris. To arrive within the charmed circles his genius alone would have been a sufficient passport, even had he lacked introductions. Among his chief literary friends were Alexandre Dumas, Jules Janin, Théophile Gautier, Alfred de Vigny, the historians Mignet and Thierry, and also Georges Sand, for whose talent he had an especial admiration,

and whom he styled the greatest poet in prose whom the French possessed. He also visited in friendly fashion Thiers, Victor Hugo, Béranger, Alfred de Musset, de Custine, Frédéric Soulié, Philarrète Chasles, Eugene Sue, Léon Gozlan, Hector Berlioz, the great Roger, Emile de Girardin and his charming first wife Delphine Gay, as beautiful in person as distinguished as a poetess and a wit, and also Madame d'Agoult, known as an authoress under the name 'Daniel Stern,' whose highly cultivated intelligence and social charms are remembered with admiration by those acquainted with the Parisian *salon* world. With another great lady, too, in Paris at that time, Heine was on intimate terms, and that was the Princess Belgiojoso of Milan, herself a refugee in those days for her patriotic participation in all the efforts of Lombardy to shake off the Austrian yoke. She was then in all the fulness of youthful beauty, and Heine had such an opinion of her spirit that when she went off to Italy to take part in the Italian rising of 1848 he promised laughingly, if he died himself, to appear to her as a ghost after death. 'If I did,' he said later, in talking of ghosts, 'she would receive me quite calmly. She has courage.'

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"With one great magnate of the practical world in Paris Heine was on terms of considerable intimacy, and that was the Baron James de Rothschild, into whose family circle he found entrance, soon after his arrival in Paris, by means of a letter of introduction from his rich Frankfort uncle. The Baron's liking for Heine's society must have been founded on the latter's social qualities, for his intelligence extended only to financial matters, and his acquaintance with art and poetry was of the smallest. Heine, however, took care, as the representative of spiritual power, to preserve absolute independence in the presence of the great Sultan of the realm of Mammon. He treated him, he said, *famillionairement*, and there was a certain story of Horace Vernet which Heine did not fail to recall to the Baron's memory on occasion. Rothschild wanted to be painted by Horace Vernet, who asked him 150 *louis d'or* for a portrait. Rothschild found this too dear, and tried to make a bargain. Vernet raised his price first to 200, then to 300 *louis d'or*, and then cried out impatiently 'Five hundred *louis*, or gratis.' Rothschild declined to pay 500 *louis*, and was painted gratis in Horace Vernet's best and largest picture, 'The Capture of the Smalah of Abd-el-Kadir,' where, during the confusion, a Jew with Rothschild's features is seen running away in the most prominent part of the picture with a casket of jewels. 'What are all the dirty writers and artists to me?' said the Baron one day. 'I could buy them by the dozen.' 'So you may,' said Heine, 'but still, you would not be their master then; remember Horace Vernet.' 'Why is this wine called *Lacryma Christi*?' said Rothschild to him one day. 'It is called *Lacryma Christi*,' said Heine, 'because Christ weeps when rich Jews drink it, and so many poor men are dying of hunger and thirst.'"

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"How unhappy," writes Heine, "are the rich in this life—and after death they have not a chance of heaven." 'A camel can easier pass through the eye of a needle than a rich man can enter into the kingdom of heaven.' This sentence of the divine Communist is a fearful anathema, and is a proof of His bitter hatred against the exchange and the *haute finance* of Jerusalem.

"The world is swarming with philanthropists. There are societies for prevention of cruelty to animals, and much is done for the poor; but for the rich, who are yet more unhappy, nothing is done. Instead of offering prizes for essays on the culture of silk, cattle-food, and Kant's philosophy, let our learned societies offer a prize for solving the difficulty of how a camel can be threaded through the eye of a needle. Before this great camel question is settled and the rich have a prospect of getting into heaven, no radical remedy for the poor will be found. The rich would be less hard-hearted if they had not to rest content with earthly happiness only, and had not to envy the poor who will inherit eternal happiness in *floribus* up above. They say, 'Why should we trouble ourselves to do anything here on earth for the rascal rabble, since they are to be better off than we shall be, and we in any case after death shall never meet with them again!' If the rich knew that they were going to dwell there above with us in common, they would assuredly here on earth stint themselves just the least bit at times, and keep from misusing us too much. Let us therefore before all things solve the great camel question."

Heine was also, as we said, a great frequenter of musical *salons*; he was on intimate terms with Rossini and Meyerbeer, and other notorieties of the tone world; and his articles on music, musicians, and musical criticisms respecting the productions of the composers and the performances of the various artists of his day in Paris are full of variety and interest.

It was fortunate for Heine, that from the circumstance of the French occupation of his native place, Düsseldorf, in his youth, he knew French well enough to be at his ease in conversation; he had more foreign pronunciation at one time than at another, since, as we learn from Théophile Gautier, he spoke French sometimes with something of the accent which Balzac puts into the mouth of the Baron de Nucingen; but he was very far at any time from having that hideous German accent which, of all the foreign fashions of pronouncing French, is the most vulgar and repulsive. His appearance in print as a French author caused him to be considered as more than half a Frenchman immediately after his arrival in Paris, and on nearer acquaintance he was found to possess also in conversation that *tourneur d'esprit* and that incisive wit which confers a diploma of rank in the Parisian social world. Those scintillations of the *salon* which sometimes, if fortunate, go the round of society, and may even be kept alive for a week or so, are rarely preserved, nor is it desirable that they should be. However, a *répartee* of Heine's occurs to us which will give an example of his manner. Some one having said that he could understand

rationalism, but not atheism, "*Cependant,*" retorted Heine, "*l'athéisme est le dernier mot du théisme.*"

With respect to his marriage, Heine did as Goethe did—he commenced with a *faux ménage*, although from the first he presented Mathilde Mirat to his friends as his wife—and the *faux ménage* became, as in Goethe's case, a real marriage. Mathilde Mirat by all accounts of her seemed to have been a more attractive and lovable creature than Christine Vulpius—and to have been better behaved—though good taste would prevent any admirer of Goethe's from maltreating his wife's memory. Both poets loved their wives affectionately until their unions were severed by death. Heine avowed repeatedly to his friends, and has written it likewise in prose and verse that he derived from his union the greater part of such happiness and consolation as he knew in his unhappy life, and any lover of Heine's poetry must feel shocked at finding her name treated with undue disrespect and obloquy. Such ways of approaching matrimony are doubtless reprehensible; but Byron and Shelley, and Alfieri, Raphael and Andrea del Sarto and even the sage Galileo, and a good many other poets, artists, and sages were quite as great culprits as Goethe and Heine—even Moore, who had the run of elegant society, married a ballet-girl, and Sonthey married a milliner. Heine had had his unfortunate passion for one of his own class early in life and been jilted, and this gave him his *jeune Leiden* or youthful sorrow whose memory still burned within him. That now in his lonely and exiled state in Paris Heine should have fallen in love with a *grisette* and ultimately married her was the most natural thing in the world, considering how almost impossible it was for the poet, however brilliant and witty, without capital or any fixed income whatever, to make what he called an ordinary *bourgeois* marriage with one of his own standing—fancy poor Heine having to pass before a *conseil de famille* in any country and the figure he would make! Heine had still some youth left in him when he met Mathilde, and he fell passionately in love with her, and he continued to be in love with her to the end of his days; of the intensity of his love in its earliest stage his letters to his friends Laube and Lewald, and even to Campe, bear ample testimony. Mathilde was a tall, handsome brunette, with regular features, a fair, oval face, black eyes, and black hair. "My wife," Heine wrote to his brother in 1843, "is a good, natural, cheerful child, as capricious as a Frenchwoman can be, and she does not allow me to sink down into that dreamy melancholy for which I have so much talent. For eight years now I love her with a tenderness and passion which borders on the fabulous. I have since then enjoyed a frightful quantity of happiness, tortures, and bliss in terrible admixture, more than my sensitive nature could endure."

Lord Houghton, who knew both Heine and his wife, in a notice of this writer's work on Heine in the *Academy*, wrote as follows of their relations: "Heine's marriage will be new to many English readers, and leaves the impression of having been the

happiest venture of his life. Her truth and simplicity were the only counterpoise to the weight of moral depression which pressed heavier and heavier upon him—her indefatigable cheerfulness kept alive that strange gaiety which sustained him to the last."

As has been said before, the first year of Heine's married life was that in which his pecuniary troubles came thickest upon him, and finally they laid him on that mattress grave on which he lay a helpless sufferer for eight long years. It was characteristic of the man in whom the *Lebenslust* and the *Wellschmerz* fought for mastery that the last walk he was able to take was to pay a visit to the Venus of Milo—and that he should imagine the mutilated goddess as saying to him, "I have no arms, I cannot help you."

The incident is thus narrated by his friend Alfred Meissner: "It was in May, in the year 1848, about two years after his fearful sickness had attacked him, that Heine took his last promenade on the Boulevards. Masses of the populace rolled along the streets of Paris, driven about by their tribunes as by storm. The poet, half blind, half lame, dragged himself on his stick and endeavoured to extricate himself from the deafening uproar and fled into the Louvre close by.

"He stepped into the rooms of the Palace, in that troubled time nearly empty, and found himself on the ground-floor in the room in which the ancient gods and goddesses stand.

"Suddenly he stood before the ideal of Beauty, the smiling, entrancing goddess, the miracle of an unknown master, the Venus of Milo, who in the course of centuries has lost her arms, but not her witchery. Overcome, agitated, stricken through, almost terrified at her aspect, the sick man staggered back till he sank on a seat, and tears, hot and bitter, streamed down his cheeks. The beautiful lips of the goddess, which appeared to breathe, smiled with her wonted smile at her unhappy victim.

"This one moment comprises a whole world of sorrow."

But pain and sorrow and trouble might come upon Heine, not as single spies but in whole battalions—they could not quench his spirit. He reminds one of the Stoic philosopher who, when pounded in a mortar by his executioners, cried out that they might pound his body but could not touch his soul. "I am sick as a dog and fight against sorrow and death like a cat," he wrote to Adolph Stahr in the autumn of 1855. "Cats, however," he adds, "have a tough life of it." His poetic energy remained productive in his attenuated form up to the end. His last verses, some of which will be found in our translations, were written on tablets and in pencil with closed eyes. His handwriting, when young, had been neat and clear, but in his crippled state it became a large scrawl, most difficult to decipher; yet however bad might be the handwriting, the same elvish, tender wayward spirit animated his verses, although their marvellous delicacy and sweetness were blurred at times by cries of almost blasphemous revolt. Even shortly before his death he had vivacity enough to make a new acquaintance with a young lady whose name was long a mystery, but who is known

now to have been a literary lady, Camille Selden, who was a Suabian, and could speak to him in the German tongue. He divined in her the depths of a gentle, sympathetic nature, and she has preserved the cult of his memory, and he wrote to her whom he styles the *mouche* some surpassing wonderful verses considering that they were almost uttered from the grave.

He died February 16, 1856.

The whole work and life of this wonderful poet and satirist have been considered in the following passages taken from the two volumes of "The Life, Work, and Opinions of Heinrich Heine." We have there not concealed that there is a good deal that is censurable in his writings; but we have dealt mildly with his errors as in duty bound. He averred himself he was no lamb; and as the French gracefully say, "*il avait les défauts de ses qualités*," just as Robert Burns had; and, it was precisely owing to the qualities which led them occasionally wrong that they were enabled to leave the world their debtor. "If I owe you anything," Heine said to the German public in one of his last prefaces, "send me your reckoning."

After touching on some of his defects in our preface to our volume, we said:

"The foregoing observations, of course, concern Heine chiefly as a humorist and a critic, but it is as a poet that Heine will ever have the greatest interest for humanity. Without denying the title of greatness to contemporary poets, it may be doubted whether any of their utterances are so sure of reaching extreme posterity as those of Heine. Some of his songs are pure and perfect as the finest crystals or as iridescent dewdrops glistening in the sun of dawn, and are undying, and the immortality of these will leaven with their imperishable essence the whole mass of his writing."

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"Finally, regarding Heine as a wit and humorist alone, his sayings and opinions have a charm unrivalled in the history of literature. We believe it was M. Thiers who said that he was the wittiest Frenchman since Voltaire, and in his power of application of wit, and in his readiness with it, he was certainly as universal as that extraordinary spirit; while, as respects his humour, he could be by turns as tender as Sterne and as savage and gross as Swift. He was capable, too, of fusing his humour and his poetry together in a manner of which no other writer was capable in the same degree, with the exception, perhaps, of Aristophanes, for which reason probably, as well as for the political use which he made of his satirical powers, occasion was taken to style him the German Aristophanes. No one certainly ever passed so gently and gracefully, and with such childlike waywardness, as he from smiles to tears, culling the while as he went the choicest flowers in the domain of beauty."

* * * * *

"These defects, too, in Heine's spiritual life were singularly

developed by the character of the generation into which he was born, and by his prophetic sense of the character of the age to come after him. The feeling of discordance between the ideal and the real which darkens some of the most splendid passages of Byron, and the grand expression of which made him, in his time, the great poet of the world, had reached its greatest intensity; idealism strained to extreme tension had collapsed into *blasé* indifference; faith disillusioned gave way to scepticism and worldly cunning; passion for the beautiful, enthusiasm for the master works of the human soul, were fading away before the study of matter; spiritual were to be replaced by scientific teachers. The reign of great poets was at an end, that of great mechanicians was about to commence, and industrialism was to be lord of all.

"Under such circumstances and with such presentime as some generous indulgence is due for the aberrations of a mind so faithful in its devotion to beauty, and so fertile in thoughts of such infinite grace and purity as those with which Heine has enriched the world. Justice herself, too, must relax somewhat the rigour of her rules in the case of a nature so capable of being impassioned by love, so accessible to benevolence and compassion, so sensitive to joy and sorrow, so susceptible of pain and pleasure, and so tried as well by the visitations of Providence as by the injustice of man. The contemplation of his life places us face to face with the most inscrutable mysteries of human destiny, mysteries insoluble by human reason, and only to be patiently and hopefully regarded by the eyes of faith.

"Let the pharisees of the world place themselves in thought around that 'mattress grave' which was the scene of an agony endured for many years with such resignation and fortitude, and as they look on those sorrow-laden and beautiful features, and on that outstretched, attenuated form, let them think on the words, 'He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone.'"

FROM THE "BOOK OF SONGS"

I

THE SPHINX

OLD forest of the fable world
Thy linden bloom smelt sweet
As through thy depths in moonlight weird
I bent my devious feet.

I musing went, and as I went
A song rang through the air :
That is the nightingale, she sings
Of love and love's despair.

Of love and love's despair she sings,
Of tears and rapture, too ;
Her glee's so sad, her sigh's so sweet,
Dead dreams awake anew.

I musing went, and as I went
I saw before me lie
An open space, a castle tall,
Whose turrets touched the sky.

Before the gate there lay a sphinx,
Half terror and half grace,
With lion form, with lion claws,
A woman's breast and face.

A woman fair ! her glowing look,
It spoke of passion wild ;
Her silent lips they pouted forth,
And temptingly they smiled.

The nightingale she sang so sweet
I could not turn away,
And then I kissed the soft white cheek,
And I was lost for aye.

The marble form grew all alive,
The stone began to quake ;
She drank my burning kisses up
With thirst I could not slake.

She drank my life-breath fairly out,
And, wild for rapture more,
She clasped me, and my tender flesh
With lion-clutches tore.

O torture sweet ! O heavenly pangs !
O bliss deep as the dole !
Her mouth's kiss steeped me in delight,
Her clutches racked my soul.

II

A TRAGEDY

COME, fly with me and be my bride ;
Far, far away we two shall roam,
To thee, abiding by my side
My heart shall be thy house and home.
Oh, com'st thou not ? I perish here,
And thou, all lone and desolate,
Shalt e'en in thy paternal halls
Know nothing but a stranger's fate.
A hoar frost fell in the night of spring,
It fell on the brightest, tenderest flowers,
And they are all faded and withered.
A young man loved a maiden so dear,
They fled from her house at dead of night
While sleeping were father and mother ;
They wandered wearily here and there
Uncheered by the ray of one glad star,
And all uncherished they perished.
Upon their grave a linden-tree groweth,
The birdies sing o'er it and eve's wind bloweth ;
Thereunder sits in the daisied grass
The miller-boy with his young lass.
The breezes they blow there with such weird moaning,
The birds they sing there with such sad entoning,
The lovers in prattling grow mute and sigh
And shed tears, not knowing, not knowing why.

III

SPRING SONGS

(FRÜHLINGS LIEDER)

I

ON airy wing
Chimes lightly ring
Within my heart so sweetly ;
Thou too now ring
My song of Spring,
Ring and fly forth fleetly ;

Ring out and sound
That house around
Where the flowers bud newly,
When the rose you there shall spy,
Say I greet her duly.

II

All the wood is budding greenly,
Maiden-like its heart is beating,
And the sun it laughs within it,
Spring, young Spring, take thou my greeting ;
Nightingale ! thee too I hear now,
Ah ! thee too I hear, I hear,
How thou warblest sweetest sadness,
Sobbing forth thy deep-drawn rapture,
Oh ! thy song is love's own madness.

III

In May, the month so wondrous fair,
When all the buds were glowing,
Right through my heart, right through my heart
Love all at once went flowing.

In May, the month so wondrous fair,
When woods with song were teeming,
To her, to her I told my love,
Its longing and its dreaming.

IV

The Spring with eyes of azure
Peers forth from grass and brake,
These are the dear young violets,
Thereof I posies make.

I pluck them with sweet musings,
And as I muse along
The nightingale sings clearly
My secret thoughts in song.

My love he knows and singeth
In such a thrilling strain
That all the forest shareth
My sweet and secret pain.

IV

My soul I will steep truly
In the depths of the lily-bell.
And the lily shall breathe song daily
For the maiden I love so well.

V

Thou lov'st me not, I hear thee cry ;
I care not, child, a berry—
Turn thou thy face to me and I
As any king am merry.

Thou hatest, hatest me, forsooth !
Thy lips make exclamation ;
But let me kiss them, that in truth
Will, child, give consolation.

VI

O FAIR and sweet and holy
As bud at morningtide,
I gaze on thee and yearnings
Pure through my bosom glide.

I feel I'd fain be laying
My hand upon thy hair,
Praying God aye would keep thee
So holy, sweet, and fair.

VII

A PINE-TREE soareth lonely
Upon a northern height,
By ice and snow surrounded
It sleeps in mantle white.

Of a palm-tree it is dreaming,
Far off in Eastern lands,
Mourning, brooding, in lone silence
Amid the burning sands.

VIII

A STAR fell, shooting rapidly,
Of heavenly stars the star most bright,
It was the star of love, which fell
And perished in my sight.

IX

THOU com'st and greetest me, my sweet,
In dreams when I am sleeping,
And then I throw me at thy feet
With sobbing and with weeping.

Thou look'st at me so sorrowful,
Thy darling fair locks shaking,
While down thy cheeks their silent wail
Thy pearly tears are making.

A word thou say'st—upon my bed
A branch of cypress placing.
I wake ! the cypress branch has fled,
The word flies, self-effacing.

X

Oh, wherefore are the roses so wan ?
 Oh, tell me the reason why ;
 Oh, wherefore sad and dim on the lawn
 Do the violets silent lie ?

Oh, why do ye such sad music make,
 Ye larks within the skies ?
 Oh, why from out the scented brake
 Do corpse-like odours rise ?

Oh, wherefore shineth the sun by day
 With such a grievous gloom ?
 Oh, wherefore is the earth so grey
 And dreary as a tomb ?

Oh, wherefore so sad and woebegone,
 My darling, dost thou look ?
 Oh, tell me, my heart's beloved one,
 Why hast thou me forsook ?

XI

THE midnight is all cold and dark and mute
 As through the wood I wend with silent foot,
 The leaves from out their slumber I awake,
 The trees their heads in silent pity shake.

XII

WHEN thou, dear life, within the grave,
Within the grave shall hide thee,
I will descend adown to thee
And lay me down beside thee.

I kiss and embrace thee and wildly enfold,
Thou quiet, cold, pale one, my chosen.
I cry and I tremble ; I weep myself cold
Until to a corpse I am frozen.

The dead they come in the deep midnight gloom,
They dance in their airiest graces,
But we two keep quiet and sung in our tomb,
Close enshrined in each other's embraces.

The dead will arise at the last trumpet's call,
To bliss or to torment invited,
But we two will trouble about nought at all,
In quiet eternal united.

XIII

NIGHT weighed upon my eyelids,
Lead weighed upon my tongue,
With brain and heart all frozen
I lay the dead among.

How long I cannot tell you
I lay immersed in gloom,
I woke as I was 'ware of
A knocking at my tomb.

"Will you not rise, O Heinrich ?
It is the eternal morn ;
The dead they are arising,
Eternal bliss is born."

"My love, arise I cannot,
Mine eyes have lost their light,
By weeping have my eyeballs,
My love, been blinded quite."

"Oh, let me kiss them, Heinrich,
And charm the night away,
The angels thou shalt see then
And Heaven's eternal day."

"My love, I cannot rise up,
My head it bleedeth aye.
It is a wound—I shot myself
When thou wer't torn away."

"My long, long hair, O Heinrich,
I'll bind thy head around,
And send the blood-stream back again
And make thy head quite sound."

She prayed so soft, so lovingly,
I could resist no more,
I must rise up and go with her,
I loved her still so sore.

My wounds, they opened then again,
And in its fierce might broke
A stream of blood from head and heart,
And oh ! and oh ! I woke.

XIV

THERE'S fiddling, and piping, and pleasure,
Horns and drums rattle finely and roll ;
She's dancing her first wedding measure,
The maiden beloved of my soul.

There goes on a clanging and throbbing
Of trumpet, and drum, and bassoon ;
But there's a wild groaning and sobbing
Of good angels after each tune.

XV

Why leaps and fumes my wild mad blood ?
Why burns my heart in fiercest mood ?
My blood it hisses, steams, and churns,
And in my heart a grim fire burns.

My blood is mad, it churns and steams,
The foulest I have dreamed of dreams.
He roused me up, the night's dark son ;
He led the way—I followed on.

He brings me to a lightsome house,
Where rings the harp and roars the rouse,
Where tapers shine and torches glare,
I reach the hall and enter there.

For bridal feast the house was drest
And at the board sat many a guest ;
But when the bridal pair I spied,
Oh, woe ! My darling was the bride !

My darling ! Oh, 'twas weird to see !
The bridegroom he was strange to me !
The bride looked full of happiness ;
The bridegroom turned her hand to press.

The bridegroom filled a goblet up,
And drank thereout, then passed the cup ;
The bride she took with thanks and laughed ;
Oh, woe ! 'twas my life-blood she quaffed.

The bride an apple took so bland,
And gave it to the bridegroom's hand ;
He took a knife and cut ; oh, woe !
It was my heart he severed so.

They ogled sweet, they ogled long ;
The bridegroom seized her, passion-strong ;
He kissed her on the cheek so hot ;
Oh, woe ! death kissed me on the spot.

TWO GRENADIERS

Two Grenadiers march'd back to France,
From Russian bonds set free ;
But oh ! their heads hung sadly down
As they reach'd Germany :

For there they heard the woful news
That France had lost the fight ;
The *Grande Armée*, it was no more,
The Emperor seized in flight.

They wept, they wept, these Grenadiers,
To hear such tidings sore,
Then said the one, " Oh, woe's the day !
My old wounds bleed once more."

Then spake the other, " All is lost,
And now I fain would die ;
Yet have I wife and child at home—
Their only trust am I.

" What boots me wife ? what boots me child ?
Other thoughts have I, I wis ;
Let them beg their bread, if they have no more,
While my Emperor captive is.

" Now, comrade, I ask but a thing of thee—
If here I chance to die,
Take thou my corpse to the land of France,
In French earth let me lie.

" The cross of the brave, with ribbon red,
Upon my breast be laid,
My musket place thou in my hand,
And belt me with my blade.

" Then will I still and watchful lie,
Like sentry, in my bed
Until I hear the cannons' roar
And the neighing war-steeds' tread.

" My Emperor then rides again !
The sword-blades whirl and wave !
I start in arms from out my bed
My Emperor to save."

THE FISHER-MAIDEN

COME, fairest Fisher-maiden, here,
Put, put thy skiff to land ;
Come close to me and sit thee down,
And prattle hand in hand.

Oh, lay thy head upon my heart,
Have not such fear of me ;
Thou trusteth day by day thyself
Unto the wild, wild sea.

My heart is like the sea, it hath
Its storms, and ebb, and flow ;
But many pretty pearls, my love,
Rest in its depths below.

THE LORELEI

THIS sadness some strangeness presages,
This sadness which weighs on my brain;
While a legend of ancient ages
Keeps haunting my soul with its strain.

Eve cometh, and cool airs are flowing,
And calm is the Rhine's running stream ;
The hill-top's red summit is glowing
I' th' setting sun's last flying beam.

A woman, oh, fair beyond dreaming !
Sits up there aloft on the rocks ;
With jewels on neck and arm gleaming,
She sits and she combs her gold locks.

With comb all of gold she sits combing
Her locks, and she singeth a song,
Which ringeth so strange in the gloaming,
With melody weird-like and strong.

The song with its wild passion burning
The fisher has seized in his skiff ;
He gazes on high with vain yearning,
And thinketh no more of the cliff.

O'er fisher and skiff in mad anger
The white waves are whirling along,
And this did in tones of soft languor
The Lorelei with her sweet song.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR

I

THE mother at the window stood,
The son abed lay sick ;
"Get up, Wilhelm, the pilgrims come—
Get up and see them, quick !"

"I am so faint, O mother,
I could not hear or see ;
I think but on dead Margaret—
My heart it paineth me."

"Get up, take book and rosary,
We will to Kevlaar go ;
The Mother of God, oh ! she will heal
Thy ailing heart, I trow."

The banners wave of Holy Church,
There's chanting in church tone ;
The pilgrim-train goes by the Rhine,
And wends forth from Cologne.

The mother follows with the crowd,
Her son supporteth she ;
And both join in the holy chaunt,
"Oh, praised be thou, Marie !"

II

The Mother of God at Kevlaar
Her finest robe doth wear,
For she must busy be to-day,
So many sick are there.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR

The poor sick folk upon the shrine
Lay down, as offerings meet,
Great store of hearts in waxen shape,
And waxen hands and feet.

And he who gives a waxen hand
Gets heal'd of his hand's wound ;
And he who gives a waxen foot,
A foot gets whole and sound.

On crutches some to Kevlaar crawled,
Who now dance best at the fair ;
And many a fiddler good once went
Without a sound finger there.

The mother a taper took in hand,
Thereof she made a heart :
" Give this to the Mother of God, my son,
'Tis she will heal thy smart."

He took the wax heart in his hand,
And at the shrine he sighs,
And prays forth from his inmost heart,
As tears glide from his eyes—

" O thou most blessed of mothers !
O Virgin, of God lov'd well !
O sinless Queen of Heaven !
To thee my sorrows I tell.

" I with my mother was dwelling
Within the city Cologne,
Where the chimes of church bells daily
From hundreds of spires are thrown.

" And Maggie, she was our neighbour,
Who now lies underground ;
Marie, I bring thee this wax heart—
Make my heart whole and sound.

" Oh, make my heart whole and sound, I pray,
And I will fervently
Pray, singing early and late each day—
' Oh ! praised be thou, Marie ! "

III

The ailing son and his mother
In a little chamber slept ;
The Mother of God she came therein,
And to the son softly stept.

She bow'd down over the ailing son,
And the mother saw her lay
Her hand so light on the poor boy's breast,
As she smiled and then passed away.

The mother she seemed to see dreaming,
And more she would have seen,
But she started as though from slumber,
The watch-dogs barked so keen.

The mother she saw her son lying
Stretched out, and the boy was dead ;
While on his pale cheek were playing
Faint flushes of morning red.

The mother her hands she folded,
Feeling strange as strange could be,
And kept singing lightly and lowly,
" Oh ! blessed be thou, Marie ! "

NORTH SEA POEMS

I

O SONGS, O my brave good songs,¹
Now put on armour and sword ;
Arise in your armed might,
And let all your trumpets sound !
And raise here, as Queen on a shield,
This bright, young maiden,
Who all my heart's dominion
Now holdeth in sovereign rule—
All hail, all hail, my young lady Queen !

From the sun above there,
Bright beams I strip of red gold,
And weave thercont a diadem
For thine anointed head.
From heaven's sleek silk blue coverlet
I snip off the choicest fragment,
And hang it as royal mantle
Upon thy queenly shoulders,
And then I appoint thee court household,

Of stiffest brocaded sonnets,
Of haughtiest, proudest Terzinas,
And courtliest supple-backed stanzas.
For chamberlain take thou my wit,
My phantasy for your court-fool ;
Let my humour serve thee for herald,
With tears and smiles for its 'scutcheon.

And then, I myself, my young queen,
Will kneel down lowly before thee
In homage, with red velvet cushion,
And on it will offer thee humbly
The little remnant of reason
Which she may in pity have left me,
Thy predecessor in rule !

II

POSEIDON

THE rays of the sun were glancing
 On the far waves rolling towards me,
 And it gilded the ship in the offing,
 Which was waiting to carry me homewards,
 For the wind to be in good humour.
 So on hillocks of sand I sat quiet,
 And read the song of Odysseus—
 That old song so eternally youthful.
 And from the leaves gushed ocean-murmurs,
 And I felt come waving around me
 The breath of the olden gods.

The bright spring of humanity,
 And the deep blue heaven of Hellas
 My emboldened heart faithfully followed
 The sun of Laertes in travel and anguish,
 And I backed his falsehoods and helped his escapings
 From dark caves of monsters and nymphs' warm embraces ;
 Went with him into black regions Kimmerian.
 In storm and shipwreck never forsook him,
 And suffered with him evils unspeakable.
 Sighing, I said then, "Cruel Poseidon,
 Thy rage is fearful !
 And I myself fear for my home-voyage."

Scarce had I spoken thus
 When the sea burst in foam,
 And from the white waves
 Rose up the sea-god's head,
 Crowned with green sea-weed,
 And he cried scornful--
 " Fear not, little poet !
 Not for a moment would I imperil
 Thy little vessel ;

And thy dear life by me
 Shall not be troubled
More than by ordinary
 Pitching and rolling.
For, little poet, thou ne'er hath vexed me ;
 Never hath thou injured a pinnacle
 Or holy sentry-box in Priam's city ;
Not even has thou singed one single eyelash
 Of my dear one-eyed
 Boy Polyphemus !
Never wert thou for an instant becoddled
 By the owl-eyed old maiden
 Pallas Athene—the Goddess of Wisdom."

So cried out Poseidon,
And under the ocean
He ducked back *instantly*.
At his rough sailor chaffing
 Laughed under the water
 His slimy old fishwife
 Amphitrite
And the barely-dressed daughters of Nereus.

A MORNING GREETING

Thalatta ! Thalatta !

Be of me greeted, Ocean eternal ;
 Be of me greeted, greeted ten thousand times,
 Out of my bounding heart,
 As thee once greeted
 Ten thousand Grecian hearts—
 Sorrow-subduing, homeward-aspiring,
 World-renowned Grecian hearts.
 The waves they were waving,
 Were waving and roaring ;
 The sun shot down through them
 Rose-play of rosy light ;
 The scared flocks of sea-gulls
 Seaward flagged screaming,
 As, 'mid steeds pawing and shields resounding,
 Wide rang the victor-shouts--

Thalatta ! Thalatta !

Be of me greeted, O Ocean eternal !
 Like a soft mother-tongue do thy waves lisp to me ;
 Like dreams of childhood seems the bright glitter
 On thy far-rolling, wide-wave dominion,
 And old remembrance whispers anew to me :
 Of all the much-lov'd and splendid toywork,
 Of all the glittering New-Year's Day's glad gifts,
 Of all the red trees with coral branches,
 Gold-fish and pearls, and brightest of sea-shells
 Which thou preservest in secret places,
 There down below in crystal palaces.
 Oh, how I pined far off in desert places !
 Like to a withered flower
 Shut in japann'd box of the dry botanist,
 So lay my heart in my breast.

Now am I like as one
Who, sick the winter long, lay in the dark sick room,
And now I've left it suddenly, suddenly,
And dazzling darts on me spring, spring the emerald,
Spring, spring the emerald, waked by the sunbeams.
And now are rustling trees whitely blossoming,
And young flowers peeping, look at me smiling,
With their bright-scented eyes—
Odours here, murmurs here, breathe soft with laughter ;
Birds in the blue sky singing out clearly—
Thalatta ! Thalatta !

Brave heart, in brave retreat,
Often, how often
Thee have the northern barbarianesses
Ruthlessly held at bay !
From their gigantic eyeballs victorious
Shot they their burning darts ;
With words like sling-stones smooth
Oft would they cleave my heart,
And with *axe-billets-doux*
Smote they sheer down upon
My poor bedizzied brain.
Vainly the shield I raised,
Arrows came whizzing by, hatchet-strokes fell anew ;
And by the northern barbarianesses
Up to the ocean brink am I now driven ;
Now freely breathing, greet I thee, Ocean !
Ocean, the dear and the befreeting—
Thalatta ! Thalatta !

IV

A SEA VISION

THEN did I lean o'er the side of the ship,
 And looked down with a dreaming eye—
 Down, deep down in the mirror-clear water,
 And looked deeper ever and deeper ;
 Till deep down, from the floor of the sea,
 Looking at first like a darkening mist,
 Then growing gradually colour-distinguished,
 Church towers and spires began to rise plainly ;
 And at last, seen clear, a whole great city,
 Antique in fashion, quite like old Flemish,
 All alive with men-dwellers—
 Grave-looking men there, in long black mantles,
 With white ruff-collars and chains of honour,
 Wearing long sword-blades and longer faces.
 Pacing they glide through the throng of the market-place,
 Right to the high steps of the town-council house,
 Where the old Kaiser's graven stone images
 Stand and keep close watch with sword and sceptre.

There, not a long way off, by the long house rows,
 Wherein are windows shining like moons,
 Behind the lime-trees, pyramidal shaven,
 Walk the young maidens with silken rustling :
 Slim little bodies, with flower-like faces,
 Soberly closed round with their black mob-caps,
 'Neath which the gold hair springs like a fountain.
 Gay, trim young fellows, in Spanish raiment,
 Strut proudly o'er the way and nod in greeting.
 Matrons, too, grave with years,
 In their brown, old fashioned,
 Stiff-folded vestures,
 Bearing within the hand hymn-book and rosary,
 Go along tripping
 To the great minster,
 Hurried by chime of bells
 And the deep organ-tunes.

Me, too, it seizes, 'mid awful mystery
Of the far-sounding tones ;
Infinite yearning, desperate langnor,
Through my heart permeate—
My barely healed heart,
It is as though its wounds
Were by dear lips bekissed,
And made to bleed again.
Hot drops and crimson drops
Fall from it downward,
Slow and more slowly,
Down to an old house, with gables lofty,
Moody and lonely.

For at one window there
Sitteth a maiden,
Head on arm leaning,
Looking like a poor child lost and forsaken :
I know thee, poor child, lost and forsaken.
Deep, from me, sea-deep,
In childish humour
Hast thou thus hid thyself,
And could'st not rise again,
But satest strangely with a strange people,
Ages, long ages.
All the while I with soul
Misery-laden,
Sought thee the wide earth through,
And ever sought thee—
Thee, the loved ever,
Thee, the long lost one,
Thee, the one found at last.
I have now found thee, and now behold again
Thy sweetest aspect ;
Thine eyes, so deep and true,
And thy dear smiling.
Ne'er will I quit thee now,
For I come to thee ;
And thus with open arms
Down to thy heart I rush.
But just at that time
Did the ship-captain
Pull me hard by the foot
Back o'er the vessel's side,
Saying with horrid laugh,
“ Are you gone crazy ? ”

V

QUESTIONS

By the sea, by the desert and night-darkened sea,
 A young man is standing
 With heart full of woefulness,
 Head full of doubtings.
 And with parched lips he questions the billows,
 Oh, solve me the riddle of life !
 The sorrowful world-old riddle,
 Wherewith countless heads have been puzzled,
 Heads hieroglyphically night-capped,
 Heads in round turbans, heads in black, square caps,
 Poor perspiring heads of humanity ;
 Tell me the meaning of man.
 Whence comes he ? Where is he going ?
 Who above o'er the golden stars ruleth ?
 The waves go on murmuring murmurs eternal,
 The nipping wind bloweth, the clouds fly on darkling,
 The stars go on twinkling, frigid and selfish,
 While a donkey waits for an answer.

VI

THE HARBOUR

HAPPY the man who reaches the harbour,
And leaves seas and storms snugly behind him.

And sits warmly and cosily

In the good town-cellars of Bremen.

Oh, how the world all, truly and lovingly,
Mirrors itself in a fully filled goblet.

Oh, how the liquid all in a nutshell
Runneth refreshingly over a dry heart.

History ancient and modern of every nation,

Turkish and Greek and Hegel and Gans.

Forest of citron and horse-guard parading,

Berlin and Schilda and Tunis and Hamburg,

But chiefly also the form of a sweetheart,

With small angel-head on a gold ground of Rhine-wine.

Oh how fair, how fair art thou, beloved !

Fair as the rose,

But not as the rose of the roses of Shiraz,

Bride of the nightingale lauded by Hafiz,

Nor as rose either of roses of Sharon

Sacredly blooming and sung by the prophets,

Thou art fair, O my love, as the Rose

In the town-cellar of Bremen,¹ for she

The older she grows, dearer, lovelier blooms she ;

And her *bouquet* so heavenly, that has besouled me,

That has inspired me, that has befuddled me,

And had he not held me fast round the waistband,

The town-cellar keeper of Bremen,

I had come down a cropper.

Oh, the brave fellow ! we sat close together

And tiddled like brothers.

And we talked, talk divinest, secret and precious,

And we sighed and sank down in tearful embracings.

¹ *I.e.*, the winebut of Château La Rose.

To the gospel of Love, which he preached, he converted me,
Then I drank to the weal of my bitterest foemen,
And I drank deep forgiveness to all our bad poets
As I too hope for final forgiveness.

 I wept with devotion and then there were opened,
 Before me the doors of heavenly salvation.
Where the Apostles twelve, Holiest Winebutts
Preached silent sermons, quite understandable
 By every nation !
 Oh, what fine fellows !

 No outward splendour, in wooden jackets,
Yet are they inwardly beautiful, splendid
 More than proud Levites ecclesiastical
And all pontifical Court-swells and Svizzer-guards,
 Those purple vested, these golden laced.
 Hallelujah ! how lovely wave o'er me
 The palm-groves of Bethel.

How sweetly are scented the myrrh-trees of Hebron,
How the Jordan is rushing and reeling in gladness,
And my soul immortal is reeling in chorus,

 And I reel, reeling with it,
 And he reeling with me,
 Leads me upstairs again into the daylight,
 That brave town-cellar keeper of Bremen,
 The jolly old host of the Bremen town-cellar.

FROM THE "HARZREISE"

PROLOGUE

SLEEK black coats and silken stockings,
Ruffles white and courtly vest,
Soft fine speeches and embracings
But no heart within the breast.

Not a heart in breast, no loving,
Loving warmth, where warmth should be,
Oh, they killed me with their truthless
Ditties of love's agony.

For the mountain heights I leave you,
Pious mountain homes to know,
Where the heart expands in freedom
And the breezes freely flow.

For the mountain heights I leave you,
Where the pine trees tower on high,
Where the bird sings to the torrent
And the wild clouds proudly fly.

Fare ye well, ye polished *salons*,
Polished men and women too,
For the mountain heights I leave you,
Thence to look in mirth on you.

BALLADS

I

THE SHEPHERD BOY

A BLITHE king is the shepherd-boy,
His throne is mountain height,
The mid-day sun hangs o'er his head
A crown of golden light.

A crowd of flatterers at his feet,
Lie sheep becross'd with red ;
His nobles are the calves who stalk
In lonely grandeur spread.

The kids and goats Court actors are,
And birds and cows combine
Court music there all day to make,
With bells and flutings fine.

It rings and sings so pleasant thus,
Such pleasant murmurs creep
From waterfall and forest pines,
The king he falls asleep.

And in his place as minister
He leaves his faithful hound,
Whose growls and barks in faithful watch
Re-echo all around.

Then sleepily the young king lisps,
" How lone is kingly state ;
I would I were at home just now,
And by my young queen sate.

" My kingly head in my queen's arms
So fair and soft it lies,
And realms and realms without a bound
Lie hid in her dear eyes."

TO THE RIVER ILSE

THE young Princess Ilse I am,
 In the Ilsenstein I dwell ;
 Oh, come with me into my castle,
 And there we will live right well.

Thy brow I will sprinkle all over
 With the purest of springs I can,
 And thy griefs shall be all forgotten,
 Thou sorrow-sick, pale young man.

With my soft white arms all around thee,
 As I clasp'd and kiss'd o'er and o'er
 The dearest of Kaisers, Heinrich,
 Who died in the days of yore.

The dead with the dead are lying ;
 Life alone for the living is meet,
 And I, I am fair and blooming,
 And my heart laughs out in its beat.

And when my heart laughs and beateth,
 Goes a ring through my crystal hall,
 And the knights and the ladies fall dancing,
 And the merry squires shout one and all.

Then the long trains of satin fly rustling,
 The steel rowels jingle along,
 The motley dwarfs blow on the trumpet,
 And fiddle and dance to the throng.

Yet my arm will I hold thrown around thee,
 As round Kaiser Heinrich 'twas thrown ;
 I shut his ears to with my fingers
 Whenever the trumpets were blown.

MOUNTAIN IDYLLS

I

On the mountain stands the cottage
Wherein dwells the woodman old,
Thereby rustle the green fir-trees,
And there shines the moon of gold.

There's an arm-chair in the cottage,
Rich becarved and wondrously ;
And a happy man sits on it,
And that happy man am I.

On her stool a little maid sits
And her arm she leans on mine,
And her eyes like stars of azure,
And her lips like roses shine.

And these dear blue stars are looking,
Oh, so heavenly large at me ;
And she lays her lily finger,
On her rose lips roguishly.

" No, thy mother does not see us,
For she spins and spins along,
And thy father strums his zither
As he hummeth his old song."

And the little maid light whispers,
In a tone subdued and clear ;
As full many a grave secret,
She entrusts into my ear.

MOUNTAIN IDYLLS

"Since our aunt is dead and buried,
We can't go down below,
To the shooting feast at Goslar—
And 'twill be a splendid show.

"Oh, up here it is so lonely,
On this cold, bleak mountain height ;
And in winter are we nearly
In the deep snow buried quite.

"Then I'm quite a fearful maiden,
And I tremble like a child,
When the evil mountain spirits,
In the night are raging wild."

Then the little one grows silent
Of her words, as though afraid,
And her two small hands all closely
On her eyelids has she laid.

Louder outside hiss the fir-trees,
And the spinning-wheel hums on,
And the zither keeps on tinkling
To the old song's undertone.

"Have no fear, my sweet child-darling,
Of the wicked spirits' might ;
Angels o'er thee, my child-darling,
Are aye watching day and night."

II

Tall fir-trees with green fingers
On the lowly windows graze,
And the moon, the quiet listener,
Sends within its yellow rays.

Father, mother, lightly breathing
In the next room lie asleep,
But we two in blissful prattling,
One another wakeful keep.

"That thou giv'st much time to praying
To believe I hardly dare,
For your lips' sarcastic twitching
Cometh not, I think, from prayer.

"Yes, that cold and wicked twitching
Does my heart with fear surprise,
But my fears cease as I look up,
For thou hast good, pious eyes.

"Yes, I doubt if thou believest,
Thine's half-belief at most :
Hast thou faith in God the Father,
God the Son and Holy Ghost?"

"Oh, my darling, when as child I
On my mother's apron sate,
I believed in God the Father,
Who rules all, so good and great ;

"Who the fair earth has created,
Men and women fair beside,
Who for sun and moon and stars has
Fixed the course in which they glide.

"Then, my child, as I grew older,
Still a higher faith I won—
I believed more, with more reason,
I believed in God the Son—

"On the blessed Son, who loving,
Did reveal love's holy truth,
And was duly, as is usual,
For it crucified in youth.

"Now that I have grown to manhood,
Studied much and travelled wide,
All my heart, with new faith glowing,
Doth in Holy Ghost confide.

"He has wrought the mightiest wonders ;
Mightier will He work again ;
He has broke the tyrant's stronghold,
He has broke the servile chain.

"To all death-wounds brings He healing,
He renews the ancient right,
And all mankind is born equal,
All born noble in His sight.

"Mists of darkness He, and spectres,
From the brain doth clear away—
Things which love and joy can mangle
And torment us night and day.

"Knights a thousand, in proof armour,
Chosen has the Holy Ghost ;
Courage high, to work His mandates,
Gives He to the champion host.

"Swift their dear swords now are flashing,
Their banners now are unroll'd,
Ho ! would'st thou fain, my child, now
Such proud champion knight behold ?

"Well, then, look at me, my darling—
Look at me and look thy most ;
For elected am I truly
Champion of the Holy Ghost."

ATTA TROLL

The opening scene of the poem "Atta Troll" is laid in the baths of Cauterets, which Heine had visited in 1851. The allusion to the Freiligrathian Moorish chieftain refers to Freiligrath's poem, "The Moorish King" ("Der Mohren König"), at whom humorous quips are levelled and crop up continually throughout the poem. In his preface, however, Heine defends himself from any intention of wish to depreciate the talent of Freiligrath, whom he counted among the most remarkable poets who have arisen in Germany since the Revolution. However, Freiligrath's reputation, in spite of some unmistakable poetic merits, has undoubtedly paled of late years; like his own "Löwenrith" he went off at first with a great dash, owing, in a great measure, to his strange choice of subjects and his out-of-the-way rhymes, but, like his "Löwenrith" too, he has failed to sustain his opening promise.

CAPUT I

GIRDLED round by mountain summits,
Peak o'er peak defiant rising,
Sooth'd with lullaby of waters
Falling as in soft dream-pictures,

In its valley lies the charming
Cauterets. The snow-white houses
Deck'd with balconies : fair ladies
Stand thereon all smiling gaily.

Smiling gaily, with looks bended
On the market-place thick crowded,
Where old Bruin and his lady
Dance unto the bagpipes skirling.

Atta Troll and his fair lady,
Who was called by name Black Mumma,
Were the dancers, and admiring
Laughed and cheered the Basque spectators.

Stately serious with *Grandezza*
Danced the noble Atta Troll,
But his shaggy wedded partner
Lacked all dignity and bearing.

Yea ! I had well-nigh suspicion
That the wretch was *cancan*-ising,
And her heartless bold leg-throwings
Brought the *Grande Chaumière* before me.

Also he, this stout bear-leader,
By the chain who held the lady,
Seemed of the immorality
Of the dancing to take notice.

For sometimes he lays upon her
Sundry lashes with his whip-thong ;
Then Black Mumma howls out wildly
And wakes echoes thro' the mountains.

The bear-leader had a steeple-
Hat, and six Madonnas
Stitched therein, to keep his head safe
From foes, foreign or domestic.

He had, too, thrown o'er his shoulders
A gay altar-cloth of patchwork,
And this served him for a mantle
'Neath which lurked the knife and pistol.

In his youth he'd been a friar,
Later, too, a robber-chieftain ;
To unite the two professions,
He enlisted for Don Carlos.

When Don Carlos took to flying
With his whole Round Knightly table,
And these Paladins all, mostly
Tried to find some honest business,

(Herr Footpadski turned an author)
Then became our champion truly
A bear leader, and went tramping,
Leading Atta Troll and Mumma.

And he sets the couple dancing
'Mid the people in the market
Of Caunterets—there in the market
Dances Atta Troll in fetters.

Atta Troll, who once lived freely
As a proud prince in the forest,
On the free tops of the mountains,
Dances now for human rabble.

And, to boot, for dirty money
Must he now dance, he who whilom
In his majesty of terror
Stalked in pride of world-sublimeness.

Of his youthful days he thinketh,
Of his banished forest kingdom,
And dim sounds come growling deeply
From the soul of Atta Troll.

Darkly looks he, like a darkling
Freiligrathian Moorish chieftain,
And as this one drummed so fiercely,
So fierce dances he in his anger.

Yet instead of soft compassion
Roused he laughter : c'en Juliette
From her balcony kept laughing
At his leaps of desperation.

Juliette in her bosom
Has no heart : a French girl is she,
Superficial is she, yet her
Superficies is charming.

And her glances are the sweetest
Web of sunbeams, in whose meshes
Our heart like a little fish lies,
Captured quite and feebly wriggling.

In Freiligrath's poem above mentioned the Moorish negro king is taken prisoner and brought to Europe, where he gets his living by beating a drum before a show-booth. Visions of his country

came before him, and he beat the drum with such fury that he broke it to pieces. Hence the allusion in the first verse of—

CAPUT II

That a swarthy Freiligrathian
Moorish chief, in his mad yearning,
On the drum should beat with passion
Till the skin bursts with a clatter,

That is truly drum-affecting,
And the ear-drum also shattering,
But just think you saw old Bruin
Break his chain and running loosely.

All the music, all the laughter
Stood quite still, with cry of terror
Rush the people from the market
And the ladies all turn pallid.

Yes, old Atta Troll has broken
Loose and left his servile fetters,
And with furious leaps he boundeth
'Thro' the streets of Canterets.

Not a man but makes politely
Way for him and lets him clamber
To the rocks, wherefrom all scornful
Down he looks and seeks the mountains.

In the market-place now empty,
Stays alone with swarthy Mumina
The bear-leader, and in fury
Down to earth his hat he dashes.

And he tramples it, he stamps on
The Madonnas, and his mantle
Tears he from half-naked body,
Cursing at ungrateful natures,

At ungrateful black bear-natures,
For he swore that Atta Troll
Ever as a friend he treated
And instructed him in dancing.

For all things the bear must thank him,
E'en his life ! for he'd been offered,
Vainly offered, francs three hundred
For the skin of Atta Troll.

On the wretched swarthy Mumma,
Who, a picture of dumb sorrow,
Begging on her hinder quarters,
Stood before her raging master,

Falls the raging master's anger ;
Down at length he beats her fiercely,
Calls her, calls her Queen Christina,
Madame Muñoz and Putana.

All this happened on a charming
Sunny afternoon in summer,
And the night which followed after
That bright day was fair and splendid.

On the balcony till morning
Drew quite near, I spent the night hours ;
By my side, too, Julietté
Watched the stars with me together.

And she speaks and sighs, " The stars, ah !
Surely are in Paris fairest,
When on winter nights they sparkle
Mirrored on the muddy asphalt."

CAPUT III

Dreams of summer nights fantastic !
Aimless is my song, yes aimless
As is loving, as is living,
The Creator and creation !

To his own sweet will obeying,
Either galloping or flying,
Scurries on through realms of fable
My beloved Pegasus.

ATTA TROLL

He's no useful, heavy, steady
 Cart-horse tamed for cockney uses,
 Nor a battle-steed of party,
 Stamping, neighing in brute passion.

Golden shoes bedeck the fair hoofs
 Of my milk-white winged courser,
 And his reins are pearl-bestudded,
 And I leave them floating free.

Bear me on where'er thou willest
 O'er the dreary mountain passes,
 Where cascades with fearful screaming
 Warn us from the abyss of madness.

Bear me on through quiet valleys
 Where the oaks are towering gravely,
 Where among their roots contorted
 Bubble world-old fairy springs.

Let me drink at these, and lave there
 My faint eye-balls—ah ! I yearn for,
 Yearn for the light magic waters
 Which can give me sight and wonder.

All my blindness goes. My vision
 Pierces deepest rock recesses
 To the cave of Atta Troll,
 And his speech I can interpret.

Wondrous strange ! how quite familiar
 This bear-language seemed to me now ;
 Have I not in my dear country
 Heard the very self-same accents ?

CAPUT IV

Ronceval, thou noble valley,
 When I hear thy name repeated,
 In my heart the lost "blue floweret"¹
 Wakes and showers a fresh fragrance.

¹ "*Die blaue-Blume*" of the novel of Novalis and Romanticism.

And the dream-world lives again which
A thousand years had buried,
And the mighty phantom faces
Glare upon me and I tremble.

Clash of swords and rage, a fight of
Saracenic, Frankish warriors—
Desperate and faint with bleeding
Sounds the horn which Roland's winding.

There in Ronceval's deep gorges,
Not far from the *Brèche de Roland*,
So called since the Frankish hero
Way to cleave amid the mountain,

With his goodly sword Durandal
In his deathly rage clove madly
Thro' the rock-wall, and the traces
To this day one may discover.

There, within a darksome rock-cleft,
All o'ergrown with woven branches
Of wild pine-trees, deep concealed
Lies the cave of Atta Troll.

There, with household brood around him,
Rests he from the toils and dangers
Of his flight, and from the hardships
Of his human wrongs and travels.

Sweet return to home ! his youngsters
Found he in his cave beloved
Where he reared them with his *Mumma*,
Four dear sons and two dear daughters.

Well licked comely young bear-maidens
With blonde hair like parsons' daughters,
Brown the boy-cubs, save the youngest,
Who'd but one ear and was black.

And the youngest was the favourite
Of his mother, who in playing
With him once had bit an ear off
And in very love had chewed it.

'Twas a youth of soul and spirit,
In gymnastics much accomplished,
Prone his somersaults to cutting,
Like the master-gymnast, Massmann.

Bloom of autochthonic culture
Only loved his native culture ;
Never could he learn the jargon
Of the Grecians and the Romans.

Fresh and free and fair and joyous,
Use of soap to him was hateful,
All luxurious modern washing
As unto the gymnast Massmann.

Poor Massmann, whom Heine chose as the life-long butt of his satire, chiefly from his being one of the chiefs of the *Franzosenfresser* party, was professor of Latin, as well as of the famous *Turukunst* or gymnastics, being in this a follower of Jahn, to whom also, as a *Franzosenfresser*, Heine bore no great love. We do not know with what justice Heine was continually twitting Massmann with his pride in his ignorance of that Latin language which he spent his life in teaching ; subsequently, with much solemnity, he retracted all his numerous jokes at the *magna ignorancia lingue Latine* of the professor.

We omit the humorous scene of "Atta Troll," that is, Massmann dancing in the moonlight before the children, and discoursing on his own excellence in the art, and go on to another extract from his exhortations to his little bear-brood, where Atta Troll, as bear, declaims against the arrogance of the human species, the born foes of beardom and all the animal creation.

CAPUT V

* * * * *

Death and hell ! these human creatures,
These proud arch-aristocrats,
Regard all things zoological
In disdain and pride of birth :

From us steal they wives and children,
And they chain us and maltreat us,
And they kill us, too, and chaffer
O'er our hides and murdered flesh.

And as men they think they've right, too,
Such vile crimes to perpetrate,
And this chiefly 'gainst the bear-race ;
And they call these human rights !

Human rights ! oh, human rights ! oh !
Who has gifted you with these ?
Never of a truth did Nature—
Nature's not unnatural.

Human rights ! who gave to you men
Such exclusive privilege ?
Never, never, sure, did reason ;
Reason's not so void of reason.

Men, do you claim to be better
Than we others, just because you
Eat your meats all boiled and roasted,
While we swallow ours down raw ?

In the end what difference is there ?
'Tis the same thing ; not ennobling
Is the form of eating : noble
Is who noble thinks and acts.

Men, do *you* claim to be better
Since you art and knowledge use
To your profit, while we others
Had not such an easy task ?

Yet are dogs not sometimes learned ?
Do not asses write reviews ?
Do not apes perform in comedies ?
Beavers too in hydrostatics ?

I myself in art of dancing
Have, too, got as far as Ranmer
In his writing—writes he better
Than I dance, a simple bear ?

Leaving out a good deal more of bear-talk, we come in the next chapter to a project of an animal trades-union which has not yet lost its applicability. Heine, speaking in his own person, goes on in—

CAPUT VI

Yet it may perhaps bring profit
Unto men, as chiefest creatures,
To know what the kind of logic
Current is in under-circles.

Yea ! below there, in the gloomy
Social spheres of want and sorrow,
In the lower bestial strata
Misery broods with pride and anger.

There the natural historic,
All the rights of use and wont,
Which have stood good for millenniums,
Are denied with snout defiant.

By the old ones to the young ones
Are the vicious doctrines growled out,
Which on earth are full of sorrow
For humanity and culture.

"Children," growls out Atta Troll,
To and fro as he is rolling
On his counterpaneless pallet,
"Children, ours is all the future.

"If each bear thought, if each member
Of the beast-world thought as I do,
With united forces would we
Soon subdue our tyrant masters.

"If the wild boar joined in union
With the horse, and elephants too
Made a league of tusk and trunk with
The strong horns of the stout oxen :

"If the bear and wolf together,
Goat and ape, and even hares,
Would but work awhile in common,
Victory would never fail us.

"Union ! Union is the first word
Of the time ! As individuals
Were we made slaves, but united
We can circumvent the despots.

" Union ! Union ! and we conquer,
And we break the base dominion
Of monopoly and injustice,
A beast-kingdom can be founded.

" Of all creatures shall equality
Be the fundamental law,
All beliefs shall be held equal,
And all kinds of skins and scents.

" Strict equality ! Each donkey
Shall have high official place,
And the lion shall henceforward
Drag the sacks unto the mill.

" As for dogs, the dog is truly
But a servile scamp at best,
Since as dog he has been treated
Now by man these thousand years.

" Unto him again yet will we
Grant anew in our free state
His inalienable rights ; soon
Will the dog grow re-ennobled.

" Yea ! the very Jews shall fully
Have their share in our State rights,
And before the laws be equal
With all other mammal beasts.

" Only dancing be forbidden
To all Jews in public places :
This amendment I insist on
In the interest of my art.

" For a proper sense of style and
Of a plastic genuine motion
To that race was ever wanting ;
They would spoil the public taste."

The bitterness of the irony here, in the bear's proposing still with some restriction to enfranchise the Jews, as the last of the animal

race, is not easily to be matched in literature. In the next chapter Atta Troll continues his disquisition :—

CAPUT VII

Darksome in his darksome cavern,
In his own familiar circle,
Atta Troll, man's foeman, cowers,
And he growls with wild teeth gnashing :

"O men ! O ye pert *canaille* !
Laugh your worst, for from your laughter,
As, at length from your yoke, duly
Will the day of judgment free us.

"Me did ever anger mostly
That sour-sweet unseemly twitching
Of your proud lips—unendurable
Aye to me was human laughter !

"More impertinent by far
Than by language, the presumption
Of the human soul in laughter
Manifests itself towards us."

* * * *

CAPUT VIII

Many a citizen moral-minded
Has a bad scent upon earth, while
Slaves of princes go perfumed,
Steeped in lavender and musk.

Virgin-souls there are full many
Who but smell of casual soap,
All the while that some are using
Every day attar of roses.

Therefore turn not up your noses,
Dearest readers, if the cave of
Atta Troll does not remind you
Of Arabia's spicy gales.

Bear with me this atmospheric
Trial, howe'er malodorous,
Hear the hero to his pet son
Speaking like a god cloud-hidden :

" Child, my child, thou youngest offshoot
Of my loins, lay thou thy one ear
To the nozzle of thy father
And drink in my earnest speech.

" Keep from human ways of thinking,
That deprave both soul and body,
For among all human creatures
Will you find no creature human.

" E'en the Germans, even the best men
Of the race of Tuiskion,
Cousins dear of ours who once were,
These too have degenerated.

" Faithless are they now and godless,
Preaching flat black atheism.
Child, my child, be warned and read not,
Read not Feuerbach or Bauer.

" Ne'er become an atheist,
Ne'er a bear without due reverence
For our Maker—for a Maker
Has made all the universe.

" Up above both sun and moon,
All the stars too—those with tails on
Equally with those with tails off—
Shine thro' His omnipotence.

" Down below both land and ocean
Are the echoes of His glory,
And each creature of each species
Sings the glory of His glories.

" E'en the tiniest infant creeper
Which the pilgrim's beard was born in,
In life's pilgrimage partaking,
Sing the Eternal's song of praise.

" Up there in the stars' pavilion,
On the gold stair of dominion,
World-directing and majestic,
Sits a polar bear colossal.

"Spotless he, and snow-white gleaming
Is his skin : his head adorned
With a dazzling crown of diamonds
Which fills all the heavens with light.

"In his face is harmony,
And the silent deeds of thinking ;
Only with his sceptre waves he,
And the spheres they ring and sing.

"At his feet sit still and pious
All the bear-saints who on earth here
Had their trials, with paws holding
Each his palm of martyrdom.

"Oftentimes one sudden rises,
Then another is awakened
By the spirit, and behold ! then
There they dance their holy dance.

"Shall I ever, Troll unworthy,
Be partaker of such glory—
From this life of earthly sorrow
Ever rise to realms of bliss ?"

The reader will by this time have read sufficient to give him an idea of the nature of the bear-epic—the "last free forest song of Romanticism," as Heine styled it.

The latter part of the poem, which extends to twenty-seven cantos, lacks the spirit and interest of the portions which we have analysed and translated ; it is occupied with the story of the slaughter of Atta Troll, who was, poor bear, treacherously decoyed into an ambuscade by his heartless Mumma, when he was shot by his old bear-leader, who sold his skin, and this skin finally became a *descente de lit* for the superficial Juliette of Paris whose superficialities was so charming. As for the faithless Mumma, she receives a provision for life in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, living on tender terms with a frightful monster of a bear from Siberia, oblivious of Atta Troll altogether, and waited on by the Freiligrathian Moorish chief, who had returned from Germany and become appointed one of the keepers of the collection of animals on the banks of the Seine.

This was the epitaph inscribed over the grave of Atta Troll :—

Atta Troll, a bear of purpose,
Pious, moral, and uxorious,
By the age seduced he grew a
Forest-born wild *sansculotte*.

He danced badly, yet intentions
 Good he bore in shaggy breast ;
 Talents none, but noble character,
 Tho' he smelt not always nice.

The poem of "Atta Troll" was dedicated to Heine's oldest and perhaps best friend in life, Varnhagen von Ense. In the letter of recommendation which Heine gave Ferdinand de Lassalle for Varnhagen, in 1846, he had written :—

"The thousand-year-old Kingdom of Romanticism is at an end, and I myself was its last dethroned King. Had I not taken the crown from my head, and put on the smock frock, I should have been duly beheaded four years ago, before I became a renegade to myself. I had still a yearning to ramble about in the moonlight with the old companions of my dreams, and I wrote "Atta Troll," the swan-song of the expiring epoch, and I dedicated it to you. That was your due, for you have been my most near and dear brother-in-arms, in jest and in earnest. You have, like me, helped to bury the old time, and acted the part of midwife to the new age ; yea, we have brought it forth to the day and have been terrified ; it is with us as it is with the poor hen which has been set to hatch ducks' eggs, and with horror sees how the young brood rush into the water and swim so pleasantly."

THE SLAVE SHIP

I

THE supercargo, Mynheer van Kock,
In his cabin his books made out,
The costs of the freight to calculate,
And the net profits thereabout.

“The gum, all right—spice and pepper, all right—
Three hundred sacks, great and small;
The gold dust and ivory—that’s very well :
But my black stock’s best of all.

“Six hundred niggers at Senegal stream
I got dirt cheap at a swop;
Their flesh is hard, their sinews are tough
As iron of very first chop.

“The brandy-kegs which I gave in exchange,
Glass, pearls, steel goods reckoned in—
If half of them only get to land
Eight hundred per cent. I shall win.

“If three hundred blessed niggers I get
To harbour at Rio Janeiro,
I’ll get a hundred ducats a man from
The house of Gonzalez Pereiro.”

Then suddenly was the Mynheer van Kock
Torn from his pleasant reflections :
For the ship-surgeon came and stept within—
The doctor Van der Speckschens.

He was a clapper-like, lean sort of body,
With warts on his nose of red wax.
“Well, Saltwater Sawbones,” cried Van Kock,
“How are my beloved blacks?”

The doctor thanked for his inquiry and said,
"I am come now to admonish ye
That the mortality's bigger—it was
Enough last night to astonish ye.

"Our average has been but two per day,
Yet seven last night have walked off—
Four men and three women. I've that amount
In the ledger duly chalked off.

"The bodies I have inspected with care,
For the rascals often play
The dead man ; and if they can take us in,
Overboard they're chucked away.

"The irons of the carcasses were all took,
And clean accordin' to rule,
The gone coons into the sea were all pitched,
This morning quite in the cool.

"Then sprang from the deep (I never saw more)
Such heaps of those sea wallowers—
The sharks, who love nigger diet so much ;
I call 'em my court followers.

"Ever since we departed from Senegal stream,
They've stuck quite close to our wake,
The brutes, they must smell the corpses alive,
Such greedy snuffles they make.

"And when they gobble the dead 'uns up, Lord,
The sight is most rarely fine ;
One takes to the head, and one to the feet,
One snaps 'em right in the loin.

"When they've tucked all down, then quite pleased
they roll,
Close, close to the ship's side planks,
And goggle at me, just as though they would
For their breakfast offer thanks."

Here sighing most deeply, Van Kock cuts in,
"How sad ! ah, what can I do
To stay this deplor'd mortality ?
What measures can I pursue ?"

The doctor replied, "It's by their own fault,
That the niggers mostly croak,
'Tis their stinkin' breath that makes foul the air
In the hold, and then they choke.

"And many die, too, through melanchòly,
For they pine 'emselves away;
Give 'em air and music, and let 'em dance,
And the sickness p'raps will stay."

"Dear Saltwater Sawbones," cries Van Kock,
"Gad, you're a most knowing preacher,
More knowin' than Aristotle by chalks,
Who was Alexander's teacher.

"Why the chairman of our Delft Society,
For tulip-edification,
Is a knowin' card, but he ain't got the half
Of your 'cute imagination.

"Oh, music! here, music! my blacks, my blacks,
On the poop shall dance divinely.
Oh! he who don't find the hop lively enough,
Why the cat shall tickle him finely."

II

Down through the wide sky's azure tent
Ten thousand stars are spying,
Large, bright, they gleam just like the eyes
Of pretty women sighing.

They look right down into the sea,
Which spreads out far and wide,
In phosphorescent purple bloom,
Right languid sleeps the tide.

No sail shakes on the slave-ship's mast,
They look hung up to dry,
And lanterns gleam upon the poop,
Whence music rises high.

The helmsman draws the fiddle bow,
The cook the flute has blown,
The cabin-boy he is the drum,
The doctor's the trombone.

A hundred niggers, women and men,
Hop and shout in rigadoun ;
All mad and wild, at every note
Their manacles clank in tune.

They stamp the deck in raging glee ;
And many a black-skinned belle
Embraces her naked partner's waist,
All with sob and groan and yell.

Their drover walks with cat in hand
As ceremony-master,
His hempen lash promotes the fun,
Each laggard loon goes faster.

And fiddle-de-dee and tan-tara-tang ;
The noise draws from the deep
The monsters of the under-world,
Where their dim senses sleep.

Half drunk with sleep, there swim about
A hundred sharks and more ;
They goggle up at the ship, and feel
Surprised and bewildered sore.

They find 'tis not yet breakfast-time,
They roll and ope their jaws ;
Their throats are thick palisaded with
Huge rows of teeth like saws.

And fiddle-de-dee and tan-tara-tang ;
The dance seems never to fail :
The sharks out of patience get and bite
Each other in the tail.

For sharks, like many of their tribe,
In music have small glee :
Trust not the brute, says Albion's bard,
Who dislikes harmony.

And tan-tara-tang and fiddle-de-dee ;
They madly dance away :
By the foremast stands Mynheer van Kock,
He folds his hands to pray.

“ For Christ's dear sake, spare, spare, O Lord,
The lives of my poor black stock !
Be not wrath with the sinners, they
Simple are as poor dumb flock.

“ For Christ's dear sake, who died for all,
Spare us, good Lord ! oh spare !
Without three hundred head at last,
’Twill be a damn'd affair.”

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

Who has much, the merry fellow
Puts his hand in each man's pot ;
Who has little, let him bellow,
Strip him quick of what he's got.

Hast thou nothing left at all ?
To thy grave this instant get !
Right to live, O sorry rascal !
Leave to those who've something yet.

THE GOLDEN CALF

FIDDLES, pipes and horns are sounding,
All in idol dance are bounding !
 See the elder's daughters springing
 Round the gold calf. Hear the drum,
 Brum, brum, brum !
Cymbal-clangs and laughter ringing.

Tucked up highly, ho ! ho ! ho !
Hand in hand see how they go !
 Noble girls of high descending
 Round the calf like whirlwinds fly,
 Leap sky-high ;
Cymbal-clangs with laughter blending.

See the high-priest drawn along.
Capering in the maddening throng !
 See his reverend surplice swinging,
 Goat-like skips our *credo*-keeper,
 What a leaper !
Cymbal-clangs and laughter ringing.



THE ASRA

DULY walk'd the pearl-surpassing
Sultan's daughter, going, coming
In the evening by the fountain,
Where the waters white are plashing.
Daily grew he pale and paler,
Till one evening stepped the princess
Close before him and asked tartly :
"Tell me, slave, what name thou ownest ?
Where thy home is, what thy kindred ?"
And the captive spake :
"My name is Mohamèd,
I come from Yemen ;
And my race is of those Asra
Who love and die,
And die with love !"

FIRDUSI

I

SOME are golden men, some silver
If a hunk speaks of a *tuman*
Then we know he speaks of silver
And he means a silver *tuman*.

Yet, when a prince speaks of it,
Or a Sultan, then a *tuman*
Is gold always, a Shah always
Takes and gives but golden *tumans*.

So good fellows always take it,
And so took it, too, Firdusi,
The poet of the world-famed
And immortal song *Shah-Namch*.

All this grand heroic poem
He wrote at the Sultan's bidding,
Who, for each one of his couplets,
Promised to give him a *tuman*.

Seventeen times the rose had budded,
Seventeen times the rose had faded,
And the nightingale had sung her
And been silent seventeen times !

All the while the poet sitteth
At the loom of thought and fancy ;
Day by day for ever weaving
Of that song, the giant arras.

Giant arras, where the poet
Has achieved that wondrous marvel
Of his land, the fable-story,
And Farsistan's Kings' primæval.

Darling heros of his nation,
Knightly wanderings, deeds chivalrous,
Wicked sorcerers and demons
Decked with flow'rs of fairy legend.

All is blooming, all is life-like,
Flaming bright with fire heroic ;
All is glowing with the flashes
Of the holy light of *Iran*.

For the light divine, primæval,
Of the sacred last fire temples,
Warmed the poet's heart, in spite of
The *Kor'ân* and turbaned *Mollahs*.

When the mighty song was finished,
Then the poet to the Sultan
Sent it written out in parchment,
Twice one hundred thousand verses.

In the public baths of Gazna,
In the public baths it happened,
That two black slaves of the Sultan
Found the Persian bard Firdusi.

Each slave bore a sack of money,
Which he offered, humbly kneeling,
To the Persian bard Firdusi,
As the guerdon for his poem.

The poet one sack opened,
In his haste to have a sight of
The bright gold for which he laboured,
And there he saw, astounded,

That the sacks held not a gold piece,
All were white and silver *tumans* ;
Twice one hundred thousand truly,
But the poet's laugh was bitter.

Yes, the poet's laugh was bitter,
As that sum he straight divided
In three equals parts : to each one
Of the two black negro-bearers

Gave he a third as *backshish*
For their labour, and the last part
Gave he to the black bath-servant,
In a lump, as his drink-money.

Then his pilgrim staff he went for,
Straightway, and the Sultan's city
Left he, pausing at the gate-way
Just to shake dust from his sandals.

II

HE had dined well, Sultan Mahmoud,
And so he was of jovial mood.

In his garden he sat on a crimson seat,
By a fountain which babbled quite cool and sweet.

His courtiers stand in obeisance due,
Ansari the favourite was there too.

O'er the lips of the marble vases trail
The brightest of flowers in many a veil.

The palm-trees all in their graceful way,
Like odalisks, keep fanning away ;

But the cypress is still and moveth not,
As though heaven-dreaming and world-forgot.

When sudden to sound of light lute-strings,
A girl some enchanting verses sings ;

The Sultan leapt up, as though he were stung,
" Whose verses were those that girl has sung ? "

Ansari, he whom the Sultan addressed,
Said, " They are Firdusi's, and some of his best ! "

The Sultan said, taken all aback :
" Where is the great poet ? and nought doth he lack ? "

Ansari gave answer : " In poverty debar
The poet has lived now many a year.

" In Toos, the city where he was born,
In his own small garden he pines forlorn ! "

Sultan Mahmud for a time was still,
Then said to Ansari : " Do prompt my will ;

" Of mules and camels, go take from my stable,
A hundred and fifty—the best you are able,

" And these you must load with every treasure
Which can to a mortal heart give pleasure ;

" With princely jewels and precious rings,
And robes of honour and household things ;

" Of sandal-wood carved and of ivory,
Of gold and silver filigree ;

" Goblets and flagons of choice design,
And leopards' skins bespotted fine ;

" With carpets and shawls and rich brocade,
The finest that in my realms are made ;

" And look that there be, when you do pack,
Of weapons and saddle-cloths bright no lack.

" The best wines and syrups which you can find,
Candied citrons and sweets of every kind ;

" Good horses a dozen you'll add to my gift,
Of best Arab blood and as arrows swift ;

" A dozen black slaves, too, join to the list,
Whose bodies of bronze all toil can resist !

" Ansari, go straight, all these treasures combine,
Under your lead in the caravan line,

" And be with my loving greetings profuse,
In giving them to the great poet at 'Toos !"

Ansari fulfilled well the Sultan's behest,
Loading camels and mules with full many a chest

Of gifts of honour, whose value might
A king's whole revenue equal quite.

It was three days ere the packing was done,
Then *Gazna* he left with the rising sun ;

Of the long caravan he rode at the head,
A *Sowar* in front bore a banner of red.

To the city of Toos they took eight days,
The town lies just at a mountain's base ;

The caravan at the East-gate goes in,
Its shouts and its cries make no small din ;

The kettle-drums beat and the cow-horns rung,
The cymbals clash, while in triumph sung

" *La Allah illa Allah* " from throats a hundred,
Of drivers of mules and camels thundered.

Through the western gate on the other side
Of Toos, just then some bearers glide,

Singing Koran verses as *threnody*
To Firdusi's, the dead poet's, body.

LAZARUS

" ENFANT PERDU "

In hope forlorn, mid freedom's fighters going,
For forty long, long years I kept my ground,
No hope had I of victory, well knowing
I'd ne'er get home with body safe and sound.

I watched both day and night, there was no sleeping,
'Mid my good comrades on the tented sward ;
For if at times I felt soft slumber creeping,
My brave friends woke me up by snoring hard.

And in those nights, in weary loneliness quailing—
For only fools fear naught at any time—
I whistled loud, to cheer my courage failing,
My songs satiric in my pungent rhyme.

Yes, watchful stood I, ready gun on shoulder,
And if a doubtful knave came creeping up,
I shot straight out, and made the rascal colder,
By making him on good hot bullet sup.

Yet it might hap, that such a rascal spying
In shooting too had not a little skill ;
And he shot straight, of that there's no denying,
My wound's still open and my blood runs still.

My post is vacant ! for my life's blood's draining,
And when one falls, another takes his part,
I fall ! I fall ! both sword and shield retaining,
Unbroken yet—but with a broken heart !

RIDDLES

ENOUGH of holy parables,
And of pious supposition,
Let us solve the cursèd riddles,
With no craven circumition.

Why beneath his cross's burden
Crawls the good man faint and gory,
While the villain like a hero
Rides his lofty steed in glory ?

Who's to blame for 't ? Is our Lord God
Not Almighty fully, duly ?
Or is He the mischief-maker ?
That were base in Him, most truly !

So we go on asking ever,
Asking in and out of season,
Till our mouths with clay are cramm'd full,
But that clay is not a reason !

FÜR DIE "MOUCHE"

Extract from lines addressed to the lady who nursed Heine in his last illness, when he was nearly blind.

WITH eyes closed I feel the balm
Of thy sweet form o'er me bending,
With look of the ecstatic calm
Of spirits with the moonbeam blending.

We speak no word, my heart well knows
All the secrets of thy bosom ;
Speech is but the garish rose,
Silence is love's virgin blossom !

EXTRACT FROM THE LAST LINES ADDRESSED TO HIS WIFE

My arm grows weak ; death comes apace,
Death pale and grim ; and I no more
Can guard my lamb as heretofore.
O God ! into thy hands I render
My crook : keep Thou my lambkin tender.
When I in peace have laid me down,
Keep Thou my lamb, and do not let
A single thorn her bosom fret.
Oh, keep her fleece from thorn-hedge harsh,
And all unstained in mere and marsh.
Above all, too, before her feet,
Make Thou the best of pasture sweet,
And let her sleep without a fear.

VARIOUS
TRANSLATIONS

THE OX

I LOVE thee, gentle steer—within my breast
Thy presence sends a sense of peace and power ;
Whether as grand as monumental tower
The broad and fertile landscape thou regardest,
Or whether, helpful, thou at man's behest
Thy neck beneath his labouring yoke dost lower ;
He shouts, he goads—and never answer sour
Do thy slow-moving, patient eyes suggest—
From thy dark, humid nostrils fuming rise
Thy breathings, like some solemn hymnal prayer,
Thy bellow soars aloft in the blue air,
And in the mirror of thy soft brown eyes
We see reflected all this rural scene—
These fair, broad fields, this holy silence green.

GIOSUÈ CARBUCCI.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE OF THE STRANGER CHILD

'Tis a Christmas eve and cold,
And a little stranger boy
From the streets tries to behold
Something of the inner joy
Which the glowing lamps unfold.

Inside every house he sees,
Where he peers the blinds between,
All the fairy, fairy trees
And their branches' starry sheen :
While he feels his feet to freeze.

Then the poor child weeps and says,
" Every child sits now to-night
Warm and happy in the blaze
Of his Christmas-tree alight,
While from here I hopeless gaze.

" Last year with my parents dear,
When we lived in our old home,
I'd a tree all silver clear ;
But forgotten here I roam
In this stranger land and drear.

" Will nobody let me see,
Give me just a little nook ?
There must 'mid these houses be
Some small corner whence to look,
Some small corner fit for me.

" Will nobody let me in ?
I want not the smallest toy,
It will please me well within
Other's gifts to make my joy,
Sharing in the merry din."

Lightly pushed he door and gate,
Scratched at window-sill and pane,
But none moved from whence they sat
That poor child to entertain—
Every ear was deaf as fate.

For each father gaily smil'd,
And each mother was right glad,
Giving toys to children wild
Not another thought they had ;
None thought on the stranger child,

“ O dear Christ-child, look on me !
Father, mother, none have I,
None I have to help but thee ;
Aid, oh ! aid me, to me fly,
I am full of misery.”

Then his hands he rubs and blows—
Poor, stiff, little frozen hands ;
And the frost creeps through his clothes ;
Waiting in the streets he stands,
But his looks on heaven repose.

With a star upon his brow,
See a sweet child swiftly flies,
In fair raiment white as snow,
Down the streets ; in heavenly wise
Accents from his lips outflow.

“ Dearest child, thy Christ am I,
Who a little child like thee
Was in ages long gone by ;
Thou wert not forgot by me,
For I heard each lonely sigh.

“ Oh ! for all I have an ear,
Equal joy to all I mete,
I can give my treasures here
Just as well within the street
As within the warm room there.

“ I will show thee here thy tree,
Stranger child, here shall it shine,
In the open air all free ;
In the rooms there none so fine
Do the rich man's children see.”

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Then the Christ-child waved his hand
Up to heaven ; and wondrous bright
On the earth a tree did stand,
Stars in number infinite
Gemm'd the boughs with radiance bland.

Oh, so far and yet so near
Did the gemmy clusters glow,
That strange child a rapturous fear
Felt into his heart to go,
At the joy so near and clear.

Ah ! 'twas like a vision bright ;
For fair angels through the tree
Floated down in ceaseless flight,
Round the child they came with glee,
Bore him to their realms of light.

There the strange child has his bliss,
In his own true home in heaven
Where the Christ-child ever is ;
And what gifts on earth are given
There forgotten are, I wis.

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT.

THE VIOLET

A VIOLET in a meadow stood,
With drooping head in solitude ;
 It was a hearty violet.
There came a blithe young shepherdess,
With step of airy joyousness,
 Along, along
 The meadows there, and trill'd a song.

“ Ah ! ” thought the violet, “ could I be
The fairest flower that decks the lea,
 Ah ! but a tiny, tiny while,
Until the maiden had me cull'd,
And fainting on her bosom lull'd ;
 But oh ! but oh !
 The shortest hour that time can flow.”

But ah ! the maiden passed the spot,
The simple violet heeded not ;
 Trod down the lowly violet.
It died, and sang out cheerfully,
“ I die, I die right blissfully ;
 How sweet, how sweet,
 To die, to die at her dear feet ! ”

GOETHE.

“PRINZ EUGEN DER EDLE RITTER”

This spirited sketch is a description of the first publication by an Austrian camp-fire of the popular and military song, “Prinz Eugen.” He is the Prince Eugene of English history, the brother-in-arms of Marlborough. The song was composed during one of Eugene’s campaigns against the Turks, and, in the time and circumstances of its birth, reminds one of “*Malbrook s’en va-t-à la guerre !*”

Texts, posts, guards, and “Who goes there ?”
By the Danube, night is fair ;
Tether’d to the pegs below
Chargers stand round in a ring,
From the peaked saddlebow
Heavily the carbines swing.

Round the bivouac-fire’s red heat,
Close before their chargers’ feet,
Stretched the Austrian picket lies
On their cloaks at length together ;
From the shako droops the feather,
Subs and captains throw the dice.

The trumpeter reclines alone
O’er his woollen horsecloth thrown,
Near his jaded sorrel nag,
“Leave the cards, put down the dice,
I’ve a song which in a trice
’ll dancing set our Kaiser’s flag.

“A week ago I thought of it
For the army’s benefit ;
Here it is, in proper rhyme :
All the notes are now set right ;
Hark, my comrades red and white,
Hark to me and mark the time.”

Then he sings his new device
Lightly once and twice and thrice
To the old campaigners round ;
And the last time as he ended
Rose at once their voices blended,
In a roaring chorus-sound.

" Prince Eugene, that knightly wonder " :
Hark ! it bursts and swells like thunder !
All the Turks rush to the trench ;
The trumpeter strokes his moustache,
And sidles off to get a dash
Of something from the sutler-wench.

FREILIGRATH.

THE CURSE OF THE MINSTREL

IN the knightly ancient ages, a castle stood in pride,
It lorded over all the land unto the azure tide ;
Around of blooming gardens the odorous perfumes rise,
A thousand founts flash merrily and wave their rainbow dyes.

There sat a haughty monarch, a king of stubborn race,
Upon his throne he sat, with a dark and ghastly face.
Now what he thinks is horror, his look is anger sore,
And what he speaks are scourges, and what he writes is gore.

Two minstrels to this castle came, they were a noble pair,
One crown'd with golden love-locks, the other with grey hair :
A harp the grandsire bore, as on palfrey white he rode,
And gaily on beside him the minstrel stripling strode.

To the rosy youth he spake : " My son, this day have care,
Bethink thee of our noblest strains, thy choicest notes prepare ;
Weave bliss and bale together, weave with thy subtlest art
To-day, to-day our task shall be to move the king's stone heart."

Eftsoons the minstrels twain in pillared hall were seen,
Before the throne of that fell king ; beside him sat his queen ;
The king in fearful splendour, as is the northern light,
The queen looked softly, mildly, as is the full moon bright.

The chords the grandsire smote, he smote them wondrous
clear,
And deeper, ever deeper, the strain swelled on the ear ;
Between the old man's chantings, the fair boy's treble streams,
Like bursts of spirit-melodies such as we hear in dreams.

They sang of spring and love, of the happy golden time,
Of truth and freedom, holiness, and manly worth sublime ;
They touched on all the tender strains which human bosoms
thrill,
They sang of all the high things which noble thoughts instil.

Around the courtly minions forget each scoffing tone,
 And the stalwart warriors bow as 'fore God's awful throne :
 Then the queen in smiles and tears the minstrels' power
 confessed ;
 To the fair boy down she threw the red rose from her breast.

"You have my court enchanted, seduc'd this foolish dame !"
 The tyrant yell'd in frenzy, his body writh'd like flame ;
 He hurl'd his flashing falchion, cut through the boy-bard's
 breast,
 Thence 'stead of golden melodies the red life-stream out prest.

As leaves by winter wind are the listeners cast apart,
 The fair young boy has breathed his last, clasped to the old
 man's heart ;
 He cast his mantle round him, on his steed he set him straight,
 He bound him thereon fastly and passed out the castle gate.

In front of that high portal then paused the minstrel grey,
 He seized his harp, which from all harps the prize had borne
 away ;
 With crash upon the pavement the harp in pieces sprung,
 His voice through court and castle like withering thunder rung.

"Woe unto you, ye lordly halls ! let never festive glee
 Sound e'er again within your walls, nor song nor minstrelsy,
 No ! nought but sighs and groaning, as the fell destroyers pass,
 And the avenging spirit treads you to a mouldering shapeless
 mass !

"Woe unto ye, ye perfum'd bowers, now dight in vernal
 grace !
 I doom ye by the showing of this dead distorted face :
 Let your leafy honours perish, and let every fount be dry,
 You to utmost ages withering shall a sandy desert lie !

"Woe unto thee, thou slayer, thou the minstrel's hate and
 spite !
 Thy strivings for the bloody crown of fame be drown'd in
 night !
 Thy name shall be forgotten, thy life shall leave no trace,
 Like the last sigh of the dying, breath'd forth in empty
 space !"

The old man has denounced, high Heaven has heard the
prayer,
The walls are rent asunder, and the chambers trampled bare ;
One lofty column yet speaks of wondrous splendour past,
And this already shiver'd may ere night be headlong cast.

Round, 'stead of fragrant gardens, lies a dreary desert land,
Not a tree a shadow throws, not a runlet slakes the sand ;
The king's name in no chronicle is told, nor hero race,
But vanish'd and forgotten—that is the "Minstrel's Curse."

UHLAND.

THE WOEFUL TOURNAMENT

THERE rode, there rode seven knights so bold,
With shield and spear they went,
To honour the king's child they would hold
A goodly tournament.

And when they saw the keep and wall,
A bell tolled down the air ;
And when they trod within the hall
Seven tapers saw they there.

They saw, they saw, all white and dead,
Adelaida, sweet and fair ;
The king sat by his child's dear head,
Mute in his heart's despair.

Young Rudolf said, with sigh so drear,
" Now must I grieve indeed ;
In vain I've rid with shield and spear,
And put girths on my steed."

Lord Adalbert, quick out he spake :
" You have no cause to sigh ;
Still meet it is for the king's child's sake
The cut and thrust to try."

Lord Walter, fearless knight, then said :
" Come home, now let us go ;
To fight to the death for this dead maid
Will bring small good, I trow."

But Adalbert cried, " Though she's dead,
Earth none so fair does hold I
Let's fight for her crown of roses red
And for her ring of gold."

THE WOEFUL TOURNAMENT

Then rode they down upon the plain,
Those seven knights true and good,
And there they strove with might and main,
Till six were stark as rood.

Lord Adalbert he rode alone,
He had o'erthrown them all,
From horse all pale he got him down,
And stept within the hall.

He took the crown of roses red,
Took, too, the ring of gold,
Then fell to earth all pale and dead,
As his own love stone-cold.

The king put on a mantle black,
He made the bells to sound,
The six knights each upon his back
He saw laid under ground.

Lord Adalbert then out he led,
With his own child so fair ;
And now they rest in one cold bed,
One stone upon the pair.

UHLAND.

WALTER THE TRUE

By'r Virgin Lady's roof of prayer
True Walter's steed was going ;
A maiden fair was kneeling there,
Her salt, salt tears fast flowing.
" Hold stay, hold stay, O Walter dear !
My voice, oh, knows no more thine ear,
Which once it heard so gladly ! "

" Whom see I here ? The false, false maid,
That mine, that mine has been, oh !
Thy silken gear, where hast thou laid,
Thy gold and jewelled sheen, oh ? "
" Oh that I e'er from truth did stray,
My Paradise is lost for aye,
Unless again thou'lt find it ! "

With pity moved, the maid he placed
Upon the steed before him,
Her soft, fair arms about his waist
She turned and sat before him.
" O Walter dear ! my heart does feel
To beat on naught but cold stark steel ;
Thou hast nor life nor motion. "

They mount to Walter's castle height,
The halls are drear and lonely ;
She took the helmet off the knight,
Oh wan his face so comely !
" Thy pale wan cheeks, thy eyes of woe,
Oh truest heart ! adorn thee so ;
To me thou ne'er looked fairer. "

The eager maid the knight undrest,
From mailed weight relieving ;
“ What see I here ? a sable vest !
Who's dead, whom thou art grieving.”
“ For dearest love, I sorrow sore,
Whom I on earth shall never more,
Nor in the grave shall find, oh ! ”

She sank unto the wan knight's feet,
With outstretched arms lamenting :
“ With pity, love, I do entreat
Thy wrong'd true heart's relenting ;
Oh raise me up to bliss again,
Oh let me soothe my bitter pain
On thy true breast reposing ! ”

“ Arise, arise, thou poor weak child,
To raise, my arms are stiff and stark ;
I cannot soothe thy sorrow wild,
My heart is lifeless, cold and dark ;
If sad art thou, oh sad am I.
Love wrong'd goes by, love wrong'd goes by,
And ne'er looks back again.”

UHLAND.

Who never ate with tears his bread,
Who hath not past the sad night hours
In silence weeping on his bed,
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers.

GOETHE.

AN ASS'S CONSOLATION

LITTLE joy in aught have I,
I am stupid and ill-made ;
Poor weak creature, soon afraid.
Men make jokes and pass me by,
Men and women, young and old.
I am neither warm nor cold.

Al! my life is care and woe ;
Stupid am I, ugly too ;
Straw and thistles must I chew ;
Old beneath the sacks I grow.
Since Nature me in scrubby mood begot,
I've nothing—but—a tuneful throat, God wot !

CLAUDIUS.

THE GLOW-WORM

ONCE a glow-worm threw a gleam
Gently out upon the night,
Little knowing how his beam
In that poet nook was bright.

Then there crept up to the spot,
From a near dell's plashy damp,
A soft toad, who slyly shot
Poison on the glow-worm's lamp.

Then the little worm quick cried,
“ Have I injured thee or thine ? ”
And the noisome brute replied,
“ Wherefore, wherefore dost thou shine ? ”

PFEFFEL.

CLÄRCHEN'S SONG

CHEERFUL and tearful,
Laden with care ;
Swaying, delaying
From hope to despair ;
Rejoicing heaven high,
Now dead with dole ;
Blissful alone
Is the true loving soul.

GOETHE.

BODENSTEDT

(From "*Mirza Schaffy*,")

GOLDEN rolls here beneath me the *Kura* in might,
The foam on its dancing waves riding ;
Brightly smiles earth again,
And my heart it laughs light—
O ! would this were ever abiding !

Red sparkles in glass now our Georgian wine,
The wine from my love's hand soft gliding ;
I drink from her eyes the light down in mine—
O ! would this were ever abiding !

The sun is now setting, on cometh the night,
My heart, like love's stars, so confiding,
Still in deep'ning darkness aye gloweth more bright—
O ! would this were ever abiding !

In the ocean dark of thy black, lustrous eye
My love its wild stream would be hiding ;
Come, maiden, it darkens, and no one is nigh—
O ! would this were ever abiding !

FABLES FROM THE SERBO-CROAT FOUND AT RAGUSA¹

"Narodne Basne nagjene u Dubrovniku."

THE WOLVES AND THE SICK HORSE

A CERTAIN farmer had a very old horse, and seeing that he could eat no longer but must die, took him off a long way from the house into a wood. The wolves and the foxes heard that the horse was ill and came to him on a visit to tell him how sorry they were to see him so ill, and believing that he would die before night lay all around him in a circle, and they all fixed their eyes upon him, and he fixed his eyes on them. Then the horse says to them "You can go about your business and not lose your time here or you will get hungry. I shan't die for three or four days." The wolves replied to him, "At present we have nothing very pressing to do, and we should be sorry to leave you alone when you are so ill."

THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE

IN the spring-time a nightingale was singing in a garden, and the cuckoo heard him and began to scold the nightingale. "Why," she said to him, "how you bother us day and night shrieking and croaking; you make wood and mountain and stream sick of your noise. Ah! if you knew how to sing as prettily as I do, that would be something." The nightingale said, "What nonsense you talk, you black cuckoo! I, with my sweet voice, delight all creatures who live on the mountain or go down to the river; but you do not know how to sing, and can only say 'Cuckoo, cuckoo'—and that everybody

¹ Note 10.

takes as omen of evil, and you will cry 'Cuckoo, cuckoo, till the day of judgment.' "That is not so," said the cuckoo, "my little vain fellow ! But come with me, that we may have a trial together, and then we will ask every one who hears us which sings the best of us two." The nightingale agreed, and the nightingale began to sing in his own way, and immediately after him the cuckoo began in his own way also. The shepherds on the mountains and the labourers in the fields stopped in their work and began to listen with delight to the nightingale. But when the cuckoo cried, all went about their business except a donkey, who pricked up his ears and raised his head and said : "Bravo, cuckoo ! may you live long, and who begot you. You make hill and valley rejoice delightfully." The nightingale was vexed, and began in his vexation to fly from tree to tree, crying and shedding tears ; but the shepherds and the labourers said, "Don't be silly, don't be silly, you nightingale. It was nothing but a donkey who said that. Do you not know that the person whom the donkey praises only seems uglier, and the nightingale whom he blames the world exalts the more !"

THE WOLF AND THE HEDGEHOG

A WOLF, having eaten his fill, was lying one day close by a young colt which he had killed, when a hedgehog came up from some place or other to him, and without saying "By your leave" began to eat some of the colt. The wolf looked at him angrily, and said to him : "Go away, begone, you worthless little beast ! I did not catch that food for you, but for myself." "But it is just on that account," said the hedgehog, "because you have hunted it for yourself that I want to breakfast in spite of it, that you may see that I am a braver fellow than yourself and that I have no fear of you." The wolf got into a passion and then leaped towards the hedgehog to put an end to him, but in a minute the hedgehog rolled himself up into a ball, with his bristles all out, and then said to him : "Hullo ! do you see I do not fear you." "Come," said the wolf, "I will give you my faith not to hurt you, and you can breakfast in all freedom, for there is enough for you and me too, but I desire to prove my bravery to you, and show you what a fine fellow I am, and that I do not, like you, shrink myself up into nothing." "What bravery ?" asked the hedgehog. "That we shall jump against each other across this meadow, and you shall jump on all your four legs, and I shall only use my hind ones." "There would be no use of that," said the hedgehog,

"for there is not room for you to jump in this little meadow, and how could there be room for me? But let us go to the top of that high cliff, and there we will see which of us can leap the furthest, and then you shall see my bravery and your own shame." "Let us go, you nasty little beast," said the wolf. They went. When they got to the top of that rock, the wolf saw that nothing but a bird could throw itself off without hurt, and he was afraid, but he thought, "If this horrid little wretch can jump, why should not I too?" The hedgehog agreed to jump first, and he rolled himself in a ball and rolled over the edge of the cliff and went rolling and rolling till he had got as far from the base of the cliff as a good shepherd could throw a stone. Then from below he called out and challenged the wolf to a trial—"Ha, ha! Mr. Wolf, there, that is what I can do; now let me see what you can do and what your bravery is!" The wolf could do nothing else but jump from the rock, and when he got to the bottom he was all dashed to pieces. The hedgehog went up to what was left of the wolf, and made this speech over his body: "Such is the fate of the violent. Yesterday we were a brave wolf, but to-day not worth a carrion crow."

THE FOX'S REVENGE ON THE WOLF

A WOLF went on a visit to a mother fox in the winter, but he did not find anybody at home in her den except three of her cubs, and he thought to himself: "Since the fox is not here, if I eat them she will not know who it is." So he ate up two and had the third in his jaws when the fox came home from somewhere or other. And when she saw that the wolf had eaten up her little ones, she wept and said to the wolf: "What have you done, my brother! May you be well punished for having been so false to our league of friendship of the past year." "By heaven! my brother, I was very hungry, and I did not know they were yours; but forgive me this time and I will swear that I will never do so again." "Well, since it is so," says the fox, "come with me and take an oath over our gospel." "What gospel, my good fellow?" "Come with me, that I may show you; but if you do not know, we foxes know, who do not commit such treachery as you do." He conducts him and leads him to a gin all set, and he says to him: "Now put both legs on the gospel and swear to me that you will never do anything of that sort again." The wolf put both his paws on a piece of flesh which was set in the middle of the trap, when the trap goes "*Slap*," and

caught him by the two forelegs. The wolf calls out : " Mercy, my brother ! help me, your wretched gospel has caught me by the legs." " I am not able to help you, but I will go and find our priest, and he will come directly from the village, and you can arrange the matter with him." Before a little time was over a hunter came up, who killed the wolf and carried off his skin to the market.

THE CAT AND THE SNAKE

A CAT saw a snake in a garden and made a dash at it, but the snake, seeing that it had no time to slip into a hole, which was not far off, gathered itself up in a ring, and raised its head in the middle, looking at the cat, for this is the only way the snake feels safe from the cat. The cat asks the snake : " What has happened ? Why do you not go where you mean to go ?" For the cat wanted to see the snake trailing along the ground, so that he might attack it. And the snake says to the cat : " And what has happened to you that you have stopped all at once in your leap at me ?" " To see who it was," says the cat. " And now you see," said the snake, " who it is, why do you not go back from whence you came, instead of looking at me ?" " I am delighted to look at you, so pretty and with such lovely bright colours, and as to what you say, I have no particular business at home ; trail along then, I am delighted to see how you twist and turn about like a slim young girl before a young man." " To tell you the truth," rejoined the snake, " I dream away all the black winter in a hole, and now I have a desire to enjoy the shiny sun and this green grass, and when you go back I too shall, God knows, be glad to go on my way." The cunning cat withdrew a little backwards, keeping her eyes fixed on the snake, until the snake made a sudden dart and got into the hole and called to the cat : " Come near, that we may kiss each other." " I do not give kisses to any of your family," said the cat, " because I have had experience of what a snake's kisses are like when I put my nose into the hole of one, but come out on the open ground, and let us have a little play together." " No, no," says the snake, " I will not come out to you on the open, for I have heard from many of my brothers that whoever goes to fight with you loses his life, and whoever goes to play with you comes away without his tail at least."

THE OX AND THE MOUSE

AN ox was lying down by its manger and chewing its food comfortably when a mouse came out of a hole in the wall and began to walk quietly about, and then to skip on the ox's back, and the ox felt him and turned round and looked at him with an angry eye, and said to him: "Is the manger there not large enough for you to play in, but you must come and dance on my back? Don't you know who I am?" "I know," said the mouse, "that you are a strong, big, good, and just ox, and walking upon you I will do you no harm, but only find it pleasant to trot about in your nice soft warm hair!" "And it is just because of this, because I am good and peaceful, that I will not have mice abuse my goodness by walking and skipping over me, so get off from me! There is a difference between your ugly little body and my grand one, that if I were only to shake my tail you would fly dead in the top of the manger." "Don't do that, my good ox," answered the mouse. "I know you can do what you will, but you are always good to everybody, so be merciful to me. The time may come when I may be able to help you in trouble." "If a thousand such little nothings as you were to get together, I should not fear that they could hurt me nor expect that they could help me. But go away from me, that you may not be hurt." The mouse jumped down and went back into the hole in the wall. A few days after, when the same ox was tied up to the manger, in some way or other he got the rope twisted about his horns, and it got round his throat and was likely to strangle him. He began to jump with pain and to blow so fierce with his nostrils that the mouse heard it and came out, asking the ox, "What is the matter?" "Bad and very bad. Do you see I am being strangled." "Cut the rope with your horns and break it," says the mouse. "If the rope were not round my neck I would; but help me now or never." "I would, but I must not jump on your back. You told me you would not let me." "Jump not only on my back but on my eyes if you will only help me." The mouse jumped, and little by little he gnawed the rope with his little teeth, and he gnawed it right through, and that little creature delivered the ox from death. When the ox found himself all right again he was sorry for his treatment of the mouse, and he said to himself: "However big we are, it is not good to despise other creatures, however little they may be!"

DO NOT DO GOOD, THAT YOU MAY NOT
SUFFER EVIL

A GREAT, ugly snake was slipping out of an old wall, and by chance dragged down on himself a great stone, which pressed so heavily on the snake that it could not come out from under the stone. A traveller passed by, and the snake began to beg and to pray him that he would roll the stone from off him, promising him that he would give him a fine present. The traveller felt pity for the snake, and gave a kick with his foot to the stone; but the snake, as soon as it got from under the stone, bit him with his fangs in the heel and twisted all its body about his legs very tightly. The traveller asks: "What are you about? Are these the fine presents you offer me for having saved you from death?" "Hold there! This is our way of giving presents to men," answered the snake; "we have no other presents!" While they were talking thus a fox came up and asks them: "What is the matter here this morning? What are you quarrelling about?" They told him everything and consented to be satisfied with his judgment in the matter. The traveller, seeing the wickedness of the snake, says: "He who would judge the matter rightly must hear all and see with his eyes how everything was at first." They made things as they were at first. The traveller tells him, "Here, this is how it was. This stone was lying so on the snake. The snake asked me to lift the stone from off him, and I did so, and he, instead of thanking me and giving me a present, goes and bites me in the heel." "Is this true?" asks the fox of the snake. "It is true," answered the snake. "Well now, you, Mr. Traveller, go in God's name on your own affairs, but you, Sir Snake, stay there under your burden until another man comes by, who may be of more compassionate heart and better soul than this traveller."

THE WOLF WHO WAS SENT TO MECCA

IN a certain Turkish village they caught a live wolf and then fed him for some days in order to tame him, and that he might be content with bread and salt and afterwards not devour sheep. One day when the Turks came out of the mosque they deliberated among themselves and agreed to collect a subscription in the village for the wolf to send him with the rest of the pilgrims to the Caaba, that when he returned from the Caaba he might teach the other wolves not to do harm to the villagers. They despatched the wolf,

and he returned a Hadji, and said to the villagers : " Ho ! my brothers, I am no longer a wolf but Hadji Vujo, and now I must go out to the forest and teach all the wild creatures there not to devour sheep and do no harm to the country-people." When he arrived in the forest he howled, and all the four-legged wild beasts came to do him homage and to bring him tribute, except the foxes, none of whom came with the exception of one old one, who looked on from a distance while the other wild creatures were in conference with the wolf. The wolf was surprised at this conduct and asked the old fox, " What is the matter with you, Mr. Fox, and your companions ? " " By heaven, Effendi Vujo, all my companions are engaged each on his own business, which now is to catch a hare each for you to bring as a present that you may not become somewhat lean with hunger, now that you have given up eating sheep ; but as I could not go on account of my old age, they have sent me to do homage to you." To this Hadji Wolf replied, " But what is the meaning of your not coming near me, but standing so far off ? " " Your question is a very proper one, Effendi Vujo, but I stand still in wonder at seeing a Hadji on four legs and with tail and teeth just like a wolf."

THE YOUNG BULL AND THE GADFLY

A GADFLY was sitting on the top of a hollow beech tree, and it saw in the meadow a young bull, rioting about backwards and forwards in his young strength and not knowing what to do with it, goring the hills with his horns and bellowing and challenging to fight any of the oxen who were feeding in the meadow. The gadfly was vexed at the violence of the young bull, and called out tauntingly to him, " Who is that bellowing down there and tearing the hills with his horns and digging the earth up with his feet ? Be a little more quiet, my fine fellow, and don't think so much of yourself. My little sting and little strength can make you sing another song ! I have only to fly down and give you a sting in a certain spot and you would find all these plains and meadows too small for you." The young bull felt scorn for the little fly and answered him : " Who is that threatening me up there ? I hear you, whoever you are, but I cannot see you—you are such a little mite ! I should not be afraid of three oxen able to pull the plough, nor of ten big cows. How then should I fear you, you wretched, stupid little creature up there in your beech ? " The gadfly got more in a passion. She flew down and

lighted on the young bull's back and stung him two or three times, and the young bull for very pain became quite beside himself, and like a mad creature began to bound and to race round and round, and then flew down the mountain crying : " Mercy, friend gadfly ! I am ready to swear brotherly love to you by all that is sacred on the earth and in the water, by sticks and stones. Leave me alone, I pray." The gadfly asked him, " But why were you so violent and boastful just now ? Perhaps you never heard your father tell any stories about me ? " " Yes, he told me many times, but I did not believe him ; but now I believe, and may God punish the strong who will not listen to the advice of their fathers and those older than themselves."

WHY THE STONE DOES NOT GROW

WHEN our Lord God, to whom be all glory and grace, created the world and all that is in the world, He asked the trees : " How would you like to be ? " The trees said : " We would like to grow tall and have fine large branches and bring forth fruit according to Thy will and commandments." " Let it be so," said the Lord God. " And you herbs of the field, what would you like ? " The herbs replied : " We like to be green and have flowers, and when we are grown up, that we may be cut down and be given Thy creatures for food." " Let it be so also," said the Lord God. " And you meadows and plains ! what would you like ? " The meadows and plains answered : " That men and oxen may plough us—that according to Thy commandments we may bring forth seed, that we may procure life to man and beast and fowl." " May ye be blessed and may ye ever be fruitful ! " said the Lord God. " And you stones ! what would you like ? " The stones answered : " That we should remain as Thou hast created us. We wish neither to grow taller or bigger, nor to be green nor to be fruitful." Then the Lord God said to them : " Since ye will have it so, be ye accursed by me from the day of your creation to the day of judgment, and be ye ever without fruit and cold and hard as ice."

NOTES

NOTE 1.

"John Bright—it is not the first time I have said it—was the most eloquent English speaker that I ever listened to. Lord Derby at Manchester (in a recent speech) did not fail to mention that Mr. Bright was an indefatigable student of 'Paradise Lost.' His lordship might also have referred to a modern poet whose works were in the highest degree appreciated by the great Tribune of the People. I have often heard Mr. Bright express his intense admiration for an epic poem 'Athenais,' by Mr. William Stigand."—GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, *Sunday Times*, October 18, 1891.

As the printed page is no more capable of blushing than Cicero's letter, I venture to recall also that, anent the same poem, I received a delightful letter from the most fertile and popular lady novelist of the day (yet living) affording at once evidence of a generous heart, fine taste, delicate perception, and noble sympathies.

The want of a preface to the poem from which extracts are here given was remarked by the great orator and the brilliant writer above named, and by others. In a future edition I hope to remedy this defect somewhat as follows:

The poem is founded as well on a study of Mohammedan as of ancient French literature and especially of a fine old poem of the twelfth century—*La chanson d'Antioche*, remodelled itself on an older poem whose author was one Richard Le Pelerin, who was himself a Crusader of the First Crusade and a witness of the scenes he has put into verse, a unique example, I believe, of an epic poem written by a participator in the events he describes. All the historical part of the poem is strictly true, and some of the most striking incidents—especially that fine one of the visit in disguise of Godfrey de Bouillon to Robert of Normandy to soothe his wounded spirit, as recited in Canto IV.—are taken from the *Chanson d'Antioche*, and evidently took place.

The poem is intended to represent the age of mediæval Faith in its more energetic stage; to do this it was naturally necessary to write in the spirit of that Faith. The poem is therefore at once an idealistic, philosophic, and historico-poetic version of the First Crusade, true in its most salient points and in the suggestions of the influence of the leading inspirations of the time on subsequent history. I have called this wonderful movement the *Iliad* of the Cross, and this second *Iliad* has this in common with the first, that both were movements initiatory of new epochs of civilisation—and the difference of the motives of warfare in both cases goes far to explain the different characters of these civilisations. The "eminent critic" who was in the habit of applying Heine's term of "Philistinism" right and left with damnable iteration showed himself with respect to the poem as big a Philistine as any, for he said the poem had fine points but lacked *actualité*; none but a Philistine would require *actualité* in a poem. "*Alles Grosses bildet*,"

said Goethe. But it does happen to possess *actualité* if any poem ever had *actualité*, for throughout the whole there is an underlying current of endeavour to put the Eastern Question, which has *actualité* enough, in its true light. It is true, however, that to many Englishmen who are aware of the treacherous and unchristian part which England played for so many years as the friend of Turkey—putting her money, as Lord Salisbury said so callously, on the wrong horse—the Eastern Question is a highly unpleasant *actualité*.

Had the conquest of Jerusalem and Palestine by the first Crusaders been maintained the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks would never have happened, and to magnificoes like the former editor of "My Grandmother's Review the Scottish," who thought the Crusades ridiculous, one may repeat the retort which I made to that gentleman, that without the Crusades he might possibly have been a circumcised individual preaching in a Mosque in Whitechapel instead of editing "My Grandmother's Review," for without the Crusades the Moslems would certainly have overrun all Europe.

To give an idea of the study which preceded the composition of the work the author may refer to his biography of "Mahomet" published in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1866, and to the article on "The Ancient Literature of France," published in the *Quarterly Review* in the same year, and which was the first to call attention in England to that interesting subject.

Both Dean Milman and Renan took much interest in these articles.

Some few understood that the romance portion of the poem is symbolical; the Provençal knight Bertrand represents the spirit of mediæval poetry, and chivalry, and romance, the Grecian lady that of classic beauty. The idea was suggested by the episode of Faust and Helena in the second part of Goethe's "Faust."

The action of the sect of Hassen ben Sabak is also meant to be symbolical. Hassen ben Sabah, the *Sheik Aldjebel*—the Sheik (that is, old man) of the Mountains, "*le vieux de la Montagne*"—is of course a familiar personage to all readers of Crusade history. The word "assassin" is derived from this sect, who were called the *Hashishin*, the eaters of Haschi, since the initiation of neophytes was preceded by an intoxication on this drug, during which they were transferred to an earthly paradise of *houris* and dancing girls, and perfumes, and music, and choice banquets—and this they were persuaded was a faint prototype of the heavenly paradise which they would enjoy finally after life by becoming members of this sect. Hassan ben Sabah—the founder of the Assassins—was a college friend, it is said, of Omar Khayyam.

The introduction of this sect is intended to be symbolical of the conspiracy of the elements of worldly materialism against the aspirations of romance and beauty.

The poem, although as it stands it has a certain completeness, was of course intended to have a sequel. The romance portion was to have been carried on further in Alamut, the mountain hold and palace of the Sheik Aldjebel, and its termination was to be involved in the capture of Jerusalem.

"Pendent opera interrupta minæque,
Murorum ingentum."

NOTE 2.

Various Italian poets have portrayed an ideal Cyprus—Poliziano under the name of Cyprus itself, and Ariosto, and Tasso in the gardens of Alcina

Arnida; here the author has, following their lead, attempted something similar in which travellers have recognised reminiscences of Italy and of Greece.

NOTE 3.

This line refers to the conception that much of the mystery of creation is contained in the number One. I do not know from what book on Greek Philosophy I noted the following lines—

ἕξ ἑνος τὰ παντα γενέσθαι καὶ εἰς
τοῦτον ἀναλυσθαι.

The simplest truths are often those which men are the least prone to recognise, and it must be recognised on reflection that the simple number One is quite as wonderful as the Infinite—and indeed is co-relative to it. Imagine the unconscious mind in a state of naught or blank nothingness; if by a creative spasm it arouses itself from its nothingness and produces number One you have infinity at the same time, for the mind which could create 1 could create 2, 3, 4, etc., into infinity. The finite is really that which is most wonderful, for the finite being conceived, the infinite is the complement of the finite, and the infinitely small must be as wonderful as the infinitely great; and it is even more difficult to imagine a space with bounds to it, or Time with a limit, than it is to imagine Space and Time as infinite. The case of the asymptote of the hyperbola, where two lines constantly approach to each other yet never meet, would seem to point to the conclusion that space is, as in the Kantian philosophy, merely a subjective condition under which we are constrained to locate visible and tangible things. These are elementary considerations which any unphilosophic mind is capable of making for itself. By the latest discoveries of physical science it has become uncontrovertibly proved that the previsions of Greek thinkers, that matter had no real existence *per se*, were correct, and that matter is merely force in cohesion; the way in which that is brought about and what constitutes the force of cohesiveness has yet to be explained. Modern science has resolved all matter into the electron, and the correlation of one electron is an infinity of electrons.

NOTE 4.

Definitions of poetry might be as numerous as those which Barrow and Voltaire have given of wit—Voltaire indeed characteristically, after defining various kinds of wit, ends by saying, *Et si j'avais plus d'esprit, je pourrais encore vous énumérer plusieurs autres genres de l'esprit.*

With respect to poetry, if one would define it, one must settle first of all whether we mean poetry in the abstract, poetry as a genus, or poetry as a kind or species. Of poetry considered as a kind or species there is as great a variety as there are conditions, characters, and moods of men, and that too after accepting the world-old divisions of poetry into narrative, dramatic, didactic, lyrical. The soldier, the sailor, the husbandman, the blacksmith, and all the various human workers might and should each have their appropriate songs and poems. There is the poetry too of hope and triumph, the poetry of joy, the poetry of mourning and grief, the poetry of melancholy, the poetry of despair, the poetry of contemplation, the poetry of repose and content, the poetry of action and stirring ambition; and there may be, so to speak, good bad poetry, that is good poetry expressing evil thoughts, and bad good poetry, that is bad or mediocre

poetry expressing good thoughts. An example of the first is found in the speeches which Milton puts in the mouth of Satan; an example of the second is in the words which Sternhold and Hopkins put into the mouth of David. With respect to mediocre and even bad goody-goody poetry we see no objection why mediocre people should not have their mediocre poetry—their Sternholds and Hopkinses, their Robert Montgomeries, their Tupperes and Matthew Arnolds—if they are not too aggressive, like the lady who informed me I had no soul because I was no enthusiast for Tupper, but unfortunately they generally are aggressive.

In the poem "Religion and Poetry," by poetry is meant poetry in the abstract—the spirit of poetry, ideal poetry, poetry in its highest manifestations; and it is of the poet of such poetry that Tasso spoke when he said *Non c'è creatore ch' lddio ed il poeta*—of whom, too, Shelley said, "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of mankind." The supreme poet answers then not only to his name of *poet* or maker but to that of *rules* or *foreseer*.

Among the many fine, false and foolish things which the newspaper critics are habitually quoting from the great *phraseur* with an *obligato* preface, "as Matthew Arnold *finely* said," is the saying that "Poetry is the criticism of life." This perhaps excels in foolishness and emptiness any of the things which the Pecksniffian *mystificateur* "*finely* said," such as "He saw life steadily and saw it whole," "Lucidity is akin to character," &c., which his admirers found so admirable—but the *phraseur* was fooled to the top of his bent, and thought he could make anything pass as Arnoldian "sweetness and light."

If poetry is the criticism of life, then criticism of poetry is the criticism of the criticism of life, and therefore criticism must be something much finer than poetry, poetry double-distilled, poetry raised to a higher power.

Of the function which poetry has played in the development of the human mind some attempt is made to celebrate it in the poem "Religion and Poetry," but should a student wish to get more definite and extended views of what good poetry is, and of its human educative value, an hour or two spent over Longinus on the Sublime or Shelley's magnificent "Defence of Poetry" will enlighten him more than if he were to get by heart all the dreary, pretentious, leaden-footed lucubrations of the *grand phraseur*, which are useless lumber on a book shelf and still more in the mind.

Poetry, after all, one may briefly say, is only the highest form of speech; indeed, it was the spirit of poetry which first endowed men with speech, and which keeps speech from becoming a dead form.

There is no word, however abstract, which cannot be traced to an original poetical or metaphoric conception. The word "attention," it has been pointed out, now so abstract, is of poetic origin in imagining the mind bent like a bow and aiming at an object *attendere mentem quasi arcum*. And, moreover, when a language loses its poets and ceases to be animated by the spirit of poetry it becomes a dead language, as was the case with the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Roman, and Arabic languages; in modern Spain and Italy, when the poets failed, then their language also became dead, stiff and unpliant to the uses of modern life. Now, however, under the influence of writers endowed with the poetic spirit, these languages are beginning to have a new life imparted to them.

Poets, so far as regards their diction, may be divided into three classes: poets who are content to take language as it came to them, and are more admirable for what they have said than how they have said it; poets whose creative power is more shown in their diction—in amplifying and

vivifying the power of expression of language—than in their matter ; and poets who unite both excellences. Pope and Byron are examples of the first class, Keats and Shelley of the second, Milton and Shakespeare of the third.

NOTE 5.

The legend of the Lorelei or Lurlei is quite of modern invention. We believe Clemens Brentano was the first to start the idea of giving a Siren to the Rhine, who should attract travellers towards the rock on which she was seated by the magnificence of her song, in order to enjoy the sight of their being engulfed in the whirlpool at her feet. Two or three poets helped to give life to the Siren whom Heine has made immortal.

NOTE 6.

Although Horace wrote "*Namque Deos didici securem agere cœvum*," he did not disdain to write a *Carmen Seculare* and hymns to Apollo and Diana. So even a non-Catholic would need to make no apology for doing as Horace might have done had he lived in this age—for inditing, according to his powers, a litany to the Divine figure which has been for so many centuries the *consolatrix afflictorum in hac valle lacrymarum*, as the world is styled in one of her anthems, and whose celestial image has inspired the imaginations and the pencils of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Murillo, Andrea del Sarto, Frà Bartolomeo, Correggio, Le Sueur, and so many others.

England was in the day of faith especially devoted to the cult of the Blessed Virgin—her ancient title was *Anglia Dos Mariae*, a title given her by Richard II. A writer in 1665 says : "England is by an immemorable privilege the proper dowry of Holy Mary, the Mother of Jesus, and it has ever been the hereditary endeavour of the Catholic kings and queens of England to propagate the glory and veneration of the Mother of Jesus." There were many world-famed shrines in the three kingdoms dedicated to the worship of "Our Ladye." Walsingham, visited by Erasmus, was the most famous, and Glastonbury, and "Our Lady of Pew," at Westminster, had European reputations. Our Blessed Ladye is the chief patroness of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. The historian of the order, Ashmole, says of Edward III. : "This religious and pious king being singularly affected to the Blessed Virgin, though she was accounted the general mediatrix and protectress of all men upon all occasions yet did he more particularly entitle her to the patronage of this most noble order." The ancient form of investiture began thus : "To the laud and honour of Almighty God, our Immaculate Mother, and St. George," &c. The ancient war-cry of the kings of England was "Montjoie Notre Dame and Saint George."

Numbers of towns, villages, and hamlets still bear witness to her former popularity—Marylebone, Ottery St. Mary, Maryport, &c. Most of the above details we have taken from a most interesting volume, "*Pietas Mariana Britannica*," composed by Mr. Edmund Waterton, in which he has rescued from oblivion hundreds of shrines erected to the honour of Our Ladye in the United Kingdom.

Of the various feasts with which the Catholic Church expresses its veneration for the Blessed Virgin, the Anglican Church has retained two—"the Announcement of the Blessed Virgin" and "the Purification of Saint Mary the Virgin," also called "the presentation of Christ in the Temple."

It will surprise many Church of England people to be informed that the days for holding these feasts are in the Anglican Church the same as in the Roman—the Annunciation on the 25th of March and the Purification

on the 2nd day of February ; but it will surprise them still more to learn that on the day of Purification the collect and the epistle and the gospel used in the Church of England are precisely the same as those used in the Roman Church.

The collect used in both Churches on the day of Purification is this :—

Roman Church.

Omnipotens sempiterne Deus, Majestatem tuam supplices oramus, ut sicut unigenitus filius tuus, hodierno die cum nostra carnis substantia in templo et presentatus ; ita nos facias purificatis tibi mentibus presentari. Per eundem Dominum, Jesum Christum filium tuum.

Anglican Church.

Almighty and everlasting God, we humbly beseech Thy Majesty that as Thy only begotten Son was on this day presented in the temple in substance of our flesh, so we may be presented unto Thee with pure and clean hearts by the same Thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ.

For the feast of the Annunciation the makers of the Prayer Book could not use the Roman Catholic Collect, since it prays for the mediation of the Virgin Mother, so they have substituted one concocted out of other phrases of the Mass Book ; but the epistle and gospel of the day is the same in both Churches. The epistle is Isa. vii. and gospel Luke i.

These collects and epistles and gospels offer an explanation of the method with which the English Prayer Book was composed. The English Prayer Book is, in fact, the Roman Mass Book, or *Divinum officium*, puritanically bowdlerised ; indeed, one might apply to it the old simile of the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. James I. said the English Prayer Book was the Mass Book spoiled. It might be compared to the unfortunate condition of Westminster Abbey, where the statues of the Virgin and the saints and their altars, with their fine pictures and decorations, have been bundled out of their beautiful chapels and their places occupied by a host of monuments and statues, for the most part distressingly vulgar and crammed in in a disorderly mass. All the collects and epistles and gospels appointed by the Romish Church to be read or chanted on Sundays and feast days, and all the ordinary prayers, too, have been adopted for translation by the makers of the Anglican Prayer Book—only such adaptations and omissions have been made as would render Catholic prayers acceptable to Protestant susceptibilities.

It is true the book is skilfully made up, but still it is only a make-up—a *rifacimento*—and is far behind the beauty of the original : for the Catholic Mass is a marvel of sublimity both in matter and arrangement. Much, too, of the merit of the English version is due, of course, to the language of the time.

Macaulay, however, who appears to have attended Mass once or twice in his life, thought the translation of the Preface of the Canon (the Communion Service) surpassed the original ; the reader shall judge :—

Preface of Catholic Church.

Vere dignum et justum est, æquum et salutare, nos tibi semper et ubique gratias agere, Domine sancte, Pater omnipotens, eterne Deus. Per Christum Dominum nostrum ; per quem majestatem tuam laudant angeli, adorant

Preface of Anglican Church.

It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty that we should at all times and in all places give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, holy Father, Almighty and everlasting God. Therefore with angels and arch-angels and with all the company

dominationes, tremunt potentates ;
cœli cœlorumque virtutes, ac beata
seraphim, sociâ exultatione con-
celebrant. Cum quibus et nostras
voces, ut admitti jubeas deprecamur
supplici confessione dicentes :

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Domi-
nus Deus Sabaoth. Pleni sunt cœli
et terra gloriâ tuâ. Hosanna in
excelsis ! Benedictus qui venit in
nomine Domini ! Hosanna in ex-
celsis !

of heaven we laud and magnify
Thy glorious name : evermore
praising Thee, and saying, Holy,
holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts !
heaven and earth are full of Thy
glory ! Glory be to Thee, O Lord
most high. Amen.

There are, however, special prefaces in the Roman Catholic Church for the various feast days. The preface which we have given above is for the Sundays on which no special service is appointed. Most of the other prefaces are shorter, and it is from one of these the shorter form and the Archangels are taken for the Anglican Prayer Book. The shorter form in its termination runs thus :—

“ Et ideo cum Angelis et Archangelis cumque omni militia cœlestis exercitus hymnum gloriæ tue canamus, sine fine dicentes. Sanctus,” &c.

We fail to see in either case how the translation surpasses the original. Nor can it be said that in the following exhortations and responses the original is surpassed :—

Roman.
Priest. Sursum corda.
Response. Habemus ad Dominum.
Priest. Gratias agamus Domino
Deo nostro.
Response. Dignum et justum est.

Anglican.
Lift up your hearts.
We have lifted them to the Lord.
Let us give thanks unto our Lord
God.
It is meet and right so to do.

One of the grandest prayers of the Mass is omitted altogether—the Priest's Prayer :

“Munda cor meum ac labia mea, omnipotens Deus, qui labia Isaacæ Prophetæ calculo mundasti ignito ; ita me tuâ gratiâ miseratione dignare mundare ut sanctum Evangelium tuum digne valeam annuntiare. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.”

This, too, is to be noticed, that in the general service of the Mass there is no special prayer to the Virgin at all ; her name is only brought in twice, and then only together with the apostles and saints. Respecting the antiquity of the Catholic canon of the Mass, the body of it could not have been later than the third century. The use of Greek words like *Kyrie eleison* and *ischuros* point to an earlier period even for the passages in which they occur. No names of Popes are mentioned except Linus and Clement, nor are any saints mentioned later than Cosma and Damianus, Cecilia, Agatha, and Perpetua. Linus and Clement are of the first century, and no saint of a century later than the third is introduced, from which one must conclude that the Canon of the Mass had by that time become fixed, or later saints would have been included. Services for later saints and some of the hymns must, of course, have been composed later. The beautiful *Ave Maria Stella* has been ascribed to Saint Bernard, but it is found in an Anglo-Saxon ritual previous to his time.

Crashaw has made an amplified translation, a pathetical descant he calls it, of the *Stabat Mater*, but has introduced into it such a number of quaint

conceits of his own invention that his version is rather a series of grotesque variations in which the original is mostly lost sight of altogether. This is one of Crashaw's stanzas :

"O costly intercourse
Of Deaths and worse
Divided loves, while son and mother
Discourse alternate wounds to one another.
Quick Deaths that grow,
And gather as they come and goe
His Naitles write swords in her which soon her heart,
Payes back with more than their own smart.
Her *swords* still growing with his pain,
Turn *speares* and straight come home again."

From such queer *conceits* it is pleasant to recall the sweet simplicity of Chaucer in the "Prioress's Tale" :—

"Ladie, thy bountee, thy magnificence,
Thy vertue and thy gret humilitee,
Ther may no tonge expresse in no science
For sometime, lady, or men pray to thee,
Then gost beforn of thy benignitee.
And getest us the light of thy prayere
To giden us unto thy sone so dere.

"My conning is so weke, o blisful quene,
For to declare thy grete worthiness,
That I ne may the weighte not sustene ;
But as child of twelf moneth old or lesse
That can unnethes any word expresse
Right so fare I, and I therefore I you pray
Gideth my song that I shal of you say."

NOTE 7.

The poems here called "Italica," which follow, were written in 1860-1, after the French under Napoleon III. had, by the battles of Magenta and Solferino, driven the Austrians out of Italy, but before the entry of the Italians into Rome. The idea of the poem of *Italia Rediviva* is that from the time of the fall of the Roman Empire a conscious or unconscious aspiration for the unity of Italy animated the conceptions of the leaders of Italian thought and action and of her chief poets, artists, and musicians, and is to be found in their works.

Italia Rediviva appeared in the *Temple Bar Magazine* in the second number, written at the request of Mr. G. A. Sala, the editor. Two or three readers bestowed on it praises which, if anything could induce me to accept, it would be that it attracted from the editor of a scandalmongering journal the same delicate treatment which he applied to Thackeray's nose. This nasal benignity and other gentilities were ultimately rewarded with club-ejection and a course of prison-diet.

Having had the good fortune to be much in Italy in early youth, and before the days of railways, and having enjoyed the friendship of various Italian exiles and patriots, I naturally became much *Italianato* and an ardent believer in the regeneration of Italy.

I cannot say that the dreams of the few believers of that time in the Italian *Risorgimento* have been realised.

We believed that with freedom would come a new birth of Italian poetry and art, and in our expectations in this respect have received rude disappointments, which seemed to have culminated under the corrupt government of the trigamous Crispi, under whose leadership the foolish and ruinous Abyssinian War terminated in the ignominious defeat of the Italian army at Adua.

I have said above we *few* believers; for in spite of the claims which the *Times* and most English nowadays make, to have been partisans and helpers in the Italian Unity, they were but few in those days. Among the few, however, were two poets of little note at that time, so their lyrics found small response among the public at large. I had been recently called to the Bar, and used to dine habitually in term-time for two or three years at the Bar-table at Lincoln's Inn. During that time I never met with a single barrister or student-at-law in Lincoln's Inn Hall who was not anti-Italian and on the side of the Austrians, as was also the *Times* newspaper itself. Mr. Skinner, in the poem "Lionel," has related the speech of one of the very first leader-writers of the *Times* respecting Italian aspirations, and I well remember that while the Franco-Italian army were fighting the Austrians the *Times* had its chief correspondent in the Austrian camp, and the *Times* leaders were unweariedly carping at the successes of the French and prophesying victory to the Austrians. I remember especially one leading article, written when the news arrived of the battle of Magenta, which began somewhat in this wise: "There is no doubt that a great battle was fought at Magenta as there was at Waterloo, only we know who won at Waterloo but do not know who won at Magenta." But the greatest proof of the ill-feeling prevailing in the upper middle and higher classes in England for the Italian cause was in the Volunteer movement. The Volunteer movement was got up in those days solely to defy the French, while the French were shedding their blood in the cause of Italy. There was a beating of drums and blowing of trumpets all over the country in defiance of France, and Tennyson, instead of writing as Byron or Shelley would have done, blew a regrettable penny trumpet in his—

"Riflemen form! Riflemen form!
Can a despot make a people free?"

As for the smart society in London of that time, they were all frantically Austrians and all for war with France, just as they were madly on the side, later, of the Southern slave-owners and wild to go to war with the North when the great anti-slavery fight was going on in America. As for the United States, the Pecksniffian Matthew Arnold, from the height of his virtuous assurance as shown in his correspondence, reflected the passions of smart society and was burning to give America "a great moral lesson" by war! The "moral lesson" was given later; but it was the English people who had to receive and take, not to give it, by having to pay three or four millions for the escape of the *Alabama* through the wilful negligence of our Foreign Office. One of the subordinate agents in that business and in the preparation of that national humble-pie has lately been made a peer.

The whole British people, however, did not fail to do homage to the great heart of Garibaldi when he visited this country. Never did foreigner have such a glorious reception in any country; but just as the enthusiasm

was at its height by some mysterious intrigue the hero was spirited out of the country; he disappeared like a jack-in-the-box in an instant. It was surmised that his popularity gave offence in very high quarters, and that Gladstone was appealed to to get him to leave the country. CHI LO SA?

I was, in 1860, writing pretty constantly for the *Edinburgh Review* although at that time it had long ceased to be a leading Liberal organ, and was then, as it has continued to be, a renegade journal as regards the generous principles of its founders.

The Editor, an *emeritus Times* leading article writer, carried into the review the same spirit of stubborn dislike of and resistance to all Liberal aspirations into which he had been hardened in the *Times*. I remember his telling me in triumph that one evening he met Marochetti, the Italian sculptor, in society and that he sat alone by himself and looked very gloomy. "I said to him: 'Marochetti, what's the matter? you look out of spirits.' Marochetti said: 'It is dreadful the way they talk of my country.' I said to him: 'Cheer up, Marochetti, you have got some friends.' Marochetti replied: 'I do not know, then, where to look for them.'"

Wishing eagerly to do something for the Italians, I proposed some time previously to the Editor to write an article on the "temporal power" giving its history from its commencement down to the present time. I discussed with him the line I should take and I wrote an article giving in a condensed form the history of the temporal power from the days of Charlemagne and the Countess Matilda up to date—and bestowed on it nights and days of labour. Since, however, the making of this arrangement with him Guizot, who, although a Protestant, regarded the temporal power as a fetich and necessary corner-stone of European polity, and the Orlean princes, the Editor's friends, had declared also for the temporal power. I sent in my article one morning and returning to my chambers in the Temple in the evening, I found my paper done up in a neat packet and returned with a letter from the Editor which was a model of his habitual pomposity and highly significant of the general spirit of the time, especially as coming from the chief of a supposed Liberal review. The worthy director of Liberal political consciences declared that he could not possibly admit so dangerous a paper into the pages of his review; it was of a truly incendiary character and might bring endless evils on the Italians themselves: "Now they have the Austrians there, they *abhor* the Austrians; take away the Austrians and put the French there, they will *abhor* the French; take away both French and Austrians, they will *abhor* each other" (textual); and he could see nothing in the future for them but a long vista of civil wars of the most fratricidal description.

I sat immediately down and wrote a letter which was perhaps more energetic than it needed to have been, and ended by saying that if he did not publish it I would publish it at my own expense and put on the title-page "Written at the request of but refused by the *Edinburgh Review*." I must give the Editor the credit of treating my energetic epistle with good nature and indulgence. He saw, perhaps, the injustice of his proceeding and he accepted the article, but by postponing publication for six months and by cutting out the most telling passages in the paper and by inserting some patches of his *own* he managed to destroy much of its effectiveness; nevertheless, it found a good reception with those whose opinion I most valued. *Dazu gehörte Muth*, one may say. As for those who have become the friends of Italy *après coup*, their insolent pretensions are nothing new in the world. Cicero wrote *ad Fam.* 9, 20, 2: 'Ὁψιμαθεῖς quam sint insolentes non ignoras.

NOTE 8 (partly written in 1860).

Godwin, Shelley, Hone, Robert Owen, &c., &c., to wit. Bentham, revered in every civilised country in the world and despised in his own. Nor was the case of Byron much better.

Here are a few of the amenities of Conservative rule in this country, all within the memory of men now living, and all persecutions for freedom of speech and thought:

Gilbert Wakefield, a clergyman who became a Unitarian, a man of piety and irreproachable morals, imprisoned two years in Dorchester Gaol for a reply to the Bishop of Llandaff.

Priestley, whose *doge* was read by Cuvier at the French Institute, persecuted and driven to exile in America; his house in Birmingham pillaged and burnt by Conservative ruffians, and the outrage applauded by the "Times" in a leading article.

James Montgomery, the poet, imprisoned two years for publishing a ballad.

Horne Tooke, imprisoned.

Cobbett, twice imprisoned.

Sir Francis Burdett, twice imprisoned, and fined £2,000.

Leigh Hunt, but now dead, twice suffered protracted imprisonment for the expression of entirely just opinions.

With these and similar disgraceful incidents so recent in our history we have no right to arrogate to ourselves any superiority over continental nations for our very newly acquired freedom of the press. And the fact is, that the action of the press is still trammelled by social circumstances in this country to which it is humiliation to refer, and from which continental countries are free.

There is still a weight of Toryism, flunkeyism, ignorance, and muddle-headedness in the English atmosphere sufficient to extinguish any nascent and obnoxious flickerings of courage and genius.

And yet it is the Tory party in disguise and out of it who are continually raving about despotism in France (1860). This is their latest cant. They have endeavoured to rid themselves of the infamy which attached to their party from the persecutions enumerated above, and the fatal effects of their policy, by changing their name, and descending from the triumphant laugh of the hyena to the melancholy howl of the jackal. But *nomen non animus mutant*—they are not the less irreconcilable enemies of freedom and civilisation because they have added a new hypocrisy to their other vices, and have learnt to mumble about reforms, and to adopt the plausible wheedling platitudes of those defunct Joseph Surfaces—the Whigs. The country must bear in mind that Little Red Riding Hood did not find the wolf's appetite any the less voracious because, after having swallowed her grandmother, it got into her grandmother's bed, imitated her grandmother's voice, and covered its ears with her grandmother's nightcap.

It is most instructive to look back on the demeanour of this party towards the Emperor of France. When he was seen through the haze of December 2, 1852, when his character was comparatively unknown, when the Liberals were in despair, he was hailed by the Tories with universal and jubilant acclamations as the oppressor of the liberties of France and the saviour of *their* order in Europe. But since then, the event of the 2nd

of December has been ratified and accepted by the French nation, and the more it has appeared that Napoleon III. is the elect of the French people, and imbued with the ideas of his age, the more generous have been his words and his actions, the more they have blackened his character and calumniated his motives (1860). But ever since he set on foot that policy which seems likely to result in the emancipation of the country of the most glorious memory in Europe from a state of appalling servitude and degradation, they have been ready to burst with spite and vexation, and have spared no artifice of calumny and suspicion to endeavour to goad the country on to a rupture with the monarch who has insulted their principles by engaging in a *generous* war, and putting an end to that barbarous oppression to which a noble nation had been given over, bound hand and foot through their instrumentality. The freedom of Italy will be coals of fire to their head, and a revenge for Waterloo of the very noblest conception.

Ever since their origin as a party they have been the consistent advocates of evil, and the abettors of civil and religious tyranny all over the world. For this end they have been enabled to mortgage the industry of this country to an incredible extent; for this end does taxation cling to the poor man like an Erzulphus' curse from his birth to his death, in every action of his life; and all that England has to show for her blood and treasure, by them illimitably and profligately squandered, are victories which time has made defeats, and of which no just man can be proud; and the iniquitous treaties of 1815 blown to atoms by the cannon of Solferino.

As for the universal detestation in which England was held after 1815 under Tory rule, see Byron, "Don Juan," Canto x., stanza 57, and *passim*. The many anti-British *boutades* of Heine had a similar origin. The Christian populations of Palestine, Syria, Armenia, Asia Minor, Turkey in Europe have still reason to execrate the English name, since without English protection of the Turk their slavery to their sanguinary, brutal, and corrupt oppressors had been ended long ago. About two millions of Christians in Macedonia and Thrace had been actually liberated from their fiendish oppressor by the arms and sacrifices of Russia, but the Tory "peace with" thieves' "honour" of Berlin, by menacing Russia, thrust the liberated populations back into their horrible servitude. The foolish, ill-managed and useless Crimean War, and the shameful Tory mismanagement of the Boer War, both due to Tory policy, its entanglements and consequences, cost the country some three or four hundred millions in debt alone, besides current payments and countless British lives; but—*plectantur Achivi*—pay up, John Bull!

NOTE 9.

No doubt the journalistic critics of to-day are infinitely superior to those of my younger days, and could not be affected by any observations and criticisms passed on my biography of Heine some thirty years ago. So I may say the criticisms passed on my work on Heine reminded me much of the story of the painter who exhibited a picture to the Athenian public and placed a piece of chalk on a board by its side with a written request that the beholders would place a mark on the faulty parts. The painter, on the evening of the exhibition of the first day, found the picture so covered with signs of disapprobation that he lost heart. However, he resolved to exhibit the picture another day, with a request that the spectators would mark its good points. The crop of marks of approbation on the second day exceeded the marks of disapprobation of the first,

and the painter found courage to continue his avocation. I was not so fortunate as the Greek painter, but the judgments passed on my work were of more surprising variety. Some declared the translations of prose to be good, but those of poetry to be bad; some thought the reverse—prose translations bad, poetry ditto good. Some praised the appositeness of and the instruction afforded by the digressions; some thought the digressions were mere specimens of egotistical padding; some denounced all as bad—translations of prose and poetry, and notes and commentary; and some few graciously found all to be good all round. The critic of the *Daily Telegraph* was gracefully courteous: "We admire the dexterity with which Mr. Stigand selects nearly everything of autobiographical interest from the poet's writings and weaves it into a shapely and harmonious whole by means of a bright and graceful narrative of Heine's life." I should not omit, too, to remember that there was a genial notice in the *North British Review*, to which I once had had the honour to be a contributor.

The misfortune of the volume was, however, the greatest with organs of the Press upon which I had some claim for fair treatment—the old quarterlies and the *Times*. I had sacrificed myself much by throwing much pains and labour into the bottomless Serbonian Bog of anonymous writing in the dowager quarterlies for many years, and especially was known as a contributor to "My Grandmother's Review, the Scottish," and helped to keep that once generously Liberal, but now for many years illiberal renegade organ on its shaky legs with articles which had increased the sale of the review and obtained the approval of the chief intellects in England and France; so that the editor had no excuse for ignoring my prose in its pages; but he did so in precisely the same way in which he had ignored my poetry. He had pooh-poohed my earlier efforts in rhyme in private with a grandpapa's superiority; he had pooh-poohed in an uncalled-for private letter "Tasso and the Crusades" offensively *à propos* of my poem on the First Crusade, and the poem also itself; and when brought to book by a distinguished authoress for brutality he excused himself by saying the book was really so good it did not need a review—*mole stet sua*, he said majestically; what he meant or wished, I suppose, was *mole erat sua*. However, when the work on Heine came out this great potentate, actually unsolicited, announced grandly that he would review it. But he changed his mind; he had evidently in stable phrase been *got at* by the members of that *conspiration de silence*—who hoped by a strict *régime* of taciturnity to do for me what the Prussian Government and the German *Bund* had tried to do for Heine—extinguish me. The magnificent editor, however, deserves credit for having invented an ingenious excuse, that the goodness of a book should be a reason for not reviewing it, which has the stamp of a surprising sincerity about it. What are Reviews for if they are not to review books of promise and worth? No author can earn anything by his pen unless, to speak plainly, his books sell; and his books cannot sell unless the public is made aware of their existence in these days through reviews or booksellers or the recommendation of friends—and these last two methods really mean reviews. There are, of course, advertisements, but they are not much use without reviews, and are beyond the means of a striving author.

A review in the *Times* when the *Times* was the *journal de la cité* and rarely condescended to notice literature at all, used to be supposed to be able to make the fortune of a book—and it did make the fortune of Matthew Arnold. A publisher once told me he did not care whether the *Times* review were good or bad so long as he had one; but this is an exaggeration, as I found in my own case.

My volume had a review in the *Times* of nearly eight columns and my publisher told me it did not sell ten copies. There were two reasons for its want of selling powers. Firstly, it appeared too late, a fatal thing in these hurry-scurry days. Secondly, the review, through no fault of the editor, was one of the most unscrupulous cases of literary garotting which could well be found. I had done some literary writing for the *Times*, and the editor, Delane, professed himself pleased with my work, and he was willing to do me a good turn but he unconsciously and unfortunately put the book for review into the hands of a Matthew Arnoldian. Matthew Arnold had what the Arabs call the incurable disease of envy. No one has ever written with such despicable meanness about his contemporaries as this great prig, and his little band of admirers followed the lead of the master. Besides this, I had greatly offended that charlatan *phraseur* and his followers by not mentioning the great man in my work except to say, without naming him, that an English critic had adopted Heine's distinction between Hellenism and Hebraism. I did not add that he had also adopted from Heine the term "philistinism," and did not add, as I might have added, that he did this in his usual way of appropriating literary property, without acknowledgment, as will be seen elsewhere in my rendering of one of the masterpieces of Firdusi ("Zohrab and Rustem"), which he bagged bodily, and then fraudulently pretended that he had developed his dwarf epic out of two or three lines of prose in Malcolm's History of Persia—but such was his practice.

"And here he sipp'd and there he plundered snug,
And sucked o'er all, like an industrious bug."

The following passage, too, may have appeared to have aimed at the Pecksniffian *mystificateur*; for although it was meant for Menzel, it would have suited the Tartuffian hater of *aselgeia* equally well.

"Nothing in this world offers so sure a way to success in literature in insincere and faithless epochs as the affectation of a high moral tone, and when a writer of inferior powers enters into a contest with greater writers than himself the assumption of a high moral tone is a common artifice" (vol. ii. p. 180).

The review, then, of my volume by this trusty Achates of the great Mat was, as above styled, a model of literary garotting, while damming with faint praise. The name and false popularity of the "eminent critic" were made use of from one end of the article to the other during eight columns in order to strangle my unfortunate publication.

It passed completely over the consideration of Heine as a poet—since Heine's poetry was untranslatable and my translations were not likely to be better than those of anybody else—and confined its examinations to my translations of his prose, which, as I say, it damned with faint praise while professing to be obliged to correct them. The few corrections which the writer attempted to make were all blunders of the corrector, and showed an egregious ignorance of German, and the review ended by quoting with admiration Arnold's *ouf*—"He died and left a blemished fame." According to the Pecksniffian Mat, in his really brutal and mendacious poem "The Grave of Heine," Heine did nothing but "laugh and die," and he shouts out triumphantly in prose, "He died and left a blemished fame." One may truly say that Matthew's ill-gained and ill-bestowed fame forms one of the greatest blemishes in English Literature, and that his treatment of Heine in prose and verse forms two of the blackest spots in it. Further elucidation

on these points will be found in "Matthew's Grave," and in its notes in another volume.

Among the other amenities of criticism which my book called forth was an article in *Blackwood*, written by a *petit maître* in literature who had thriven on Court favour, and who imagined he had a patent right divine to a monopoly in translations, and he attacked my translations precisely for aiming at those qualities on which Heine prided himself, and he did this with a view of preparing the way for forthcoming translations of his own.

Happily enough, however, I had in those days good-humour enough and was sufficiently favoured by the friendship and esteem of distinguished men and women to be able to laugh at the chaotic and discordant voices of some professional book-tasters, and the studied silence of others and the ill-will of the book ring were compensated for in large measure by the disinterested approval of illustrious and competent men and women at home and abroad and by more serious consideration among critics in France and even in Germany.

Lord Beaconsfield, at a dinner-party at the second Sir Robert Peel's, was reported to me by a lady who was present as having said that "it was many years since he had read a work with such interest and pleasure," and she in consequence procured the book, which she showed me, with her own annotations in the margin. Lord Houghton wrote in a letter which I still possess: "I have read your Heine with much pleasure and interest; it is a most conscientious work and deserves general recognition." Other distinguished persons expressed similar opinions. Abroad, at the recommendation of Taine and Renan, it was charmingly reviewed in two substantial articles by the genial Marc Mounier in the *Journal des Débats*. The fine French critic Emile Montague and Camille Selden did not consider it unworthy of study, and even in Germany, where I had reason to expect disfavour, it was very fairly treated.

With respect to the translations from Heine's poetry I have in the Introduction to my translations from Firdusi's *Shah Namah* set forth the reasons why it is impossible for a translator of poetry to reach the height of the original, not even Catullus has done it in his translation of Sappho. All the translator can hope to do is to attempt to give to readers unacquainted or imperfectly acquainted with the language of the original an approximate notion of a foreign author. The translator can no more be expected to equal his original than a copyist in the *Uffizi* can be expected to produce a painting equal in quality and value to the *Madonna della Seggiola* of Raphael; and moreover the translator labours under still greater disadvantage than the copyist in painting, for he has to imitate his original, so to speak, with quite other colours than those employed by the original—that is, in colours of reduced brilliancy; for, as we have stated elsewhere, no word in any given language exactly corresponds to its representative in another either in form or associations.

As for the majority of the criticisms generally passed by journalistic book-tasters on translations, they have as little sound value as Panurge's *jugements des dèz*, and the opinion of a poet and linguist like Bodenstedt or of Dr. Abel, who knew twenty-five languages, including Coptic and ancient Egyptian and Assyrian, and was for some time correspondent in English to the *Times* in Berlin, was worth more to me than the carpings of any number of ignoramuses and pretenders.

NOTE 10.

The late Lord Lytton published a volume of translations of Servian or Serbo-Croat Songs, stating in the Preface : "These, wild flowers though they be, were at least plucked on the banks of the Danube." Lord Strangford pointed out that there were three mistakes of grammar and orthography in the title, and finally it appeared that Lord Lytton's translations were translations of translations by M. Dozon, the French Consul at Belgrade. The fables, however, here given are genuine translations of my own from a collection made by the Cavaliere Wolfgang Vrcèvič in 1883 in the provinces and counties of the Bocche di Cattaro—Montenegro, Dalmatia, and Herzegovina,—and published at Ragusa.

During a nearly three years' residence at Ragusa, formerly called *la piccola Venezia*, I took pretty earnestly to the study of the Serbo-Croat or Jugo-Slav language, which I found almost as difficult as Arabic and perhaps more copious. When I was there a professor at Agram (Zagabria) was engaged on the construction of a dictionary which he had taken up from a predecessor. I was told that twenty volumes only had been published and that the professor had not then reached the letter "G." The literature is very copious in ballads and heroic poetry. The great national hero is Marco Kraljevic, who is as popular there still as Roland or King Arthur ever were in Europe or Rustem in Persia. While I was at Ragusa the Austrian fleet paid us a visit and being at Pretner's, the chief book-seller's shop, well-dressed sailors—the Austrian sailors are nearly all Dalmatians—came streaming like ants into the shop, money in hand, and carrying off a little volume. I asked Pretner what the book was ; he said it was the old epic of Marco Kraljevic, and that each man who bought a copy would certainly every evening, when off work, give readings to an admiring circle of the deeds of the Servian hero.

I read some of these fables to M. Rénan, who found in them a *gout du terroir* which pleased him ; and, indeed, there runs through them a vein of satirical humour which is quite characteristic of the peasantry in those localities where they have grown up.

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